



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

SHAKESPEARE REPRINTS.

GENERAL EDITOR—WILHELM VIETOR.

B 953,251

III.

KING HENRY V.

PARALLEL TEXTS

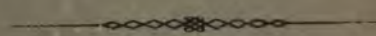
OF THE

FIRST AND THIRD QUARTOS AND THE FIRST FOLIO.

EDITED BY

ERNEST ROMAN,

PH. D. LOVAN.



MARBURG in Hessen

N. G. ELWERTSCHE VERLAGSBUCHHANDLUNG.

London

David Nutt

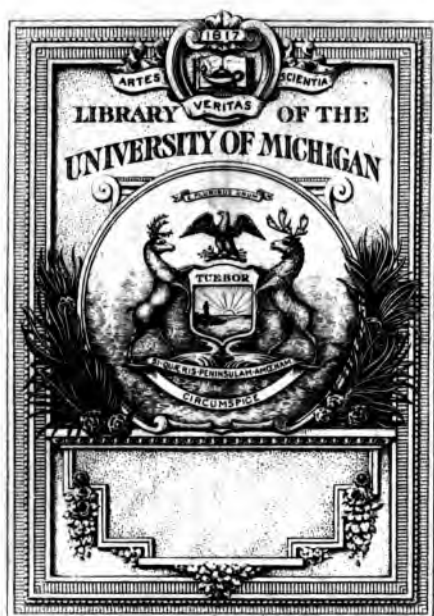
37—59 Long Acre.

New-York

Gustav E. Stecher & Co.

129—133 West 20th Street.

1908.



100
105
110
115
120

1

2

SHAKESPEARE REPRINTS III.

KING HENRY V.



Shakespeare, William

SHAKESPEARE REPRINTS.

GENERAL EDITOR—WILHELM VIETOR.

III.

KING HENRY V.

PARALLEL TEXTS

OF THE

FIRST AND THIRD QUARTOS AND THE FIRST FOLIO.

EDITED BY

ERNEST ROMAN,

PH. D. LOVAN.



MARBURG in Hessen

N. G. ELWERTSCHE VERLAGSBUCHHANDLUNG.

London

David Nutt

57—59 Long Acre.

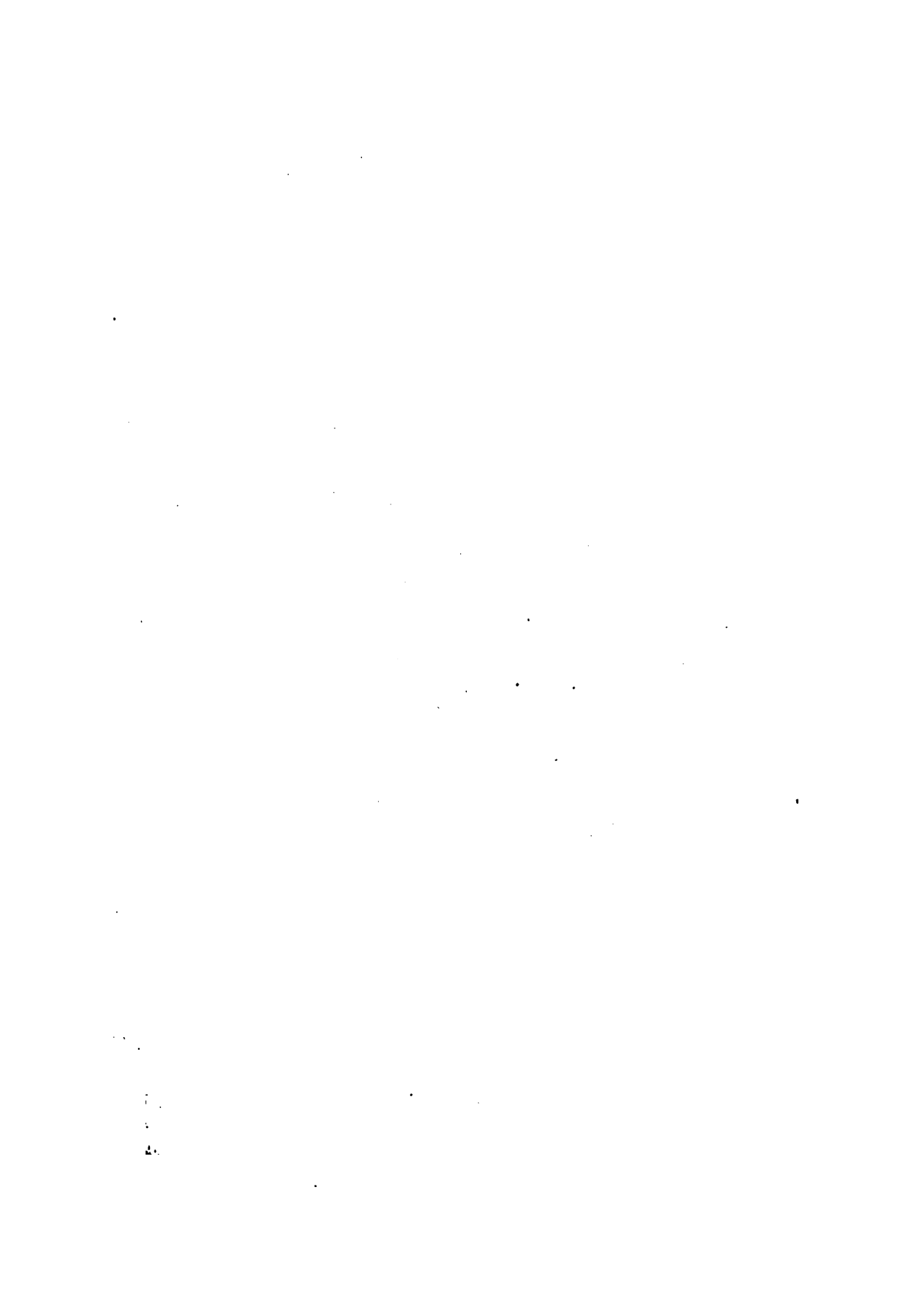
New-York

Gustav E. Stechert & Co.

129—133 West 20th Street.

1908.

TO PROFESSOR W. BANG



Engl.
Nehr.
10-22-26
32754

PREFACE.

The present parallel text edition of *King Henry V.* is based on a transcript of the First and Third Quartos (Q₁ und Q₃) and the 1623 Folio (F₁).

The transcript was made from Mr. Praetorius' Facsimile of Q₁ and Q₃ and from Professor Bang's copy of Dr. Sidney Lee's Facsimile of the Chatsworth Folio (Oxford, Clarendon Press. 1902). The British Museum copies of the Quartos [Q₁: (C. 12. g. 22); Q₃: (C. 34. k. 14)] have been collated throughout, and the printed text revised by Miss L. Krebs with the Bodleian copies (Q₁, Q : Malone 32; F₁: Malone 1. Arch. F.).

Dr. Nicholson's Reprint in Series II of the New Shakspeare Society's Publications (Lo. 1877) has been very useful in checking the texts but contains a certain number of uncorrected misprints (*st* instead of *ft* etc.).

Readers are requested to make the following corrections:

- p. 7: F₁: Ii 57: studie,
- p. 12: F₁: Iii 33: *B. Can.*
- p. 13: F₁: Iii 49: difhoneft
- p. 18: Q₁: Iii 149: *comma after breach in Oxford copy.*
- p. 22: F₁: Iii 209: sea:
- p. 28: F₁: Iii 284: u *in* husbands *inverted in original.*
- p. 30: F₁: Chorus 5: Horse; | 6: Kings,
- p. 32: F₁: Ili 8: simple
- p. 34: Q₁: Ili 61: little,
- p. 35: Q₃: Ili 63 it.
- p. 38: F₁: Ili 103: firft | 106: Coporall
- p. 41: Q₃: Ili 133 SD: *omnes.*
- p. 44: Q₁: Ili 61: Commiffioners?
- p. 45: Q₃: Ili 73: apparence?
- p. 50: Q₁: Ili 153: maieftie

- p. 53: Q_s: II iii 1 SD: boy.
 p. 54: Q₁: II iii 48: *Southampton*
 p. 56: Q₁: II iii 59: holdfast | 65 SD: *omnes*.
 P. 57: Q_s: II iv 16: foorth, | 16: foe: | 17: *France*:
 p. 60: Q₁: II iv 79: heauen,
 p. 65: Q_s: II iv 141: backe
 p. 68: F₁: III i 5: stillneffe
 p. 69: F₁: III i 25: blood,
 p. 73: F₁: III ii 93: *Mynes* ? | o're ?
 p. 78: F₁: III iv 3: *Madame*.
 p. 80: Q₁: III iv 59: arma,
 p. 87: Q_s: III vi 18: how | 19: his
 p. 91: Q_s: III vi 65: in
 p. 93: F₁: III vi 120: is the sooneft winner.
 p. 95: Q_s: III vi 125: Masters
 p. 102: Q₁: III vii 132: actiue
 p. 104: F₁: III vii 147: *Oxford copy has*: intellectual
 p. 111: F₁: IV i 62: *Oxford copy has*: *Pistoll*
 p. 119: Q_s: IV i 187: owne. | 190: death; | 191: spent, | 192: made.
 p. 135: F₁: IV iii 88: sent
 p. 157: F₁: IV vii 98: Vucle
 p. 159: Q_s: IV vii 113: Countrey-man.



The Life of Henry the Fifth (F₁).

Enter Prologue.

O *For a Muse of Fire, that would ascend* [69^a
The brightest Heav'n of Invention:
A Kingdome for a Stage, Princes to Act,
And Monarchs to behold the swelling Scene.
Then should the Warlike Harry, like himselfe,
Affume the Port of Mars, and at his heeles
(Leapt in, like Hounds) should Famine, Sword, and Fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, Gentles all:
The flat vnrayfed Spirits, that hath dar'd,
10 *On this vnworthy Scaffold, to bring forth*
So great an Obiect. Can this Cock-Pit hold
The vastie fields of France? Or may we cramme
Within this Woodden O, the very Caske
That did affright the Ayre at Agincourt?
O pardon: since a crooked Figure may
Attest in little place a Million,

The Life of Henry the Fifth (F1).

And let vs, Cyphers to this great Accompt,
On your imaginarie Forces worke. [69b
Suppose within the Girdle of these Walls
20 *Are now confin'd two mightie Monarchies,*
Whose high, vp-reared, and abutting Fronts,
The perillous narrow Ocean parts afunder.
Peece out our imperfections with your thoughts:
Into a thousand parts diuide one Man,
And make imaginarie Puissance.
Thinke when we talke of Horses, that you see them,
Printing their proud Hoofes i'th'receiuing Earth:
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our Kings,
Carry them here and there: Jumping o're Times:
30 *Turning th'accomplishment of many yeeres*
Into an Howre-glasse: for the which supplie,
Admit me Chorus to this Historie;
Who Prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to heare, kindly to iudge our Play. *Exit.*

The Life of Henry the Fifth (F.).

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Globe
I. i.

Enter the two Bishops of Canterbury and Ely.

[69^a

Bish. Cant.



Y Lord, Ile tell you, that selfe Bill is vrg'd,
Which in th'eleuēth yere of y^e last Kings reign
Was like, and had indeed againſt vs paſt,
But that the ſcambling and vnquiet time
Did puſh it out of farther queſtion.

Bish. Ely. But how my Lord ſhall we reſiſt it now?

Bish. Cant. It muſt be thought on: if it paſſe againſt vs,
We looſe the better halfe of our Poſſeſſion:
For all the Temporall Lands, which men deuout
10 By Teſtament haue giuen to the Church,
Would they ſtrip from vs; being valu'd thus,
As much as would maintaine, to the Kings honor,
Full fifteene Earles, and fifteene hundred Knights,
Six thouſand and two hundred good Eſquires:
And to reliefe of Lazars, and weake age

The Life of Henry the Fifth (F₁).

Of indigent faint Soules, palt corporall toyle,
 A hundred Almes-houfes, right well supply'd:
 And to the Coffers of the King beside,
 A thousand pounds by th'yeere. Thus runs the Bill.

Bifh. Ely. This would drinke deepe.

20 *Bifh. Cant.* 'Twould drinke the Cup and all.

Bifh. Ely. But what preuention?

Bifh. Cant. The King is full of grace, and faire re- [69b
 gard.

Bifh. Ely. And a true louer of the holy Church.

Bifh. Cant. The courtes of his youth promis'd it not.
 The breath no sooner left his Fathers body,
 But that his wildnesse, mortify'd in him,
 Seem'd to dye too: yea, at that very moment,
 Consideration like an Angell came,
 And whipt th'offending *Adam* out of him;
 30 Leauing his body as a Paradiſe,
 T'inuelop and containe Celeſtiall Spirits.
 Neuer was fuch a fodaine Scholler made:
 Neuer came Reformation in a Flood,

The Life of Henry the Fifth (F).

With such a heady currance scowring faults:
 Nor neuer *Hidra*-headed Wilfulneffe
 So soone did loofe his Seat; and all at once;
 As in this King.

Bis/h. Ely. We are bleffed in the Change.

Bis/h. Cant. Heare him but reason in Diuinitie;
 And all-admiring, with an inward wifh
 You would desire the King were made a Prelate:
 Heare him debate of Common-wealth Affaires;
 10 You would say, it hath been all in all his study:
 Lift his discourse of Warre; and you shall heare
 A fearefull Battaile rendred you in Musique.
 Turne him to any Cause of Pollicy,
 The Gordian Knot of it he will vnloofe,
 Familiar as his Garter: that when he speakes,
 The Ayre, a Charter'd Libertine, is still,
 And the mute Wonder lurketh in mens eares,
 50 To steale his sweet and honyed Sentences:
 So that the Art and Practique part of Life,

[70a

The Life of Henry the Fifth (F.).

Must be the Mistresse to this Theorique.
 Which is a wonder how his Grace should gleane it,
 Since his addiction was to Courtes vaine,
 His Companies vnletter'd, rude, and thallow,
 His Houres fill'd vp with Ryots, Banquets, Sports;
 And neuer noted in him any studie.
 Any retyrement, any sequestration,
 From open Haunts and Popularitie.

60 *B. Ely.* The Strawberry growes vnderneath the Nettle,
 And holesome Berryes thriue and ripen best,
 Neighbour'd by Fruit of baser qualitie:
 And so the Prince obscur'd his Contemplation
 Vnder the Veyle of Wildnesse, which (no doubt)
 Grew like the Summer Graffe, fastest by Night,
 Vnseene, yet creffiue in his facultie.

B. Cant. It must be so; for Miracles are ceast:
 And therefore we must needs admit the meanes,
 How things are perfected.

The Life of Henry the Fifth (F.).

B. Ely. But my good Lord:

76 How now for mittigation of this Bill,
Vrg'd by the Commons? doth his Maiestie
Incline to it, or no?

B. Cant. He seemes indifferent:

Or rather fwaying more vpon our part,
Then cherifhing th'exhibitors againft vs:
For I haue made an offer to his Maiestie,
Vpon our Spirituall Conuocation,
And in regard of Causes now in hand,
Which I haue open'd to his Grace at large,
As touching France, to giue a greater Summe,
80 Then euer at one time the Clergie yet
Did to his Predeceffors part withall.

B. Ely. How did this offer seeme receiu'd, my Lord?

B. Cant. With good acceptance of his Maiestie:

Saue that there was not time enough to heare,
As I perceiu'd his Grace would faine haue done,
The feueralls and vnhidden paffages

The Life of Henry the Fifth (F1).

Of his true Titles to some certaine Dukedomes,
And generally, to the Crowne and Seat of France,
Deriu'd from *Edward*, his great Grandfather.

90 *B. Ely.* What was th'impediment that broke this off?

B. Cant. The French Embassador vpon that instant
Crau'd audience; and the howre I thinke is come,
To giue him hearing: Is it foure a Clock?

B. Ely. It is.

B. Cant. Then goe we in, to know his Embassie:
Which I could with a ready gueffe declare,
Before the Frenchman speake a word of it.

B. Ely. Ile wait vpon you, and I long to heare it.

Exeunt.

I. ii. *Enter the King, Humfrey, Bedford, Clarence,
Warwick, Westmerland, and Exeter.*

King. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?

Exeter. Not here in preface.

King. Send for him, good Vnckle.

The Chronicle Historie

of *Henry* the fift: with his battel fought
at *Agin Court* in *France*. Together with
Auncient *Pistoll* (Q₁).

Globe

I. ii.

*Enter King Henry, Exeter, 2. Bishops, Clarence, and other
Attendants.*

Exeter.

S Hall I call in Thambaffadors my Liege?

King. Not yet my Coufin, til we be resolute
Of some serious matters touching vs and *France*.

Bi. God and his Angels guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it.

King. Shure we thank you. And good my Lord proceed
11 Why the Lawe *Salicke* which they haue in *France*,
Or should or should not, stop vs in our clayme:
And God forbid my wife and learned Lord,
That you should fashon, frame, or wrest the same.
For God doth know how many now in health,
Shall drop their blood in approbation,
20 Of what your reuerence shall incite vs too.
Therefore take heed how you impawne our person.
How you awake the sleeping sword of warre:
We charge you in the name of God take heed.
After this coniuration, speake my Lord:

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

Westm. Shall we call in th'Ambaffador, my Liege?

King. Not yet, my Coufin: we would be resolu'd,
Before we heare him, of some things of weight,
That taske our thoughts, concerning vs and *France*.

Enter two Bishops.

[70^b

B. Cant. God and his Angels guard your sacred Throne,
And make you long become it.

King. Sure we thanke you.
My learned Lord, we pray you to proceed,
10 And iustly and religioufly vnfold,
Why the Law *Salike*, that they haue in *France*,
Or should or should not barre vs in our Clayme:
And God forbid, my deare and faithfull Lord,
That you should fashon, wrest, or bow your reading,

The Chronicle Historie

of Henry the fift: with his battell fought
at *Agin Court* in *France*, Together with
Ancient *Pistoll* (Qa).

Globe
I. ii.

*Enter King Henry, Exeter, two Bishops, Clarence,
and other Attendants.*

Exeter.

S Hall I call in th'Ambassadors my Liege?
King. Not yet my cousin, till we be resolu'd
Of some serious matters touching vs and *France*.

Bysfh. God and his Angels guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it.

- King.* Sure we thanke you: and good my Lord proceed
- 11 Why the Law *Salique* which they haue in *France*,
Or should or should not stop in vs our claime:
And God forbid my wife and learned Lord,
That you should fashon, frame, or wrest the same.
For God doth know how many now in health,
Shall drop their blood, in approbation
- 20 Of what your reuerence shall incite vs too.
Therefore take heede how you impawne our perfon,
How you awake the sleeping sword of warre:
We charge you in the name of God take heede.
After this coniuration, speake my Lord:

The Life of Henry the Fift (F1).

- Or nicely charge your vnderstanding Soule,
With opening Titles miscreate, whose right
Sutes not in natiue colours with the truth:
For God doth know, how many now in health,
Shall drop their blood, in approbation
- 20 Of what your reuerence shall incite vs to.
Therefore take heed how you impawne our Person,
How you awake our sleeping Sword of Warre;
We charge you in the Name of God take heed:
For neuer two such Kingdomes did contend,
Without much fall of blood, whose guiltlesse drops
Are euery one, a Woe, a fore Complaint,
'Gainst him, whose wrongs giues edge vnto the Swords,
That makes such waste in briebe mortalitie.
Vnder this Coniuration, speake my Lord:

I. ii.

30 And we will iudge, note, and beleue in heart,
That what you speake, is wafht as pure
As fin in baptisme. *Bifh.*

Then heare me gracious Soueraigne, and you peeres,
Which owe your liues, your faith and seruices
To this imperiall throne.

[A.*]

There is no bar to stay your highnesse claime to *France*
But one, which they produce from *Faramount*,
No female fhall fucceed in falicke land,

40 Which falicke land the French vniuftly gloze
To be the realme of *France*:

And *Faramont* the founder of this law and female barre:
Yet their owne writers faithfully affirme
That the land falicke lyes in *Germany*,
Betweene the fouds of *Sabeck* and of *Elme*,
Where *Charles* the fift hauing fubdude the Saxons,
There left behind, and fetled certaine French,
Who holding in difdaine the Germaine women,
For fome difhoneft maners of their liues,

50 Eftablisht there this lawe. To wit,
No female fhall fucceed in falicke land:
Which falicke land as I faid before,
Is at this time in *Germany* called *Mefene*:
Thus doth it well appeare the falicke lawe
Was not deuifed for the realme of *France*,
Nor did the French poffeffe the falicke land,
Vntill 400. one and twentie yeares

The Life of Henry the Fift (F.).

30 For we will heare, note, and beleue in heart,
That what you speake, is in your Conscience wafht,
As pure as finne with Baptisme.

B. Cant. Then heare me gracious Soueraign, & you Peers,
That owe your felues, your liues, and seruices,
To this Imperiall Throne. There is no barre
To make againft your Highnesse Clayme to France,
But this which they produce from *Pharamond*,
In terram Salicam Mulieres ne succedaul,
No Woman fhall fucceed in *Salike* Land:

40 Which *Salike* Land, the French vniuftly gloze
To be the Realme of France, and *Pharamond*
The founder of this Law, and Female Barre.
Yet their owne Authors faithfully affirme,
That the Land *Salike* is in Germanie,

I. ii.

30 And we will iudge, note, and beleue in heart,
That what you speake, is washt as pure
As sin in baptisme.

Bifh. Then heare me gracious Soueraigne, & you Peeres, [A₂*]

Which owe your liues, your faith, and seruices
To this imperiall Throne :

There is no bar to stay your highnesse claime to France,
But one; which they produce from *Faramount* :
No female shall succeed in *Salique* Land ;

40 Which *Salique* Land, the French vniustly gloze
To be the Realme of France,

And *Faramount* the founder of this law and female barre.

Yet their owne writers faithfully affirme,

That the Land *Salique* lyes in *Germany*,

Betweene the floods of *Sabeck* and of *Elme*,

Where *Charles* the fift hauing subdude the Saxons

There left behinde, and settled certaine French,

Who holding in disdaine the Germane women,

For some dishonest manners of their liues,

50 Establisht there this Law. To wit,

No female shall succeed in *Salique* Land :

Which *Salique* land (as I haue sayd before)

Is at this time in *Germany*, call'd *Meſene*.

Thus doth it well appeare, the *Salique* law

Was not deuifed for the Realme of France :

Nor did the French possesse the *Salique* land,

Vntill foure hundred one and twenty yeares

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

Betweene the Floods of Sala and of Elue :

Where *Charles* the Great hauing subdu'd the Saxons,

There left behind and settled certaine French :

Who holding in disdaine the German Women,

For some dishonest manners of their life,

50 Establisht then this Law; to wit, No Female

Should be Inheritrix in *Salike* Land :

Which *Salike* (as I said) 'twixt Elue and Sala,

Is at this day in Germanie, call'd *Meſen*.

Then doth it well appeare, the *Salike* Law

Was not deuifed for the Realme of France :

Nor did the French possesse the *Salike* Land,

Vntill foure hundred one and twentie yeeres

I. ii.

After the function of king *Faramont*,

59 Godly suppos'd the founder of this lawe:

69 *Hugh Capet* also that vsurpt the crowne,
 To fine his title with some shewe of truth,
 When in pure truth it was corrupt and naught:
 Conuaid himfelfe as heire to the Lady *Inger*,
 Daughter to *Charles*, the foresaid Duke of *Lorain*.
 So that as cleare as is the sommers Sun,
 King *Pippins* title and *Hugh Capets* claime,
 King *Charles* his satisfaction all appeare,
 To hold in right and title of the female:
 90 So do the Lords of *France* vntil this day,
 Howbeit they would hold vp this salick lawe
 To bar your highnesse claiming from the female,
 And rather choose to hide them in a net,
 Then amply to imbrace their crooked causes,
 Vsurpt from you and your progenitors. (claime?)

[A_s

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

After defunction of King *Pharamond*,

Idly suppos'd the founder of this Law,

60 Who died within the yeere of our Redemption,
 Foure hundred twentie fix: and *Charles* the Great
 Subdu'd the Saxons, and did feat the French
 Beyond the Riuer Sala, in the yeere
 Eight hundred fve. Besides, their Writers say,
 King *Pepin*, which deposed *Childerike*,
 Did as Heire Generall, being descended
 Of *Blithild*, which was Daughter to King *Clothair*,
 Make Clayme and Title to the Crowne of France.
Hugh Capet also, who vsurpt the Crowne
 70 Of *Charles* the Duke of *Loraine*, sole Heire male
 Of the true Line and Stock of *Charles* the Great:
 To find his Title with some shewes of truth,
 Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught,
 Conuey'd himfelfe as th'Heire to th'Lady *Lingare*,
 Daughter to *Charlemaine*, who was the Sonne
 To *Lewes* the Emperour, and *Lewes* the Sonne

[71_a

I. ii.

After the function of King *Faramount*,
 59 Godly supbold the founder of this Law.

69 *Hugh Capet* also that vsurpt the Crowne,
 To fine his Title with some shew of truth,
 When in pure truth it was corrupt and nought:
 Conuey'd himselfe as heire to the Lady *Inger*,
 Daughter to *Charles* the foresayd Duke of *Lorain*,
 So that as cleere as is the summers Sun,
 King *Pipins* Title, and *Hugh Capets* claime,
 King *Charles* his satisfaction, all appeare
 To hold in right and title of the female:
 90 So do the Lords of *France* vntill this day,
 Howbeit they would hold vp this *Salique* Law
 To barre your highnesse claiming from the female,
 And rather choofe to hide them in a net,
 Then amply to embrace their crooked caufes,
 Vsurt from you and your progenitors.

[As

The Life of Henry the First (F^o).

Of *Charles* the Great: also King *Lewes* the Tenth,
 Who was sole Heire to the Vsurper *Capet*,
 Could not keepe quiet in his conscience,
 80 Wearing the Crowne of France, 'till satisfied,
 That faire Queene *Isabel*, his Grandmother,
 Was Lineall of the Lady *Ermengare*,
 Daughter to *Charles* the forelaid Duke of *Lorraine*:
 By the which Marriage, the Lyne of *Charles* the Great
 Was re-vnited to the Crowne of France.
 So, that as cleare as is the Summers Sunne,
 King *Pepins* Title, and *Hugh Capets* Clayme,
 King *Lewes* his satisfaction, all appeare
 To hold in Right and Title of the Female:
 90 So doe the Kings of France vnto this day.
 Howbeit, they would hold vp this *Salique* Law,
 To barre your Highnesse clayming from the Female,
 And rather chuse to hide them in a Net,
 Then amply to imbarre their crooked Titles,
 Vsurt from you and your Progenitors.

I. ii.

K. May we with right & conscience make this*Bi.* The sin vpon my head dread loueraigne.

For in the booke of Numbers is it writ,

When the sonne dies, let the inheritance

100 Descend vnto the daughter.

Noble Lord stand for your owne,

Vnwinde your bloody flagge,

Go my dread Lord to your great graunfirs graue,

From whom you clayme:

And your great Vncle *Edward* the blacke Prince,

Who on the French ground playd a Tragedy

Making defeat on the full power of *France*,

Whilest his most mighty father on a hill,

Stood smiling to behold his Lyons whelpe,

110 Foraging blood of French Nobilitie.

O Noble English that could entertaine

With halfe their Forces the full power of *France*:

And let an other halfe stand laughing by,

All out of worke, and cold for action.

*The Life of Henry the Fifth (F.).**King.* May I with right and conscience make this claim?*Bi/h. Cant.* The sinne vpon my head, dread Soueraigne:For in the Booke of *Numbers* is it writ,

When the man dyes, let the Inheritance

100 Descend vnto the Daughter. Gracious Lord,

Stand for your owne, vnwind your bloody Flagge,

Looke back into your mightie Ancestors:

Goe my dread Lord, to your great Grandfirs Tombe,

From whom you clayme; inuoke his Warlike Spirit,

And your Great Vnckles, *Edward* the Black Prince,

Who on the French ground play'd a Tragedie,

Making defeat on the full Power of France:

Whiles his most mightie Father on a Hill

Stood smiling, to behold his Lyons Whelpe

110 Forrage in blood of French Nobilitie.

O Noble English, that could entertaine

With halfe their Forces, the full pride of France,

And let another halfe stand laughing by,

All out of worke, and cold for action.

Bi/h. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,

And with your puissant Arme renew their Feats:

You are their Heire, you sit vpon their Throne:

The Blood and Courage that renowned them,

1. ii.

K. May we with right and conscience make this claim

Bi. The sin vpon my head dread Soueraigne:

For in the booke of Numbers it is writ,

When the sonne dyes, let the inheritance

100 Descend vnto the daughter.

Noble Lord, stand for your owne,

Vnwinde your bloody flagge,

Go my dread Lord to your great Grandfires graue,

From whom you claime:

And your great Vnckle *Edward* the blacke Prince,

Who on the French ground playd a Tragedy,

Making defeate on the full power of *France*,

Whillt his most mighty father on a hill,

Stood smiling to behold his Lyons whelp,

110 Foraging the blood of French Nobility.

O Noble English, that could entertaine

With halfe their forces the full power of *France*:

And let another halfe stand laughing by,

All out of worke, and colde for action.

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

Runs in your Veines: and my thrice-puissant Liege

120 Is in the very May-Morne of his Youth,

Ripe for Exploits and mightie Enterprises.

Exe. Your Brother Kings and Monarchs of the Earth

Doe all expect, that you should rowle your selfe,

As did the former Lyons of your Blood. (might;

West. They know your Grace hath cause, and means, and

So hath your Highnesse: neuer King of England

Had Nobles richer, and more loyall Subiects,

Whose hearts haue left their bodyes here in England,

And lye pauillion'd in the fields of France.

130 *Bi/sh. Can.* O let their bodyes follow my deare Liege

With Bloods, and Sword and Fire, to win your Right:

In ayde whereof, we of the Spiritualltie

Will rayse your Highnesse such a mightie Summe,

As neuer did the Clergie at one time

Bring in to any of your Ancestors.

I. ii.

King. We muſt not onely arme vs againſt the French,
But lay downe our proportion for the Scot,
Who will make roade vpon vs with all aduantages.

140 *Bi.* The Marches gracious ſoueraigne, ſhalbe ſufficient
To guard your *England* from the pilfering borderers.

King. We do not meane the courſing ſneakers onely,
But feare the mayne entendement of the Scot,
For you ſhall read, neuer my great grandfather
Vnmaskt his power for *France*,

But that the Scot on his vnfurniſht Kingdome,
149 Came pouring like the Tide into a breach
That *England* being empty of defences,
Hath ſhooke and trembled at the brute hereof.

155 *Bi.* She hath bin then more feared then hurt my Lord:

For heare her but exemplified by her ſelfe,
When all her chivalry hath bene in *France*
And ſhe a mourning widow of her Nobles,
She hath her ſelfe not only well defended,

[A*]

160 But taken and impounded as a ſtray, the king of Scots,
Whom like a caytiffe ſhe did leade to *France*,
Filling your Chronicles as rich with praiſe
As is the owle and bottome of the ſea
With funken wrack and ſhipleſſe treaſurie.

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

King. We muſt not onely arme t'inuade the French,
But lay downe our proportions, to defend
Againſt the Scot, who will make roade vpon vs,
With all aduantages.

[71b]

140 *Biſh. Can.* They of thoſe Marches, gracious Soueraign,
Shall be a Wall ſufficient to defend
Our in-land from the pilfering Borderers.

King. We do not meane the courſing ſnatchers onely,
But feare the maine intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been ſtill a giddy neighbour to vs:
For you ſhall reade, that my great Grandfather
Neuer went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot, on his vnfurniſht Kingdome,
Came pouring like the Tyde into a breach,
150 With ample and brim fulneſſe of his force,
Galling the gleaned Land with hot Affayes,
Girding with grieuous ſiege, Caſtles and Townes:
That England being emptie of defence,
Hath ſhooke and trembled at th'ill neighbourhood.

i. ii.

- King.* We muſt not onely arme vs gainſt the *French*,
But lay downe our proportion for the *Scot*,
Who will make rode vpon vs with all aduantages.
- 140 *Bi.* The Marches gracious ſoueraigne, ſhalbe ſufficient
To guard your England from the pilfering borderers.
- King.* We do not meane the courſing ſneakers onely,
But feare the maine entendment of the *Scot*:
For you ſhall read, neuer my great Grandfather
Vnmaskt his power for *France*,
But that the *Scot* on his vnfurniſht kingdome,
149 Came pouring like the tide into a breach,
That *England* being empty of defences,
Hath ſhooke and trembled at the brute heereof.
- 155 *Bi/h.* She hath bin then more fear'd then hurt my Lord:
For heare her but examplified by her ſelfe, [A₃*
When all her chivalry hath bene in *France*,
And ſhe a mourning widdow of her Nobles,
She hath her ſelfe not onely well defended,
- 160 But taken and impounded (as a ſtray) the King of *Scottes*,
VVhom like a caytiffe ſhe did leade to *France*,
Filling your Chronicles as rich with praife,
As is the owfe and bottome of the ſea,
VVith funken wracke, and ſhipleſſe treaſurie.

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

- B. Can.* She hath bin the more fear'd the harm'd, my Liege:
For heare her but exampl'd by her ſelfe,
When all her Cheualrie hath been in *France*,
And ſhee a mourning Widdow of her Nobles,
Shee hath her ſelfe not onely well defended,
- 160 But taken and impounded as a Stray,
The King of Scots: whom ſhee did ſend to *France*,
To fill King *Edwards* fame with priſoner Kings,
And make their Chronicle as rich with prayſe,
As is the Owfe and bottome of the Sea
With funken Wrack, and ſun-leſſe Treafuries.

I. ii.

Lord. There is a saying very old and true,
 If you will *France* win,
 Then with *Scotland* first begin:
 For once the Eagle, England being in pray,
 170 To his vnfurnishd nest the weazel Scot
 Would suck her eggs, playing the mouse in absence of the
 To spoyle and hauock more then she can eat. (cat :

Exe. It followes then, the cat must stay at home,
 Yet that is but a curst necessitie,
 Since we haue trappes to catch the petty theeues:
 Whilste that the armed hand doth fight abroad
 The aduised head controlles at home:
 180 For gouernment though high or lowe, being put into parts,
 Congrueth with a mutuall consent like musicke.

Bt. True: therefore doth heauen diuide the fate of man
 in diuers functions
 Whereto is added as an ayme or but, obedience:
 For so liue the honey Bees, creatures that by awe
 Ordaine an act of order to a peopeld Kingdome:
 190 They haue a King and officers of fort,
 Where some like Magistrates correct at home:
 Others like Marchants venture trade abroad:
 Others like souldiers armed in their stings,
 Make boote vpon the fommers veluet bud:
 Which pillage they with mery march bring home

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

Bish. Ely. But there's a saying very old and true,
 If that you will *France* win, then with *Scotland* first begin.
 For once the Eagle (England) being in prey,
 170 To her vnguarded Nest, the Weazell (Scot)
 Comes sneaking, and so sucks her Princely Egges,
 Playing the Mouse in absence of the Cat,
 To tame and hauocke more then she can eate.

Exet. It followes theu, the Cat must stay at home,
 Yet that 'tis but a cruell'd necessity,
 Since we haue lockes to safegard necessaries,
 And pretty traps to catch the petty theeues.
 While that the Armed hand doth fight abroad,
 Th'aduised head defends it selfe at home:
 180 For Gouernment, though high, and low, and lower,
 Put into parts, doth keepe in one consent,
 Congreeing in a full and natural close,
 Like Musicke.

I. ii.

Lord. There is a saying very old and true.

If you will *France* win,

Then with *Scotland* first begin:

For once the Eagle *England* being in pray,

170 To his vnfurnisht Nest the weazle *Scot*

VVould sucke her Egges,

Playing the Moufe in abfence of the Cat,

To fpoyle and hauocke more then fhe can eat.

Ece. It followes then, the Cat muft ftay at home,

Yet that is but a curft neceffity,

Since we haue traps to catch the petty theeues:

VVhilft that the armed hand doth fight abroad,

The aduifed head controlles at home:

180 For government though high or low, being put in parts,

Congrueth with a mutuall confent like muficke.

Bifh. True, therefore doth heauen

Diuide the fate of man in diuers functions:

VVhereto is added as an ayme or But, Obedience:

For fo liue the hony bees, creatures that by awe

Ordaine an act of order to a peopled Kingdome.

190 They haue a King, and Officers of fort;

Where fome like Magiftrates correct at home:

Others, like Merchants venture Trade abroad:

Others, like foldiours armed in their ftings,

Make boot vpon the fommers Veluet bud:

VVhich pillage they with merry march bring home

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

Cant. Therefore doth heauen diuide

The ftate of man in diuers functions,

Setting endeuour in continual motion:

To which is fixed as an ayme or butt,

Obedience: for fo worke the Hony Bees,

Creatures that by a rule in Nature teach

The Act of Order to a peopled Kingdome.

190 They haue a King, and Officers of forts,

Where fome like Magiftrates correct at home:

Others, like Merchants venter Trade abroad:

Others, like Souldiers armed in their ftings,

Make boote vpon the Summers Veluet buddes:

Which pillage, they with merry march bring home

I. ii.

- To the tent royall of their Emperour,
 Who buied in his maiestie, behold
 The finging mafons building roofes of gold:
 199 The ciuell citizens lading vp the honey, [A.
 The fad eyde iustice with his furly humme,
 Deliuering vp to executors pale, the lazy caning Drone.
 This I infer, that 20. actions once a foote,
 May all end in one moment.
 As many Arrowes lofed feuerall wayes, flye to one marke:
 As many feuerall wayes meete in one towne:
 As many frefh streames run in one felfe sea:
 210 As many lines clofe in the dyall center:
 So may a thoufand actions once a foote,
 End in one moment, and be all well borne without defect.
 Therefore my Liege to *France*,
 Diuide your happy England into foure,
 Of which take you one quarter into *France*,
 And you withall, fhall make all *Gallia* fhake.
 If we with thrice that power left at home,
 Cannot defend our owne doore from the dogge,
 Let vs be beaten, and from henceforth lofe
 220 The name of pollicy and hardineffe.
Ki. Call in the meffenger fent fro the Dolphin,
 And by your ayde, the noble finewes of our land,
France being ours, wee le bring it to our awe,
 Or breake it all in peeces:

The Life of Henry the Fift (F).

- To the Tent-royall of their Emperor:
 Who buied in his Maiefties furueyes
 The finging Mafons building roofes of Gold,
 The ciuil Citizens kneading vp the hony;
 200 The poore Mechanicke Porters, crowding in
 Their heauy burthens at his narrow gate:
 The fad-ey'd iustice with his furly humme, [72a
 Deliuering ore to Executors pale
 The lazie yawning Drone: I this inferre,
 That many things hauing full reference
 To one confent, may worke contrarioufly,
 As many Arrowes loofed feuerall wayes
 Come to one marke: as many wayes meet in one towne,
 As many frefh streames meet in one falt sea:
 210 As many Lynes clofe in the Dials center:
 So may a thoufand actions once a foote,
 And in one purpofe, and be all well borne

I. ii.

- To the Tent-royall of their Emperor;
Who buſied in his maieſty, behold
The ſinging Maſons building rooſes of Gold, [A.
199 The ciuill Citizens lading vp the hony,
The ſad-ey'd Iuſtice with his furly humme,
Deliuering vp to executors pale, the lazie caning drone,
This I inferre, that twenty actions once a foote,
May all end in one moment.
As many arrowes loſed ſeuerall wayes, fly to one marke:
As many ſeuerall wayes meete in one Towne:
As many freſh ſtreames run in one ſelfe-ſea:
210 As many lines cloſe in the diall center:
So may a thouſand actions once a foote,
End in one moment, and be all well born without defect.
Therefore my Liege to *France*,
Diuide your happy England into foure,
Of which take you one quarter into *France*,
And you withall, ſhall make all *Gallia* ſhake.
If we with thrice that power left at home,
Cannot defend our owne doore from the dogge.
Let vs be beaten, and from henceforth loſe
220 The name of policy and hardineſſe.
Kin. Call in the meſſenger ſent from the Dolphin,
And by your ayde, the noble ſinnewes of our Land,
France being ours, wee'l bring it to our awe,
Or breake it all in peeces:

The Life of Henry the Fiſt (F₁).

- Without defeat. Therefore to France, my Liege,
Diuide your happy England into foure,
Whereof, take you one quarter into France,
And you withall ſhall make all Gallia ſhake.
If we with thrice ſuch powers left at home,
Cannot defend our owne doores from the dogge,
Let vs be worried, and our Nation loſe
220 The name of hardineſſe and policie.
King. Call in the Meſſengers ſent from the Dolphin.
Now are we well reſolu'd, and by Gods helpe
And yours, the noble ſinnewes of our power,
France being ours, wee'l bend it to our Awe,
Or breake it all to peeces. Or there wee'l fit,
(Ruling in large and ample Emperie,
Ore France, and all her (almoſt) Kingly Dukedomes)
Or lay theſe bones in an vnworthy Vrne,
Tumbleſſe, with no remembrance ouer them:

I. ii.

230 Eyther our Chronicles shal with full mouth speak
 Freely of our acts,
 Or else like toongleffe mutes
 Not worshipt with a paper Epitaph:

Enter Thambassadors from France.

Now are we well prepared to know the Dolphins pleasure,
 For we heare your comming is from him.

Ambassa. Pleaseth your Maiestie to giue vs leaue
 Freely to render what we haue in charge:
 Or shall I sparingly shew a farre off,

240 The Dolphins pleasure and our Embassage?

King. We are no tyrant, but a Christian King,
 To whom our spirit is as subiect,
 As are our wretches fettered in our prisons.
 Therefore freely and with vncurbed boldnesse
 Tell vs the Dolphins minde.

[A.*]

Ambas. Then this in fine the Dolphin faith,
 Whereas you clayme certaine Townes in *France*,
 248 From your predeceffor king *Edward* the third,
 This he returnes.
 He faith, theres nought in *France* that can be with a nimble
 Galliard wonne: you cannot reuel into Dukedomes there:

Therefore he fendeth meeter for your study,
 This tunne of treasure: and in lieu of this,

The Life of Henry the Fift (F.).

230 Either our History shall with full mouth
 Speake freely of our Acts, or else our graue
 Like Turkish mute, shall haue a tongueleffe mouth,
 Not worshipt with a waxen Epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
 Of our faire Cofin Dolphin: for we heare,
 Your greeting is from him, not from the King.

Amb. May't please your Maiestie to giue vs leaue
 Freely to render what we haue in charge:
 Or shall we sparingly shew you farre off

240 The Dolphins meauing, and our Embasie.

King. We are no Tyrant, but a Christian King,
 Vnto whose grace our passion is as subiect
 As is our wretches fettred in our prisons,

I. ii.

230 Either our Chronicles shall with full mouth speake
Freely of our acts, or else like tonguelesse mutes,
Not worshipt with a paper Epitaph:

Enter the Ambassadors from France.

Now are we well prepard to know the Dolphins pleasure
For we heare your comming is from him.

Ambaf. Pleaseth your Maiefty to giue vs leaue
Freely to render what we haue in charge,
Or shall I sparingly shew a farre off,
240 The Dolphins pleasure, and our Embassage?

King. We are no tyrant, but a Christian King,
To whom our spirit is as subiect,
As are our wretches fettered in our prisons.
Therefore freely, and with vncurbed boldnesse
Tell vs the Dolphins minde.

[A.*

Ambaf. Then this in fine the Dolphin faith,
VVhereas you claime certaine Townes in France,
248 From your predeceffor King *Edward* the third,
This he returnes:
He faith, there's nought in France,
That can be with a nimble Galliard wonne,
You cannot reuell into Dukedomes there:
Therefore he sendeth meeter for your studie
This tun of treasure: and in lieu of this,

The Life of Henry the Fift (Ft).

Therefore with franke and with vncurbed plainnesse,
Tell vs the *Dolphins* minde.

Amb. Thus than in few:
Your Highnesse lately sending into France,
Did claime some certaine Dukedomes, in the right
Of your great Predeceffor, King *Edward* the third.
In answer of which claime, the Prince our Master
250 Sayes, that you fauour too much of your youth,
And bids you be aduis'd: There's nought in France,
That can be with a nimble Galliard wonne:
You cannot reuell into Dukedomes there.
He therefore sends you meeter for your spirit
This Tun of Treasure; and in lieu of this,

I. ii.

Desires to let the Dukedomes that you craue
Heare no more from you: This the Dolphin faith.

King. What treasure Vncle?

Exe. Tennis balles my Liege.

King. We are glad the Dolphin is so pleasant with vs,
260 Your message and his present we accept:
When we haue matched our rackets to these balles,
We will by Gods grace play such a set,
Shall strike his fathers crowne into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler,
That all the Courts of *France* shall be disturbed with chafes.
And we vnderstand him well, how he comes ore vs
With our wilder dayes, not measuring what vs we made
of them.

We neuer valued this poore seate of England.

270 And therefore gaue our selues to barbarous licence:
As tis common seene that men are merriest when they are
from home.

But tell the Dolphin we will keepe our state,

Be like a King, mightie and commaund,

When we do rowse vs in throne of *France*:

Forthis haue we laid by our Maiestie

And plodded lide a man for working dayes.

But we will rise there with so full of glory,

That we will dazell all the eyes of *France*,

280 I strike the Dolphin blinde to looke on vs. (stones,

And tell him this, his mock hath turnd his balles to gun

The Life of Henry the Fift (F).

Desires you let the dukedomes that you claime

Heare no more of you. This the *Dolphin* speakes.

King. What Treasure Vncle?

Exe. Tennis balles, my Liege.

Kin, We are glad the *Dolphin* is so pleasant with vs,
260 His Present, and your paines we thanke you for:
When we haue matcht our Rackets to these Balles,
We will in France (by Gods grace) play a set,
Shall strike his fathers Crowne into the hazard.
Tell him, he hath made a match with such a Wrangler,
That all the Courts of France will be disturb'd
With Chaces. And we vnderstand him well,
How he comes o're vs with our wilder dayes,
Not measuring what vs we made of them.

[72b]

I. ii.

Desires to let the Dukedomes that you craue
Heare no more from you. This the Dolphin faith.

King. VVhat treafure Vnckle?

Exe. Tennis balles my Liege.

King. Wee are glad the Dolphin is fo pleafant with vs,

260 Your meffage, and his present we accept.

When we haue matcht our Rackets to thefe balles,

We wil by Gods grace play him fuch a fet,

Shal ftrike his fathers Crowne into the hazard.

Tell him he hath made a match with fuch a wrangler,

That all the courts of France fhallbe difturbd with chafes.

And we vnderftand him well, how he comes ore vs

With our wilder daies,

Not meafuring what vfe we made of them.

We neuer valew'd this poore feate of England,

270 And therefore gaue our felues to barbarous Licenfe,

As tis common feene,

That men are merrieft when they are from home.

But tell the Dolphin we will keepe our ftate,

Be like a King, mighty, and command,

When we do rowfe vs in the Throne of France.

For this we haue layd by our Maiefty,

And plodded like a man for working dayes.

But we will rife therewith fo full of glory,

That we will dazle all the eyes of France,

280 I ftrike the Dolphin blinde to looke on vs,

And tell him this,

His mocke hath turn'd his balles to gun-ftones,

[B,

The Life of Henry the Fift (F.).

We neuer valew'd this poore feate of England,

270 And therefore liuing hence, did giue our felfe

To barbarous licenfe: As 'tis euer common,

That men are merrieft, when they are from home.

But tell the *Dolphin*, I will keepe my State,

Be like a King, and fhew my fayle of Greatneffe,

When I do rowfe me in my Throne of France.

For that I haue layd by my Maieftie,

And plodded like a man for working dayes:

But I will rife there with fo full a glorie,

That I will dazle all the eyes of France,

280 Yea ftrike the *Dolphin* blinde to looke on vs,

And tell the pleafant Prince, this Mocke of his

Hath turn'd his balles to Gun-ftones, and his foule .

I. ii.

And his foule shall sit fore charged for the waftfull

[B]

(vengeance

That shall flye from them. For this his mocke

Shall mocke many a wife out of their deare husbands.

Mocke mothers from their sonnes, mocke Castles downe,

I some are yet vngotten and vnborne,

That shall haue cause to curse the Dolphins scorne.

290 But this lyes all within the will of God, to whom we doo

(appeale,

And in whose name tel you the Dolphin we are cōming on

To venge vs as we may, and to put forth our hand

In a rightfull cause: so get you hence, and tell your Prince.

His left will fauour but of shallow wit,

When thousands weepe, more then did laugh at it.

Conuey them with safe conduct: see them hence.

Exe. This was a merry message.

299 *King.* We hope to make the sencer blufh at it:

Therefore let our collectiō for the wars be soone provided:

For God before, weell check the Dolphin at his fathers

(doore.

Therefore let euery man now taske his thought,

310 That this faire action may on foote be brought.

Exeunt omnes.

The Life of Henry the Fift (F1).

Shall stand fore charged, for the waftfull vengeance

That shall flye with them: for many a thousand widows

Shall this his Mocke, mocke out of their deer husbands:

Mocke mothers from their sonnes, mock Castles downe:

And some are yet vngotten and vnborne,

That shall haue cause to curse the *Dolphins* scorne.

But this lyes all within the wil of God,

290 To whom I do appeale, and in whose name

Tel you the *Dolphin*, I am comming on,

To venge me as I may, and to put forth

My rightfull hand in a wel-hallow'd cause.

So get you hence in peace: And tell the *Dolphin*,

His left will fauour but of shallow wit,

When thousands weepe more then did laugh at it.

Conuey them with safe conduct. Fare you well.

Exeunt Ambassadors.

Exe. This was a merry Message.

King. We hope to make the Sender blufh at it:

300 Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy howre,

I. ii.

And his soule fhall fit fore charged, for the waftfull
Vengeance that fhall flye from them,
For this his mocke,
Shall mocke many a wife out of their deare husbands,
Mocke mothers from their fonnes, mocke Castles down.
I, some are yet vngotten and vnborne,
That fhall haue caufe to curfe the Dolphins fcorne.
But this lies all within the will of God,
290 To whom we do appeale: and in whole name,
Tell you the Dolphin we are comming on,
To venge vs as we may, and to put forth our hand
In a right caufe: fo get you hence, and tell your Prince,
His ielt will fauour but of fhallow wit,
When thoufands weepe more then did laugh at it.
Conuey them with fafe conduct; fee them hence.

Exe. This was a merry meffage.

299 *King.* We hope to make the fender blufh at it:
Therefore let our collection for the wars be soon provided
For God before, weel check the Dolphin at his fathers
Doore: therefore let euery man now taske his thought,
310 That this faire action may on foote be brought.

Exeunt omnes.

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

That may giue furth'rance to our Expedition:
For we haue now no thought in vs but France,
Saue thofe to God, that runne before our bufineffe.
Therefore let our proportions for thefe Warres
Be foone collected, and all things thought vpon,
That may with reasonable fwiftnesse adde
More Feathers to our Wings: for God before,
Wee'le chide this *Dolphin* at his fathers doore.
Therefore let euery man now taske his thought,
310 That this faire Action may on foot be brought. *Exeunt.*

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

II.

Flourish. Enter Chorus.

Now all the Youth of England are on fire,
 And filken Dalliance in the Wardrobe lyes:
 Now thriue the Armorers, and Honors thought
 Reignes solely in the breaſt of euey man.
 They ſell the Paſture now, to buy the Horſe:
 Following the Mirror of all Chriſtian Kings.
 With winged heeles, as Engliſh *Mercuries*.
 For now fits Expectation in the Ayre,
 And hides a Sword, from Hilts vnto the Point,
 10 With Crownes Imperiall, Crownes and Coronets,
 Promis'd to *Harry*, and his followers.
 The French aduiſ'd by good intelligence
 Of this moſt dreadfull preparation,
 Shake in their feare, and with pale Pollicy
 Seeke to diuert the Engliſh purpoſes.
 O England: Modell to thy inward Greatneſſe,
 Like little Body with a mightie Heart:
 What mightſt thou do, that honour would thee do,
 Were all thy children kinde and naturall:
 20 But ſee, thy fault France hath in thee found out,

[73^a]

II. *The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).*

A nest of hollow bosomes, which he fills
With treacherous Crownes, and three corrupted men:
One, *Richard* Earle of Cambridge, and the second
Henry Lord *Scroope* of *Masham*, and the third
Sir *Thomas Grey* Knight of Northumberland,
Haue for the Gilt of France (O guilt indeed)
Confirm'd Conspiracy with fearefull France,
And by their hands, this grace of Kings must dye.
If Hell and Treason hold their promises,
30 Ere he take ship for France; and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on, and wee'l digest
Th'abuse of distance; force a play:
The summe is payde, the Traitors are agreed,
The King is fet from London, and the Scene
Is now transported (Gentles) to Southampton,
There is the Play-house now, there must you sit,
And thence to France shall we conuey you safe,
And bring you backe: Charming the narrow seas
To giue you gentle Passe: for if we may,
40 Wee'l not offend one stomacke with our Play.
But till the King come forth, and not till then,
Vnto Southampton do we shift our Scene. *Exit.*

II. i.

*Enter Nim and Bardolfe.**Bar.* Godmorrow Corporall *Nim*.*Nim.* Godmorrow Lieftenant *Bardolfe*.*Bar.* What is antient *Pistoll* and thee friends yet?*Nim.* I cannot tell, things must be as they may:

I dare not fight, but I will winke and hold out mine Iron:

It is a simple one, but what tho; it will serue to toste cheefe.

10 And it will endure cold as an other mans sword will,

And theres the humor of it.

20 *Bar.* Y faith mistresse quickly did thee great wrong,

For thou weart troth plight to her.

Nim. I must do as I may, tho patience be a tyred mare; [B₁*

Yet sheel plod, and some say kniues haue edges,

And men may sleepe and haue their throtes about them

At that time, and there is the humour of it.

Bar. Come yfaith, Ile bestow a breakfast to make *Pistoll*

And thee friendes. What a plague should we carrie kniues

To cut our owne throates.

Nim. Y faith Ile liue as long as I may, thats the certaine of it.

And when I cannot liue any longer, Ile do as I may,

And theres my rest, and the randeuous of it.

*Enter Pistoll and Hostes Quickly, his wife.**Bar.* Godmorrow ancient *Pistoll*.Here comes ancient *Pistoll*, I prithee *Nim* be quiet.30 *Nim.* How do you my Hoste?*The Life of Henry the Fift (F.).*

II. i.

*Enter Corporall Nym, and Lieutenant Bardolfe.**Bar.* Well met Corporall *Nym*.*Nym.* Good morrow Lieutenant *Bardolfe*.*Bar.* What, are Ancient *Pistoll* and you friends yet?*Nym.* For my part, I care not: I say little: but when
time shall serue, there shall be smiles, but that shall be as
it may. I dare not fight, but I will winke and holde out
mine yron: it is a simple one, but what though? It will
toste Cheefe, and it will endure cold, as another mans
10 sword will: and there's an end.*Bar.* I will bestow a breakfast to make you friendes,
and wee'l bee all three sworne brothers to France: Let't
be so good Corporall *Nym*.*Nym.* Faith, I will liue so long as I may, that's the cer-
taine of it: and when I cannot liue any longer, I will doe
as I may: That is my rest, that is the rendeuous of it.

II. i.

Enter Nim and Bardolfe.

Bar. Good morrow Corporall *Nim*.

Nim. Good morrow Lieutenant *Bardolfe*.

Bar. What, is Ancient *Pistoll* and thee friends yet?

Nim. I cannot tell, things must be as they may :

I dare not fight, but I will winke and hold out mine Iron,

Tis a simple one, but what tho; twil serue to toste cheefe,

10 And it will endure cold as another mans sword will,

And theres the humour of it.

20 *Bar.* Ifaith Miltresse *Quickly* did thee great wrong,

For thou wert troth-plight to her.

Nim. I must do as I may, tho patience be a tired mare, [B,*

Yet sheel plod, and some say kniues haue edges,

And men may sleepe and haue their throates about them

At that time, and there's the humor of it.

Bar. Come ifaith, Ile bestow a breakfast to make *Pistoll* and thee friends. What a plague should we carry kniues to cut our owne throates.

Nim. Ifaith ile liue as long as I may, that's the certaine of it. And when I cannot liue any longer, Ile do as I may, And there's my rest, and the randeuous of it.

Enter Pistoll, and Hostes Quickly his wife.

Bar. Good morrow ancient *Pistoll*.

heere comes ancient *Pistoll*, I prethee *Nim* be quiet.

30 *Nim.* How do you my hofst?

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

20 *Bar.* It is certaine Corporall, that he is marryed to *Nell Quickly*, and certainly she did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell, Things must be as they may: men may sleepe, and they may haue their throats about them at that time, and some say, kniues haue edges: It must be as it may, though patience be a tyred name, yet shee will plodde, there must be Conclufions, well, I cannot tell.

Enter Pistoll, & Quickly.

30 *Bar.* Heere comes Ancient *Pistoll* and his wife: good Corporall be patient heere. How now mine Hoafte *Pistoll*?

Pist. Bafe flauē, calleſt thou me hoſte?
Now by gads lugges I ſweare, I ſcorne the title,
Nor ſhall my *Nell* keepe lodging.

Hoſt. No by my troath not I,
For we cānot bed nor boord half a ſcore honeſt gētlewomē
That liue honeſtly by the prick of their needle,
But it is thought ſtraight we keepe a bawdy-houſe.
O Lord heeres Corporall *Nims*, now ſhall
40 We haue wilful adultery and murther committed:
Good Corporall *Nim* ſhew the valour of a man.
And put vp your ſword.

Nim. Puſh.

Piſt. What doſt thou puſh, thou prickeard cur of Iſland?

Nim. Will you ſhog off? I would haue you ſolus.

49 *Piſt.* Solus egregious dog, that ſolus in thy throte.
And in thy lugs, and which is worſe, within
Thy meſſull mouth, I do retort that ſolus in thy
Bowels, and in thy law, perdie: for I can talke.
And *Piſtolls* flaſhing firy cock is vp.

Nim. I am not *Barbaſom*, you cannot coniure me:
I haue an humour *Piſtoll* to knock you indifferently well,
60 And you fall foule with me *Piſtoll*, Ile ſcoure you with my
Rapier in faire termes. If you will walke off a little. [13
Ile prick your guts a litle in good termes,
And theres the humour of it.

The Life of Henry the Fiſt (F₁).

Piſt. Bafe Tyke, cal'ſt thou mee Hoſte, now by this
hand I ſweare I ſcorne the terme: nor ſhall my *Nel* keep
Lodgers.

Hoſt. No by my troth, not long: For we cannot lodge
and board a dozen or fourteene Gentlewomen that liue
honeſtly by the pricke of their Needles, but it will bee
thought we keepe a Bawdy-houſe ſtraight. O welliday
Lady, if he be not hewne now, we ſhall ſee wilful adulte-
40 ry and murther committed.

Bar. Good Lieutenant, good Corporal offer nothing
heere. *Nym.* Piſh.

Piſt. Piſh for thee, Iſland dogge: thou prickeard cur [73b
of Iſland.

Hoſt. Good Corporall *Nym* ſhew thy valor, and put
vp your ſword.

Nym. Will you ſhogge off? I would haue you ſolus.

II. i.

Pist. Bafe flauē, callest thou me host?

Now by gads lugges I fweare, I scorne the title,
Nor shall my *Nell* keepe lodging.

Hof. No by my troth not I,

For we cannot bed nor boord halfe a score gentlewomen
That liue honestly by the pricke of their needle,
But it is thought straight we keepe a bawdy-house.

O Lord, heere's Corporall *Nim*, now shall

40 We haue wilfull adultery and murther committed:

Good Corporall *Nim* shew the valour of a man,

And put vp your sword. *Nim.* Pushe.

Pist. What, dost thou push, thou prickeard cur of Iseland

Nim. Will you shog off? I would haue you solus.

45 *Pist.* Solus, egregious dog, that solus in thy throate,

And in thy lungs, and which is worfe, within

Thy mesfull mouth, I do retort that solus

In thy bowels, and in thy law perdie: for I can talke,

And *Pistols* flashing fiery cocke is vp.

Nim. I am not *Barbasom*, you cannot coniure me;

I haue an humor *Pistoll* to knocke you indifferently well,

And you fall foule with me *Pistoll*,

60 He scoure you with my Rapier in faire tearmes.

If you will walke off a little,

He pricke your guts a little in good termes,

And there's the humor of is.

[B.

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

50 *Pist.* Solus, egregious dog? O Viper vile; The solus
in thy most meruailous face, the solus in thy teeth, and
in thy throate, and in thy hatefull Lungs, yea in thy Maw
perdy; and which is worfe, within thy nastie mouth. I
do retort the solus in thy bowels, for I can take, and *Pi-*
stols cocke is vp. and flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not *Barbasom*, you cannot coniure mee: I
haue an humor to knocke you indifferently well: If you
60 grow foule with me Pistoll, I will scoure you with my
Rapier, as I may, in fayre tearmes. If you would walke
off, I would pricke your guts a little in good tearmes, as
I may, and that's the humor of it.

Pist. O braggard vile, and damned furious wight.
The Graue doth gape, and groaning
Death is neare, therefore exall.

They drawe.

Bar. Heare me, he that strikes the first blow,
He kill him, as I am a fouldier.
70 *Pist.* An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate.
Nim. He cut your throat at one time or an other in faire
And theres the humor of it. (termes,
Pist. Couple gorge is the word, I thee defie agen:
A damned hound, thinkst thou my spoufe to get?
No, to the powdering tub of infamy.
80 Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressides kinde,
Doll Tear-sheete, she by name, and her espowle
I haue, and I will hold, the quandom quickly,
For the onely she and Paco, there it is inough.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Hostes you must come straight to my maister,
And you Host *Pistoll.* Good *Bardolfe*
Put thy nose betweene the sheetes, and do the office of a
(warming pan.
92 *Host.* By my troath heele yeeld the crow a pudding one
(of these dayes.
He go to him, husband youle come?

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

Pist. O Braggard vile, and damned furious wight,
The Graue doth gape, and doting death is neere,
Therefore exhale.
Bar. Heare me, heare me what I say: Hee that strikes
the first stroake, He run him vp to the hilts, as I am a fol-
dier.
70 *Pist.* An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate.
Giue me thy fist, thy fore-foote to me giue: Thy spirites
are most tall.
Nym. I will cut thy throate one time or other in faire
termes, that is the humor of it.
Pistoll. Couple a gorge, that is the word. I defie thee a-
gaine. O hound of Creet, think'st thou my spoufe to get?
No, to the spittle goe, and from the Poudring tub of in-
famy, fetch forth the Lazar Kite of *Cressids* kinde, *Doll*

II. i.

Pist. O braggard vile, and damned furious wight,
The graue doth gape, and groaning death is neere,
Therefore exall. *They draw.*

Bar. Heare me, he that strikes the first blow,
He kill him, as I am a Souldier.

70 *Pist.* An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate.

Nim. He cut your throat at one time or another
In faire termes: and there's the humor of it.

Pist. Couple gorge is the word, I thee defie agen:
A damned hound, thinkst thou my spoufe to get?

No, to the powdering tub of infamy,

80 Fetch forth the lazar kite of Crefides kinde,

Doll Tear-sheete, she by name, and her espowfe

I haue, and I will hold, the quandom quickly,

For the onely she and Paco, there it is enough.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Hostes, you must come straight to my Master,
And you host *Pistoll*.

Good *Bardolfe* put thy nose betweene the sheetes,

And do the office of a warning pan.

92 *Host.* By my troth he'll yeeld the Crow a pudding one of
these dayes.

He go to him, husband you'l come?

The Life of Henry the Fifth (F₁).

80 *Teare-sheete*, she by name, and her espouse. I haue, and I
will hold the *Quondam Quickly* for the onely shee: and
Pauca, there's enough to go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine Host *Pistoll*, you must come to my May-
ster, and your Hostesse: He is very sicke, & would to bed.
Good *Bardolfe*. put thy face betweene his sheets, and do
the Office of a Warming-pan: Faith, he's very ill.

90 *Bard.* Away you Rogue.

Host. By my troth he'll yeeld the Crow a pudding one
of these dayes: the King has kild his heart. Good Huf-
band come home presently. *Exit*

II. i.

Bar. Come *Pistoll* be friends.*Nim* prithee be friends, and if thou wilt not be
Enemies with me too.*Ni.* I shal haue my eight shillings I woon of you at beating?100 *Pist.* Bafe is the slaue that payes.*Nim.* That now I will haue, and theres the humor of it.*Pist.* As manhood shal compound. *They draw.**Bar.* He that strikes the first blow,

He kill him by this sword.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oathes must haue their courle.110 *Nim.* I shal haue my eight shillings I woune of you at [B*
beating?*Pist.* A noble shalt thou haue, and readie pay,

And liquor likewise will I giue to thee,

And friendship shal combind and brotherhood:

He liue by *Nim* as *Nim* shal liue by me:

Is not this iust? for I shal Sutler be

Vnto the Campe, and profit will occrue.

Nim. I shal haue my noble?120 *Pist.* In cash molt truly paid.*Nim.* Why theres the humour of it.*The Life of Henry the First (F₁).**Bar.* Come, shal I make you two friends. Wee must
to France together: why the diuel should we keep kniues
to cut one anothers throats?*Pist.* Let floods ore-fwell, and fiends for food howle
on.*Nym.* You'l pay me the eight shillings I won of you
at Betting?100 *Pist.* Bafe is the Slaue that payes.*Nym.* That now I wil haue: that's the humor of it.*Pist.* As manhood shal compound: push home. *Draw**Bard.* By this sword, hee that makes the first thrust,

He kill him: By this sword, I wil.

Pi. Sword is an Oath, & Oaths must haue their course*Bar.* Corporall *Nym*, & thou wilt be friends be friends,
and thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me to: pre-
thee put vp.112 *Pist.* A Noble shalt thou haue, and present pay, and
Liquor likewise will I giue to thee, and friendshippe
shal combyne, and brotherhood. He liue by *Nymme*, &

II. i.

Bar. Come *Pistoll* be friends.

Nim, prethee be friends, and if thou wilt not,
Be enemies with me too.

Ni. I shal haue my eight shillings I won of you at betting

100 *Pist.* Bafe is the flauie that payes.

Ni. That now I will haue, and there's the humor of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound. *They draw.*

Bar. He that strikes the first blow,

He kill him by this sword.

Pi. Sword is an oath, and oathes must haue their course.

110 *Nim.* I shall haue my eight shillings I wonne of you at [B₁*
betting.

Pist. A noble shalt thou haue, and ready pay,

And liquor likewise will I giue to thee,

And friendship shall cominde out brotherhood.

He liue by *Nim*, as *Nim* shall liue by me :

Is not this iust? for I shall Sutler be

Vnto the Campe, and profit will occrue.

Nim. I shall haue my noble?

120 *Pist.* In cash most truly paid.

Nim. Why theres the humor of it.

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

Nymme shall liue by me, is not this iust? For I shal Sut-
ler be vnto the Campe, and profits will accrue. Giue mee
thy hand.

Nym. I shall haue my Noble? [74^a

120 *Pist.* In cash, most iustly payd.

Nym. Well, then that the humor of't.

II. i.

Enter Hostes.

Hostes. As euer you came of men come in,
 Sir *John* poore soule is so troubled
 With a burning talhan contigian feuer, tis wonderfull.

133 *Fist.* Let vs condoll the knight: for lamkins we will liue.

Exeunt Omnes.

II. ii.

Enter Exeter and Gloster.

Gloft. Before God my Lord, his Grace is too bold to truſt
 theſe traytors.

Exe. They ſhalbe apprehended by and by.

Gloft. I but the man that was his bedfellow
 Whom he hath cloyed and graced with princely fauours
 10 That he ſhould for a forraine purſe, to ſell
 His Soueraignes life to death and trechery.

Exe. O the Lord of *Maſſham*.

Enter the King and three Lords.

King. Now firſt the windes faire, and we wil aboard:
 My Lord of *Cambridge*, and my Lord of *Maſſham*,
 And you my gentle Knight, giue me your thoughts,
 Do you not thinke the power we beare with vs,
 Will make vs conquerors in the field of *France*?
 19 *Maſſha.* No doubt my Liege, if each man do his beſt.

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

II. i.

Enter Hoſteſſe.

Hoſt. As euer you come of women, come in quickly
 to fir *John*: A poore heart, hee is ſo ſhak'd of a burning
 quotidian Tertian, that it is moſt lamentable to behold.
 Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The King hath run bad humors on the Knight,
 that's the euen of it.

130 *Fift.* *Nym*, thou haſt ſpoke the right, his heart is fra-
 cted and corroborate.

Nym. The King is a good King, but it muſt bee as it
 may: he paſſes ſome humors, and carrees.

Fift. Let vs condole the Knight, for (*Lambekins*) we
 will liue.

II. ii.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, & Weſtmerland.

Bed Fore God his Grace is bold to truſt theſe traitors

Exe. They ſhall be apprehended by and by.

i.

Enter Hostes.

Hostes. As guer you came of men come in,
Sir *John*, poore soule is so troubled
With a burning talhan contigian feuer, tis wonderfull.
133 *Fift.* Let vs condole the knight; for lamkins we wil liue.

Exeunt Omnes.

ii.

Enter Exeter and Gloster.

Gloft. Before God my Lord, his Grace is too bold to
trust these traytors.
Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.
Gloft. I but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath cloyed and graced with Princely fauors.
10 That he should for a forreigne purse, to sell
His Soueraignes life to death and trechery.
Exe. O the Lord of *Masfham*.

Enter the King and three Lords.

King. Now firs, the winde is faire, and we will aboard;
My Lord of *Cambridge*, and my Lord of *Masfham*,
And you my gentle Knight, giue me your thoughts,
Do you not thinke the power we beare with vs,
Will make vs Conquerors in the field of *France*?
19 *Masfham.* No doubt my Liege, if each man do his best.

The Life of Henry the Fifth (F).

West. How smooth and euen they do bear themselues,
As if allegiance in their bosomes fate
Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.

Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend,
By interception, which they dreame not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious fauours;
10 That he should for a forraigne purse, so sell
His Soueraignes life to death and treachery.

Sound Trumpets.

Enter the King, Scroope, Cambridge, and Gray.

King. Now fits the winde faire, and we will aboard.
My Lord of *Cambridge*, and my kinde Lord of *Masfham*,
And you my gentle Knight, giue me your thoughts:
Thinke you not that the powres we beare with vs
Will cut their paffage through the force of *France*?
Doing the execution, and the acte,
For which we haue in head asssembled them.

Scro. No doubt my Liege, if each man do his best.

Cam. Neuer was Monarch better feared and loued then
is your maiestie.

[B.

Gray. Euenthoſe that were your fathers enemies
30 Hauē ſteeped their galles in honey for your ſake.

King. We therefore haue great cauſe of thankfulneſſe.
And ſhall forget the office of our hands:
Sooner then reward and merit,
According to their cauſe and worthineſſe.

Maſha. So ſeruice ſhall with ſteeled ſinewes ſhine.
And labour ſhall reſreſh it ſelfe with hope
To do your Grace inceſſant ſeruice.

40 *King.* Vncle of *Exeter*, enlarge the man
Committed yelſterday, that rayled againſt our perſon,
We conſider it was the heate of wine that ſet him on.
And on his more aduice we pardon him.

Maſha. That is mercie, but too much ſecuritie:
Let him bee puniſht Soueraigne, leaſt the example of
Breed more of ſuch a kinde. (him.

King. O let vs yet be mercifull.

Cam. So may your highneſſe. and puniſh too.

50 *Gray.* You ſhew great mercie if you giue him life.
After the taſte of his correction.

The Life of Henry the Fiſt (F.).

20 *King.* I doubt not that, ſince we are well perſwaded
We carry not a heart with vs from hence,
That growes not in a faire conſent with ours:
Nor leaue not one behinde, that doth not wiſh
Succeſſe and Conqueſt to attend on vs.

Cam. Neuer was Monarch better fear'd and lou'd,
Then is your Maieſty: there's not I thinke a ſubiect
That ſits in heart-greefe and vnealineſſe
Vnder the ſweet ſhade of your gouernment.

Kni. True: thoſe that were your Fathers enemies,
30 Hauē ſteep'd their gauls in hony, and do ſerue you
With hearts create of duty, and of zeale.

King. We therefore haue great cauſe of thankfulnes,
And ſhall forget the office of our hand
Sooner then quittance of deſert and merit,
According to the weight and worthineſſe.

II. ii.

Cam. Neuer was Monarch better feared and loued then [B₁
is your Maiefty.

Grey. Euen thofe that were your fathers enemies
30 Haue fteeped their gals in hony for your fake.

King. We therefore haue great caufe of thankfulneffe,
And fhall forget the office of our hands;

According to their caufe and worthineffe.

Maſ. So ſeruice fhall with ſteeled finewes ſhine,
And labour fhall refreſh it ſelfe with hope
To do your Grace inceſſant ſeruice.

40 *King.* Vnckle of Exeter, enlarge the man
Committed yefterday, that railed againſt our perſon,
We confider it was the heate of wine that ſet him on,
And on his more aduice we pardon him.

Maſ. That is mercy, but too much ſecurity:
Let him be puniſht Soueraigne,
Leaſt the example of him, breed more of ſuch a kinde.

King. O let vs yet be mercifull.

Cam. So may your highneſſe, and puniſh too.

50 *Grey.* You ſhew great mercy if you giue him life.
After the taſte of his correction.

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

Scro. So ſeruice fhall with ſteeled finewes toyle,
And labour fhall refreſh it ſelfe with hope
To do your Grace inceſſant ſeruices.

King. We ludge no leſſe. Vnkle of *Exeter*,
40 Inlarge the man committed yefterday.
That rayl'd againſt our perſon: We confider
It was exceſſe of Wine that ſet him on.
And on his more aduice, We pardon him.

Scro. That's mercy, but too much ſecurity:
Let him be puniſh'd Soueraigne, leaſt example
Breed (by his ſufferance) more of ſuch a kind.

King. O let vs yet be mercifull.

Cam. So may your Highneſſe, and yet puniſh too. [74^b

50 *Grey.* Sir, you ſhew great mercy if you giue him life,
After the taſte of much correction.

King. Alas your too much care and loue of me
 Are heauy orifons gainst the poore wretch,
 If litle faults proceeding on distemper should not bee
 (winked at,
 How should we stretch our eye. when capitall crimes,
 Chewed, swallowed and digested, appeare before vs:
 Well yet enlarge the man, tho Cambridge and the rest
 In their deare loues, and tender preferuation of our state,
 Would haue him punished.

60 Now to our French causes.

Who are the late Commiffioners?

Cam. Me one my Lord, your highnesse bad me aske for
 it to day.

Mafh. So did you me my Soueraigne.

[B.*

Gray. And me my Lord.

King. Then *Richard Earle of Cambridge* there is yours:
 There is yours my Lord of *Mafham*.

And fir *Thomas Gray* knight of *Northumberland*, this same is

Read them, and know we know your worthinesse. (yours:

70 Vnckle *Exeter* I will aboard to night.

Why how now Gentlemen, why change you colour?

What see you in those papers

That hath so chafed your blood out of apparence?

Cam. I do confesse my fault, and do submit me
 To your highnesse mercie.

Mafh. To which we all appeale.

The Life of Henry the Fift (F.).

King. Alas, your too much loue and care of me,
 Are heauy Orifons 'gainst this poore wretch:
 If little faults proceeding on distemper,
 Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye
 When capitall crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,
 Appeare before vs? Wee'l yet enlarge that man,
 Though *Cambridge*, *Scroope*, and *Gray*, in their deere care
 And tender preferuation of our person
 60 Wold haue him punish'd. And now to our French causes,
 Who are the late Commiffioners?

Cam. I one my Lord,
 Your Highnesse bad me aske for it to day.

Scro. So did you me my Liege.

Gray. And I my Royall Soueraigne.

II. ii.

King. Alasse, your too much care and loue of me,
Are heauy orifons against the poore wretch,
If little faults proceeding on diftemper,
Should not be winked at,
How should we stretch our eye, when capitall crimes,
Chewed, swallowed, and digested, appeare before vs;
Well yet enlarge the man, tho Cambridge and the rest
In their deare loues, and tender preferuation of our state,
Would haue him punisht.

60 Now to our French causes.

Who are the late Commissioners?

Cam. Me one my Lord,
Your highnesse bad me aske for it to day.

Maf. So did you me my Soueraigne.

Grey. And me my Lord.

King. Then *Richard Earle of Cambridge*, there is yours. [B.*
There is yours, my Lord of *Mafham*:

And sir *Thomas Grey*, knight of *Northumberland*.

This same is yours:

Reade them, and know we know your worthinesse.

70 Vnkle *Exeter*, I will aboard to night.

Why how now Gentlemen, why change you colour?

What see you in those papers,

That hath so chafed your blood out of apparance?

Cam. I do confesse my fault, and do submit me
To your highnesse mercy.

Mafh. To which we all appeale.

The Life of Henry the Fifth (F.).

King. Then *Richard Earle of Cambridge*, there is yours.

There yours Lord *Scroope* of *Mafham*, and Sir Knight:

Gray of *Northumberland*, this same in yours:

Reade them, and know I know your worthinesse.

70 My Lord of *Westmerland*, and Vnkle *Exeter*.

We will aboard to night. Why how now Gentlemen?

What see you in those papers, that you loofe

So much complexion? Looke ye how they change:

Their cheekes are paper. Why, what reade you there.

That haue so cowarded and chac'd your blood

Out of apparance.

Cam. I do confesse my fault.

And do submit me to your Highnesse mercy.

Gray. Scro. To which we all appeale.

II. ii.

King. The mercy which was quit in vs but late,

80 By your owne reasons is foretold and done:

You must not dare for shame to aske for mercy,
 For your owne conscience turne vpon your bosomes,
 As dogs vpon their maisters worrying them.
 See you my Princes, and my noble Peeres,
 These English monsters:

My Lord of *Cambridge* here,

You know how apt we were to grace him,
 In all things belonging to his honour:

And this vilde man hath for a fewe light crownes,

90 Lightly conspired and sworne vnto the practises of *France*:To kill vs here in *Hampton*. To the which,

This knight no lesse in bountie bound to vs

Then *Cambridge* is, haah likewise sworne.

But oh what shall I say to thee false man,

Thou cruell ingratefull and inhumane creature.

Thou that didst beare the key of all my counsell.

That knewst the very secrets of my heart,

That almost mightest a coyned me into gold,

Wouldest thou a practise on me for thy vse:

100 Can it be possible that out of thee

Should proceed one sparke that might annoy my finger?

Tis so strange, that tho the truth doth shewe as grose

[B.]

104 As black from white, mine eye wil scarcely see it.

*The Life of Henry the Fift (F.).**King.* The mercy that was quicke in vs but late,

80 By your owne counsaile is supprest and kill'd:

You must not dare (for shame) to talke of mercy,

For your owne reasons turne into your bosomes.

As dogs vpon their maisters, worrying you:

See you my Princes, and my Noble Peeres,

These English monsters: My Lord of *Cambridge* heere,

You know how apt our loue was, to accord

To furnish with all appertinents

Belonging to his Honour; and this man,

Hath for a few light Crownes, lightly conspir'd

90 And sworne vnto the practises of France

To kill vs heere in Hampton. To the which,

This Knight no lesse for bounty bound to Vs

Then Cambridge is, hath likewise sworne. But O,

What shall I say to thee Lord *Scroope*, thou cruell,

I. ii.

King. The mercy which was quit in vs but late,
 80 By your owne reasons is fore-ftald and done:
 You muft not dare for fhame to afke for mercy,
 For your owne confcience turne vpon your bofomes,
 As dogs vpon their mafters worrying them.
 See you my Princes, and my Noble Peeres,
 Thefe englilh Monfters:
 My Lord of *Cambridge* here,
 You know how apt we were to grace him
 In all things belonging to his honor:
 And this vilde man hath for a few light crownes,
 90 Lightly conspir'd and fworne vnto the practifes of *France*,
 To kill vs heere in *Hampton*. To the which.
 This knight, no leffe in bounty bound to vs
 Then *Cambridge* is, hath likewife fworne.
 But oh, what fhall I fay to thee falfe man,
 Thou cruell, ingratefull, and inhumane creature.
 Thou that didft beare the key of all my counfell,
 That knewft the very fecrets of my heart,
 That almoft mightft haue coyn'd me into gold:
 Wouldft thou haue practifde on me for thy vfe?
 100 Can it be poffible, that out of thee
 Should proceed one fpärke that might annoy my finger?
 'Tis fo ftrange, that tho the truth doth fhew as groffe
 104 As blacke from white, mine eye will fcarfely fee it.

[B.

The Life of Henry the Fifth (F₁).

Ingratefull, fauage, and inhumane Creature?
 Thou that didft beare the key of all my counfailes,
 That knew't the very bottome of my foule,
 That (almost) might't haue coyn'd me into Golde,
 Would't thou haue practis'd on me, for thy vfe?
 100 May it be poffible, that forraigne hyer
 Could out of thee extract one fpärke of euill
 That might annoy my finger? 'Tis fo ftrange,
 That though the truth of it ftands off as groffe
 As blacke and white, my eye will fcarfely fee it.

142 Their faults are open, arrest them to the answer of the lawe,

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

Treason, and murther, euer kept together,
 As two yoke diuels sworne to eythers purpose.
 Working so grossely in an naturall cause.
 That admiration did not hoope at them.
 But thou (gainst all proportion) didst bring in
 110 Wonder to waite on treason, and on murther:
 And whatsoeuer cunning fiend it was
 That wrought vpon thee so preposterously.
 Hath got the voyce in hell for excellence:
 And other diuels that suggest by treasons, [75^a
 Do botch and bungle vp damnation,
 With patches, colours, and with formes being fetcht
 From glift'ring semblances of piety:
 But he that temper'd thee, bad thee stand vp,
 Gaue thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
 120 Vnlesse to dub thee with the name of Traitor.
 If that same Dæmon that hath gull'd thee thus,
 Should with his Lyon-gate walke the whole world.
 He might returne to vastie Tartar backe,

ii.

142 Their faults are open,

The Life of Henry the Fifth (F).

And tell the Legions, I can neuer win
A foule so easie as that Englishmans.
Oh, how haft thou with iealousie infected
The sweetnesse of affiance? Shew men dutifull,
130 Why so didst thou: seeme they graue and learned?
Why so didst thou. Come they of Noble Family?
Why so didst thou. Seeme they religious?
Why so didst thou. Or are they spare in diet,
Free from grosse passion, or of mirth, or anger,
Constant in spirit, not sweruing with the blood,
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,
Not working with the eye, without the eare,
And but in purged iudgement trusting neither,
Such and so finely boulded didst thou seeme:
And thus thy fall hath left a kinde of blot,
To make thee full fraught man, and best indued
140 With some suspition, I will weepe for thee.
For this reuolt of thine, me thinkes is like
Another fall of Man. Their faults are open,

And God acquit them of their practises.

Eze. I arrest thee of high treason,

By the name of *Richard*, Earle of *Cambridge*.

I arrest thee of high treason,

By the name of *Henry*, Lord of *Marfham*.

I arrest thee of high treason,

150 By the name of *Thomas Gray*, knight of *Northumberland*.

Marf. Our purposes God iustly hath discovered,

And I repent my fault more then my death,

Which I beseech your Maiestie forgiue,

Altho my body pay the price of it.

168 *King.* God quit you in his mercy. Heare your sentence.

You haue conspired against our royall person,

loyned with an enemy proclaimed and fixed.

168 And frō his coffers receiued the golden earnest of our death

Touching our person we seeke no redresse.

But we our kingdomes safetie must so tender

Whose ruine you haue fought,

That to our lawes we do deliuer you.

(death,

Get ye therefore hence: poore miserable creatures to your

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

Arrest them to the answer of the Law,

And God acquit them of their practises.

Eze. I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of
Richard Earle of *Cambridge*.

I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of *Thomas*
Lord *Scroope* of *Marfham*.

150 I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of *Thomas*
Grey, Knight of *Northumberland*.

Scro. Our purposes, God iustly hath discover'd,

And I repent my fault more then my death,

Which I beseech your Highnesse to forgiue,

Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me, the Gold of France did not seduce,

Although I did admit it as a motiue,

The sooner to effect what I intended:

But God be thanked for preuention,

Which in sufferance heartily will reioyce,

160 Beseeching God, and you, to pardon mee.

II. ii.

Arrest them to the answer of the law,
And God acquit them of their practises.

Exe. I arrest thee of high treason,
By the name of *Richard*, Earle of *Cambridge*.
I arrest thee of high treason,
By the name of *Henry*, Lord of *Mafham*.
I arrest thee of high treason,

150 By the name of *Thomas Grey*,
Knight of *Northumberland*.

Mafh. Our purposes God iustly hath discovered,
And I repent my fault more then my death,
Which I beseech your Maiesty forgiue,
Although my body pay the price of it.

King. God quit you in his mercy.

166 Heare your sentence.

You haue conspir'd against our royall Person,
Ioynd with an enemy proclaim'd and fixed.

168 And from his Coffers receiued the golden earnest of our
death,

Touching our person we seeke no redresse,
But we our kingdomes safety must so tender.
Whose ruine you haue fought,
That to our lawes we do deliuer you.
Get you hence, poor miserable creatures to your death,

The Life of Henry the Fifth (Ft).

Gray. Neuer did faithfull subiect more reioyce
At the discouery of most dangerous Treason,
Then I do at this houre ioy ore my selfe,
Preuented from a damned enterprize;
My fault, but not my body, pardon Soueraigne.

King. God quit you in his mercy: Hear your sentence
You haue conspir'd against Our Royall person,
Ioynd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his Coffers.
Recey'd the Golden Earnest of Our death:

170 Wherein you would haue sold your King to slaughter,
His Princes, and his Peeres to seruitude,
His Subiects to oppression, and contempt,
And his whole Kingdome into desolation:
Touching our person, seeke we no reuenge.
But we our Kingdomes safety must so tender.
Whose ruine you fought, that to her Lawes
We do deliuer you. Get you therefore hence,
(Poore miserable wretches) to your death:

II. ii.

The taste whereof, God in his mercy giue you (amisse:
180 Patience to endure, and true repentance of all your deeds
Beare them hence.

Exit three Lords.

Now Lords to *France*. The enterprife whereof,
Shall be to you as vs, successefully.
Since God cut off this dangerous treason lurking in our way
192 Cheerly to sea, the signes of war aduance:
No King of England, if not King of *France*.

Exit omnes.

II. iii.

Enter Nim, Pistoll, Bardolfe, Hostes and a Boy. [B.*

Hof. I prethy sweete heart, let me bring thee so farre as
(*Stanes.*)

R/t. No fur, no fur.

Bar. Well fir *Iohn* is gone. God be with him.

10 *Hof.* I, he is in *Arthors* bosom, if euer any were:
He went away as if it were a cryfombd childe,
Betweene twelue and one,
Iuft at turning of the tide:
His nofe was as fharpe as a pen:
For when I faw him fumble with the fheetes,
And talk of floures, and fmile vpō his fingers ends
I knew there was no way but one.
How now fir *Iohn* quoth I?

The Life of Henry the Fifth (F₁).

The taste whereof, God of his mercy giue
180 You patience to indure, and true Repentance
Of all your deare offences. Beare them hence. *Exit.*
Now Lords for France: the enterprife whereof
Shall be to you as vs, like glorious.
We doubt not of a faire and luckie Warre,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous Treason, lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now,
But every Rubbe is smoothed on our way.
Then forth, deare Countreymen, Let vs deliuer
190 Our Puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Chearely to Sea, the signes of Warre aduance,
No King of England, if not King of France. *Flourish.*

II. ii.

The taste whereof, God in his mercy giue you patience
180 To endure, and true repentance of all your deeds amisse:
Beare them hence.

Exit three Lords.

Now Lords to *France*: The enterprife whereof,
Shall be to you as vs, successefully. (way,
Since God cut off this dangerous treason lurking in our
192 Cheerly to sea, the signes of war aduance;
No King of *England*, if not King of *France*.

Exit omnes.

I. iii. *Enter Nim, Pistoll, Bardolfe, Hostes, and a boy*

[B.*

Host. I prethee sweet heart,

Let me bring thee so farre as *Stanes*.

Pist. No fur, no fur.

Bar. Well, fir *Iohn* is gone, God be with him.

10 *Host.* I, he is in *Arthurs* bosome, if euer any were,
He went away as if it were a cryfombd childe,
Betweene twelue and one,
Iust at turning of the tide;
His nose was as sharpe as a pen;
For when I saw him fumble with the sheets,
And talke of flowers, and smile vpon his fingers ends,
I knew there was no way but one.
How now fir *Iohn*, quoth I?

The Life of Henry the Fifth (F.).

I. iii. *Enter Pistoll, Nim, Bardolph, Boy, and Hostesse.*

Hostesse. 'Prythee honey sweet Husband, let me bring
thee to *Staines*.

Pistoll. No: for my manly heart dotherne. *Bardolph*,
be blythe: *Nim*, rowle thy vaunting Veines: Boy, brisle
thy Courage vp: for *Falstaffe* hee is dead, and wee must
erne therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him, wheresomere hee is,
eyther in Heauen, or in Hell.

10 *Hostesse.* Nay sure, hee's not in Hell: hee's in *Arthurs*
Bosome, if euer man went to *Arthurs* Bosome: a made a
finer end, and went away and it had beene any Christome
Child: a parted eu'n iust betweene Twelue and One, eu'n
at the turning o'th'Tyde: for after I saw him fumble with
the Sheets, and play with Flowers, and smile vpon his fin-
gers end, I knew there was but one way: for his Nose was
as sharpe as a Pen, and a Table of greene fields. How now
Sir *Iohn* (quoth I?) what man? be a good cheare: so a

II. iii.

20 And he cryed three times, God, God, God,
 Now I to comfort him, bad him not think of God,
 I hope there was no such need.
 Then he bad me put more cloathes at his feete:
 And I felt to them, and they were as cold as any stone:
 And to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone.
 And so vpward, and vpward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nim. They say he cride out on Sack.

30 *Hofst.* I that he did.

Boy. And of women.

Hofst. No that he did not.

Boy. Yes that he did: and he sed they were diuels incarnat.

Hofst. Indeed carnation was a colour he neuer loued.

Nim. Well he did cry out on women.

Hofst. Indeed he did in some sort handle women,

40 But then he was rumaticke, and talkt of the whore of

(*Babylon.*)

Boy. Hofstes do you remember he saw a Flea stand
 Vpon *Bardolfes* Nose, and sed it was a black soule
 Burning in hell fire?

Bar. Well, God be with him,
 That was all the wealth I got in his seruice.

[C₁]

Nim. Shall we fhog off?

The king wil be gone from *Southampton*.

Pist. Cleare vp thy cristalles,

50 Looke to my chattels and my moueables.

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

20 cryed out, God, God, God, three or foure times: now I,
 to comfort him, bid him a should not thinke of God; I
 hop'd there was no neede to trouble himselfe with any
 such thoughts yet: so a bad me lay more Clothes on his
 feet: I put my hand into the Bed, and felt them, and they
 were as cold as any stone: then I felt to his knees, and so
 vp-peer'd, and vpward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nim. They say he cryed out of Sack.

30 *Hofteffe.* I, that a did.

Bard. And of Women.

Hofteffe. Nay, that a did not.

Boy. Yes that a did, and said they were Deules incar-
 nate.

Woman. A could neuer abide Carnation, 'twas a Co-
 lour he neuer lik'd.

II. iii.

20 And he cryed three times, God, God, God,
Now I to comfort him, bad him not thinke of God,
I hope there was no fuch need.
Then he bad me put more cloathes on his feete,
And I felt to them, and they were as cold as any ftone,
And to his knees, and they were as cold as any ftone.
And fo vpward, & vpward, and all was as cold as ftone.

Nim. They fay he cride out on Sacke.

30 *Hoft.* I that he did.

Boy. And of women.

Hoft. No that he did not.

Boy. Yes that he did, & fed they were diuels incarnste.

Hoft. Indeed carnation was a colour he neuer loued.

Nim. Well, he did cry out on women.

Hoft. Indeed he d id in fome fort handle women

40 But then he was rumaticke,

And talkt of the whore of Babilon.

Boy. Hofteſ, do you remember he ſaw a Flea ſtand
Vpon *Bardolfes* noſe, and ſed it was a blacke ſoule
Burning in hell?

Bar. Well, God be with him,
That was all the wealth I got in his ſeruice.

Nim. Shall we fhog off?

The king will be gone from *Southampton*.

Pift. Cleare vp thy criſtals,

50 Looke to my chattels and my moueables;

[C]

The Life of Henry the Fift (F.).

Boy. A ſaid once, the Deule would haue him about
Women.

40 *Hofteffe.* A did in ſome fort (indeed) handle Women:
but then hee was rumatique, and talk'd of the Whore of
Babylon.

Boy. Doe you not remember a ſaw a Flea ſticke vpon
Bardolphs Noſe, and a ſaid it was a blacke Soule burning
in Hell.

Bard. Well, the fuell is gone that maintain'd that fire:
that's all the Riches I got in his ſeruice.

Nim. Shall wee fhogg? the King will be gone from
Southampton.

50 *Pift.* Come, let's away. My Loue, giue me thy Lippes:
Looke to my Chattels, and my Moueables: Let Sences

II. iii.

Trust none: the word is pitch and pay:

Mens words are wafer cakes,

And holdfast is the only dog my deare.

Therefore cophetua be thy counsellor,

61 Touch her soft lips and part.

Bar. Farewell hostes.

Nim. I cannot kis: and theres the humor of it.

But adieu.

Pst. Keepe fast thy buggle boe.

Exit Omnes.

II. iv.

*Enter King of France, Bourbon, Dolphin,
and others.*

King. Now you Lords of *Orleance*,

Of *Bourbon*, and of *Berry*,

You see the King of England is not slack,

For he is footed on this land alreadie.

15 *Dolphin.* My gracious Lord, tis meet we all goe

And arme vs against the foe: (foorth,

And view the weak & sickly parts of *France*:

But let vs do it with no shew of feare,

The Life of Henry the Fift (F.).

rule: The world is, Pitch and pay: trust none: for Oathes
are Strawes, mens Faiths are Wafer-Cakes, and hold-fast
is the onely Dogge: My Ducke, therefore *Caueto* bee
thy Counsailor. Goe, cleare thy Chrystalls. Yoke-
fellows in Armes, let vs to France, like Horfe-
leeches my Boyes, to sucke, to sucke, the very blood to
sucke.

[76^a

60 *Boy.* And that's but vnwholesome food, they say.

Pst. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farwell Hostesse.

Nim. I cannot kisse, that is the humor of it: but
adieu.

Pst. Let Hufwiferie appeare: keepe close, I thee
command.

Hostesse. Farwell: adieu.

Exeunt.

Flourish.

II. iv.

*Enter the French King, the Dolphin, the Dukes
of Berry and Britaine.*

King. Thus comes the English with full power vpon vs,

And more then carefully it vs concernes,

To answer Royally in our defences.

II. iii.

Trust none; the word is pitch and pay:
Mens words are wafer cakes,
And hold fast is the onely dog my deare.
Therefore cophetua be thy counsellor,

61 Touch her soft lips and part.

Bar. Farewell hosteffe.

Nim. I cannot kis, and theres the humor of it.

But adieu.

Pift. Keepe fast thy huggle boe.

Exit omnes.

II. iv.

*Enter King of France, Bourbon, Dolphin,
and others.*

King. Now you Lords of *Orleance*,
Of *Bourbon*, and of *Berry*.
You see the King of England is not slacke,
For he is footed on this Land already.

15 *Dolphin.* My gracious Lord,
Tis meete we all go forth.
And arme vs against the foe
And view the weake and sickly parts of *France*
But let vs do it with no shew of feare,

The Life of Henry the Fift (F).

Therefore the Dukes of Berry and of Britaine,
Of Brabant and of Orleance, shall make forth,
And you Prince Dolphin, with all swift dispatch
To lyne and new repayre our Townes of Warre
With men of courage, and with meanes defendant:
For England his approaches makes as fierce,
10 As Waters to the sucking of a Gulfe.
It fits vs then to be as prouident,
As feare may teach vs, out of late examples
Left by the fatall and neglected English,
Vpon our fields.

Dolphin. My most redoubted Father,
It is most meet we arme vs 'gainst the Foe:
For Peace it selfe should not so dull a Kingdome,
(Though War nor no knowne Quarrel were in question)
But that Defences, Mufters, Preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,
20 As were a Warre in expectation.
Therefore I say, 'tis meet we all goe forth,
To view the sick and feeble parts of France:
And let vs doe it with no shew of feare,

II. iv.

No with no more, then if we heard
 England were buſied with a Moris dance.
 For my good Lord, ſhe is ſo idely kingd,
 Her ſcepter ſo fantaſtically borne,
 So guided by a ſhallow humorous youth,
 That feare attends her not.

- 29 *Con.* O peace Prince *Dolphin*, you deceiue your ſelfe,
 Queſtion your grace the late Embaſſador,
 With what regard he heard his Embaſſage.
 35 How well ſupplied with aged Counſellours,
 And how his reſolution answered him,
 You then would ſay that *Harry* was not wilde.

- 48 *King.* Well thinke we *Harry* ſtrong:
 And ſtrongly arme vs to preuent the foe.

Con. My Lord here is an Embaſſador
 From the King of England.

[C.*]

The Life of Henry the Fiſt (F.).

No, with no more, then if we heard that England
 Were buſied with a Whitſon Morris-dance:
 For, my good Liege, ſhee is ſo idly King'd,
 Her Scepter ſo phantaſtically borne,
 By a vaine giddie ſhallow humorous Youth,
 That feare attends her not.

- Const.* O peace, Prince *Dolphin*,
 30 You are too much miſtaken in this King:
 Queſtion your Grace the late Embaſſadors,
 With what great State he heard their Embaſſie,
 How well ſupply'd with Noble Councillors,
 How modeſt in exception; and withall,
 How terrible in conſtant reſolution:
 And you ſhall find, his Vanities fore-ſpent,
 Were but the out-ſide of the Roman *Brutus*,
 Couering Diſcretion with a Coat of Folly;
 As Gardeners doe with Ordure hide thoſe Roots
 40 That ſhall firſt ſpring, and be moſt delicate.

Dolphin. Well, 't is not ſo, my Lord High Conſtable.
 But though we thinke it ſo, it is no matter:
 In caſes of defence, 'tis beſt to weigh
 The Enemy more mightie then he ſeemes,
 So the proportions of defence are fill'd:
 Which of a weake and niggardly projection,

II. iv.

No with no more, then if we heard
England were troubled with a Morris dance.
For my good Lord, she is so idely kingd,
Her scepter so fantastically borne,
So guided by a shallow humorous youth,
That feare attends her not

29 *Con.* O peace Prince Dolphiu, you deceiue your selfe,
Question your Grace the late Embassador,
With what regard he heard his Embassage,
35 How well supplied with aged Counfellors,
And how his resolution answer'd him,
You then would say, that *Harry* was not wilde.

[C,*

48 *King.* Well, thinke we *Harry* strong,
And strongly arme vs to preuent the foe.

Con. My Lord, heere is an Ambassador
From the King of England.

The Life of Henry the Fifth (F₁).

Doth like a Miser spoyle his Coat, with scanting
A little Cloth.

King. Thinke we King *Harry* strong :

And Princes, looke you strongly arme to meet him.

59 The Kindred of him hath beene sleight vpon vs :

[76^b

And he is bred out of that bloodie straine,

That haunted vs in our familiar Pathes :

Witnesse our too much memorable shame,

When Cressly Battell fatally was strucke,

And all our Princes captiu'd, by the hand

Of that black Name, *Edward*, black Prince of Wales :

Whiles that his Mountaine Sire, on Mountaine standing

Vp in the Ayre, crown'd with the Golden Sunne,

Saw his Heroicall Seed, and smil'd to see him

60 Mangle the Worke of Nature, and deface

The Patternes, that by God and by French Fathers

Had twentie yeeres been made. This is a Stem

Of that Victorious Stock : and let vs feare

The Native mightinesse and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Embassadors from *Harry* King of England,
Doe craue admittance to your Maiestie.

II. iv.

King. Bid him come in.

68 You see this chafe is hotly followed Lords.

Dol. My gracious father, cut vp this English short,
Selfeloue my Liege is not so vile a thing,
As selfe neglecting.*Enter Exeter.**King.* From our brother England?*Exe.* From him, and thus he greets your Maiestie:He wils you in the name of God Almightye,
That you deuest your selfe and lay apart
That borrowed tytle, which by gift of heaven,

80 Of lawe of nature, and of nations, longs

To him and to his heires, namely the crowne

And all wide stretched titles that belongs

Vnto the Crowne of *France*, that you may know

Tis no sinister, nor no awkward claime,

Pickt from the wormeholes of old vanisht dayes.

Nor from the dust of old obliuion rackte,

He sends you these most memorable lynes.

In euery branch truly demonstrated:

90 Willing you ouerlooke this pedigree,

And when you finde him euenly deriued

From his most famed and famous ancestors.

*The Life of Henry the Fift (F.).**King.* Weele giue them present audience.

Goe, and bring them.

You see this Chafe is hotly followed, friends.

Dolphin. Turne head, and stop purfuit: for coward Dogs

70 Most spend their mouths, whē what they seem to threaten

Runs farre before them. Good my Soueraigne

Take vp the English thort, and let them know

Of what a Monarchie you are the Head:

Selfe-loue, my Liege, is not so vile a sinne,

As selfe-neglecting.

*Enter Exeter.**King.* From our Brother of England?*Exe.* From him, and thus he greets your Maiestie:

He wills you in the Name of God Almightye,

That you deuest your selfe, and lay apart

The borrowed Glories, that by gift of Heauen,

v.

King. Bid him come in.

38 *You* see this chafe is hotly followed, Lords.

Dol. My gracious father, cut vp this English short,
Selfe-loue my Liege in not so vile a thing
As selfe-neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

King. From our brother of England?

Exe. From him, and thus he greets your Maiefty:

He wils you in the name of God Almighty,
That you deuest your selfe, and lay apart
That borrowed title, which by gift of heaven,

80 Of law, of nature, and of Nations, longs
To him and to his heires, namely the Crowne
And all wide stretched titles that belongs
Vnto the crowne of *France*, that you may know
Tis no finifter, nor no awkeward claime,
Pickt from the wormeholes of old vanisht daies
Nor from the dust of old obliuion rackt,
He sends you these most memorable lines,
In euery branch truely demonstrated:

90 Willing you ouerlooke this pedigree,
And when you finde him euenly deriued
From his most famed and famous Ancestors,

The Life of Henry the Fift (F.).

80 By Law of Nature, and of Nations, longs
To him and to his Heires, namely, the Crowne,
And all wide-stretched Honors, that pertaine
By Custome, and the Ordinance of Times,
Vnto the Crowne of *France*: that you may know
'Tis no finifter, nor no awk-ward Clayme,
Pickt from the worme-holes of long-vanisht dayes,
Nor from the dust of old Obluion rakt,
He sends you this most memorable Lyne,
In euery Branch truly demonstratiue;

90 Willing you ouer-looke this Pedigree:
And when you find him euenly deriu'd
From his most fam'd, of famous Ancestors,

II. iv.

Edward the third, he bids you then resigne
Your crowne and kingdome, indirectly held
From him, the native and true challenger.

King. If not, what followes?

[C₂

Exe. Bloody constraint, for if you hide the crown
Euen in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
Therefore in fierce tempest is he comming,
100 In thunder, and in earthquake, like a *Ioue*,
That if requiring faile, he will compell it:
And on your heads turnes he the widowes teares,
The Orphanes cries, the dead mens bones,
The pining maydens grones.
For husbands, fathers, and distressed louers,
Which shall be swallowed in this controuersie.
110 This is his claime, his threatning, and my message.
Vnles the *Dolphin* be in presence here,
To whom expressely we bring greeting too.

Dol. For the *Dolphin*? I stand here for him,
What to heare from England.

Exe. Scorn & defiance, flight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not misbecome
The mightie sencer, doth he prife you at:
120 Thus faith my king. Vnles your fathers highnesse
Sweeten the bitter mocke you sent his Maiestie,

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

Edward the third; he bids you then resigne
Your Crowne and Kingdome, indirectly held
From him, the Native and true Challenger.

King. Or else what followes?

Exe. Bloody constraint: for if you hide the Crowne
Euen in your hearts, there will he rake for it.
Therefore in fierce Tempest is he comming,
100 In Thunder and in Earth-quake, like a *Ioue*:
That if requiring faile, he will compell.
And bids you, in the Bowels of the Lord,
Deliuer up the Crowne, and to take mercie
On the poore Soules, for whom this hungry Warre
Opens his vastie lawes: and on your head
Turning the Widdowes Teares, the Orphans Cryes,
The dead-mens Blood, the priuy Maidens Groanes,
For Husbands, Fathers, and betrothed Louers,

1.

Edward the third; he bids you then resigne
Your Crowne and Kingdome, indirectly held
From him, the native and true Challenger.

King. If not, what followes?

[C.

Ex. Bloody cōstraint, for if you hide the crown
Euen in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
Therefore in fierce tempest is he comming
10 In thunder, and in earthquake, like a *Ioue*,
That if requiring faile, he will compell it:
And on your heads turnes he the widows teares
The orphants cries, the dead mens bones,
The pining maidens grones,
For husbands, fathers, and distressed louers,
Which shall be swallowed in this controuersie.
10 This is his claime, his threatning, & my message,
Vnlesse the Dolphin be in presence heere,
To whom expressly we bring greeting too.

Dol. For the Dolphin? I stand here for him,
What to heare from England.

Exe. Scorn & defiance, flight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not mis-become
The mighty sencer, doth he prize you at:
20 Thus saith my King. Vnles your fathers highnes
Sweeten the bitter mocke you sent his Maiesty.

The Life of Henry the Fifth (F₁).

That shall be swallowed in this Controuersie.

10 This is his Clayme, his Threatning, and my Message:
Vnlesse the Dolphin be in presence here;
To whom expressly I bring greeting to.

King. For vs, we will confider of this further:
To morrow shall you beare our full intent
Back to our Brother of England.

[77.

Dolph. For the Dolphin,
I stand here for him: what to him from England?

Exe. Scorne and defiance, flight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not mis-become
The mightie Sencer, doth he prize you at.
120 Thus sayes my King: and if your Fathers Highnesse
Doe not, in graunt of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter Mock you sent his Maiestie;

II. iv.

Heele call you to so loud an answere for it,
That caues and wombely vaultes of *France*
Shall chide your trespasse, and return your mock,
In second accent of his ordenance.

Dol. Say that my father render faire reply,
It is against my will:
For I desire nothing so much,
As oddes with England.

130 And for that cause according to his youth
I did present him with those *Paris* balles.

Exe. Heele make your *Paris* Louer shake for it,
Were it the mistresse Court of mightie *Europe*.
And be assured, youle finde a difference
As we his subiects haue in wonder found:
Betweene his younger dayes and these he musters now,

[C.*

139 Which you shall finde in your owne losses
If he stay in *France*.

King. Well for vs, you shall returne our answere backe
To our brother England.

*Exit omnes.**The Life of Henry the Fift (F.).*

Hee'le call you to so hot an Answer of it,
That Caues and Wombie Vaultages of France
Shall chide your Trespas, and returne your Mock
In second Accent of his Ordinance.

Dolph. Say: if my Father render faire returne,
It is against my will: for I desire
Nothing but Oddes with England.

130 To that end, as matching to his Youth and Vanitie,
I did present him with the Paris-Balls.

Exe. Hee'le make your Paris Louer shake for it,
Were it the Mistresse Court of mightie Europe:
And be assur'd, you'le find a difference,
As we his Subiects haue in wonder found,
Betweene the promise of his greener dayes.
And these he musters now: now he weiges Time
Euen to the vtmost Graine: that you shall reade
In your owne Losses, if he stay in France.

140 *King.* To morrow shall you know our mind at full.
Flourish.

II. iv.

Hee'll call you to so loud an answer for it,
That Causes and wombly Vaults of *France*
Shall chide your trespasses, & returne your mock,
In second accent of his Ordenance.

Dol. Say that my father render faire reply,
It is against my will:
For I desire nothing so much,
As oddes with England.

130 And for that cause, according to his youth,
I did present him with those *Paris* balles.

Exe. Hee'll make your *Paris* Louer shake for it,
Were it the Mistresse Court of mighty *Europe*.
And be assured, you'll finde a difference,
As we his subiects haue in wonder found,
Betweene his yonger daies, and these he musters now;
Now he weighs time euen to the latestt graine,
139 Which you shall finde in your owne losses,
If we stay in *France*.

[C.*

King. Well, for vs you shall returne our answer backe.
To our brother of England.

Exit omnes.

The Life of Henry the Fifth (F.).

Exe. Dispatch vs with all speed, least that our King
Come here himselfe to question our delay;
For he is footed in this Land already.

King. You shalbe soone dispatcht, with faire conditions.
A Night is but small breathe, and little pause,
To answer matters of this consequence.

Exeunt.

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

III.

Actus Secundus.

Flourish. Enter Chorus.

Thus with imagin'd wing our swift Scene flies,
 In motion of no lesse celeritie then that of Thought.
 Suppose, that you haue seene
 The well-appointed King at Douer Peer,
 Embarke his Royaltie: and his braue Fleet,
 With filken Streamers, the young *Phœbus* sayning;
 Play with your Fancies: and in them behold,
 Vpon the Hempen Tackle, Ship-boyes climbing;
 Heare the shrill Whistle, which doth order giue
 10 To founds confus'd: behold the threaden Sayles,
 Borne with th'inuifible and creeping Wind,
 Draw the huge Bottomes through the furrowed Sea,
 Breasting the loftie Surge. O, doe but thinke
 You stand vpon the Riuaige, and behold
 A Citie on th'inconstant Billowes dauncing:
 For so appeares this Fleet Maiefticall,

The Life of Henry the Fifth (F₁).

Holding due courſe to Harflew. Follow, follow:
 Grapple your minds to ſternage of this Nauie,
 And leaue your England as dead Mid-night, ſtill,
 20 Guarded with Grandfires, Babyes, and old Women,
 Eyther paſt, or not arriu'd to pyth and puiſſance:
 For who is he, whoſe Chin is but enricht
 With one appearing Hayre, that will not follow [77^b
 Theſe cull'd and choyle-drawne Caualiers to France?
 Worke, worke your Thoughts, and therein lee a Siege:
 Behold the Ordenance on their Carriages,
 With fatall mouthes gaping on girded Harflew.
 Suppoſe th'Embaffador from the French comes back:
 Tells *Harry*, That the King doth offer him
 30 *Katherine* his Daughter, and with her to Dowrie,
 Some petty and vnprofitable Dukedomes.
 The offer likes not: and the nimble Gunner
 With Lynſtock now the diuellifh Cannon touſhes,
Alarum, and Chambers goe off.
 And downe goes all before them. Still be kind,
 And eech out our performance with your mind. *Exit.*

III. i.

The Life of Henry the Fift (F.).

III. i. *Enter the King, Exeter, Bedford, and Gloucester.**Alarum: Scaling Ladders at Harflew.**King.* Once more vnto the Breach,

Deare friends, once more;

Or clofe the Wall vp with our Englifh dead:

In Peace, there's nothing fo becomes a man,

As modest ftilneffe, and humilitie:

But when the blaft of Warre blowes in our eares,

Then imitate the action of the Tyger:

Stiffen the finewes, commune vp the blood,

Disguife faire Nature with hard-fauour'd Rage:

10 Then lend the Eye a terrible aspect:

Let it pry through the portage of the Head,

Like the Braffe Cannon: let the Brow o'rewhelme it,

As fearefully, as doth a galled Rocke

O're-hang and iutty his confounded Bafe,

Swill'd with the wild and waftfull Ocean.

Now fet the Teeth, and stretch the Noſthrill wide,

Hold hard the Breath, and bend vp euery Spirit

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

To his full height. On, on, you Noblish English,
 Whose blood is fet from Fathers of Warre-prooffe:
 20 Fathers, that like so many *Alexanders*,
 Haue in these parts from Morne till Euen fought,
 And sheath'd their Swords, for lack of argument.
 Dishonour not your Mothers: now attest,
 That those whom you call'd Fathers, did beget you.
 Be Coppy now to me of groffer Blood,
 And teach them how to Warre. And you good Yeomen,
 Whose Lymys were made in England; shew vs here
 The mettell of your Palture: let vs sweare,
 That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not:
 30 For there is none of you so meane and base,
 That hath not Noble lustre in your eyes.
 I see you stand like Grey-hounds in the flips,
 Straying vpon the Start. The Game's afoot:
 Follow your Spirit; and vpon this Charge,
 Cry, God for *Harry*, England, and *S. George*.
Alarum, and Chambers goe off.

III. ii.

*Enter Nim, Bardolfe, Piftoll, Boy.**Nim.* Before God here is hote seruice.*Pist.* Tis hot indeed, blowes go and come,
Gods vaffals drop and die.*Nim.* Tis honor, and theres the humor of it.12 *Boy.* Would I were in London:

Ide giue all my honor for a pot of Ale.

Pist. And I. If wifhes would preuaile,
I would not stay, but thither would I hie.*Enter Flewellen and beates them in.**Flew.* Godes plud vp to the breaches
You rascals, will you not vp to the breaches?24 *Nim.* Abate thy rage, sweete knight,
Abate thy rage.*Boy.* Well I would, I were once from them:

50 They would haue me as familiar

With mens pockets, as their gloues, and their
Handkerchers, they will steale any thing.

III. ii.

*The Life of Henry the Fifth (F.).**Enter Nim, Bardolph, Pistoll, and Boy.**Bard.* On, on, on, on, on, to the breach, to the breach.*Nim.* 'Pray thee Corporall stay, the Knocks are too
hot: and for mine owne part, I haue not a Case of Liues:
the humor of it is too hot, that is the very plaine-Song
of it.*Pist.* The plaine-Song is most iust: for humors doe a-
bound: Knocks goe and come: Gods Vaffals drop and
10 dye: and Sword and Shield, in bloody Field, doth winne
immortall fame.*Boy.* Would I were in an Ale-house in London, I
would giue all my fame for a Pot of Ale, and safetie.*Pist.* And I: If wifhes would preuaile with me, my
purpose should not fayle with me; but thither would I
high.[78^a*Boy.* As duly, but not as truly, 'as Bird doth sing on
20 bough.*Enter Fluellen.**Flu.* Vp to the breach, you Dogges; au aunt you
Cullions.*Pist.* Be mercifull great Duke, to men of Mould: a-
bate thy Rage, abate thy manly Rage; abate thy Rage,

III. ii.

Enter Nim, Bardolfe, Pistoll, and Boy.

Nim. Before God heeres hot seruice.

Pist. Tis hot indeed, blowes go and come,
Gods vaffals drop and dye.

Nim, Tis honor, and there's the humor of it.

12 *Boy.* Would I were in London,
Ide giue all my honour for a pot of Ale.

Pist. And I: if wifhes would preuaile,
I would not stay, but thither would I hie.

Enter Flewellen, and beats them in.

Flew. Gods plud, vp to the breaches
You rascals, will you not vp to the breaches?

24 *Nim.* Abate thy rage sweete knight,
Abate thy rage.

Boy. Well, I would I were once from them;
50 They would haue me as familiar
With mens pockets, as their Gloues and their
Handkerchers, they will steale any thing.

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

great Duke. Good Bawcock bate thy Rage: vse lenitie
sweet Chuck.

Nim. These be good humors: your Honor wins bad
humors.

Exit.

Boy. As young as I am, I haue obseru'd these three
30 Swafhers: I am Boy to them all three, but all they three,
though they would serue me, could not be Man to me;
for indeed three such Antiques doe not amount to a man:
for *Bardolph*, hee is white-liuer'd, and red-fac'd; by the
meanes whereof, a faces it out, but fights not: for *Pistoll*,
hee hath a killing Tongue, and a quiet Sword; by the
meanes whereof, a breakes Words, and keepes whole
Weapons: for *Nim*, hee hath heard, that men of few
Words are the best men, and therefore hee scornes to say
his Prayers, lest a should be thought a Coward: but his
40 few bad Words are matcht with as few good Deeds; for
a neuer broke any mans Head but his owne, and that was
against a Post, when he was drunke. They will steale any
thing, and call it Purchase. *Bardolph* stole a Lute-case,
bore it twelue Leagues, and sold it for three halpence.
Nim and *Bardolph* are sworne Brothers in filching: and
in Callice they stole a fire-shouell. I knew by that peece
of Seruice, the men would carry Coales. They would
50 haue me as familiar with mens Pockets, as their Gloues
or their Hand-kerchers: which makes much against my

III. ii.

Bardolfe stole a Lute case, carryed it three mile,
And sold it for three hapence.

Nim stole a fier-shouell.

I knew by that, they meant to carry coales:

Well, if they will not leaue me,

I meane to leaue them.

Exit *Nim*, *Bardolfe*, *Piftoll*, and the *Boy*.

Enter *Gower*.

Gower. Captain *Flewellen*, you must come strait

59 To the Mines, to the Duke of *Gloster*.

Fleu. Looke you, tell the Duke it is not so good

[C.]

To come to the mines: the concauities is otherwise.

You may discusse to the Duke, the enemy is digd

Himselfe fure yardes vnder the countermines:

By *Iesus* I thinke heele blowe vp all

60 If there be no better direction.

The Life of Henry the Fift (F.).

Manhood, if I should take from anothers Pocket, to put
into mine; for it is plaine pocketting vp of Wrongs.
I must leaue them, and seeke some better Seruice: their
Villany goes against my weake stomacke, and therefore
I must cast it vp.

Exit.

Enter *Gower*.

Gower. Captaine *Fluellen*, you must come presently to
60 the Mynes; the Duke of Gloucester would speake with
you.

Flu. To the Mynes? Tell you the Duke, it is not so
good to come to the Mynes: for looke you, the Mynes
is not according to the disciplines of the Warre; the con-
cauties of it is not sufficient: for looke you, th'athuer-
farie, you may discusse vnto the Duke, looke you, is digt
himselfe foure yard vnder the Countermines: by *Cheshu*,
I thinke a will plowe vp all, if there is not better directi-
ons.

70 *Gower*. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the Order
of the Siege is giuen, is altogether directed by an Irish
man, a very valiant Gentleman yfaith.

Welch. It is Captaine *Makmorrice*, is it not?

Gower. I thinke it be.

Welch. By *Cheshu* he is an Affe, as in the World, I will
verifie as much in his Beard: he ha's no more directions

I. ii.

Bardolfe stole a Lute-case, carried it three mile,
And sold it for three halpence.

Nim stole a fire-shouell,

I knew by that, they meant to carry coales:

Well, if they will not leaue me,

I meane to leaue them.

Exit Nim, Bardolfe, Pistoll, and Boy.

Enter Gower.

Gower. Captaine *Flewellen* you must come strait

59 To the Mines, to the Duke of *Gloster*.

Flew. Looke you, tell the Duke it is not so good

[C]

To come to the Mines: the concaueties is otherwise,

You may discusse to the Duke, the enemy is digd

Himselfe fve yards vnder the countermines:

By *Ieshu* I thinke heel blow vp all,

69 If there be no better direction.

The Life of Henry the Fift (F1).

in the true disciplines of the Warres, looke you. of the
Roman disciplines, then is a Puppy-dog.

Enter Mackmorrice, and Captaine Iamy.

Gower. Here a comes, and the Scots Captaine, Captaine

80 *Iamy*, with him.

Welch. Captaine *Iamy* is a maruellous falorous Gentleman, that is certain, and of great expedition and knowledge in th'aunchiant Warres, vpon my particular knowledge of his directions: by *Chefhu* he will maintaine his Argument as well as any Militarie man in the World, in the disciplines of the Priftine Warres of the Romans.

[78b]

Scot. I say gudday, Captaine *Fluellen*.

90 *Welch.* Godden to your Worship, good Captaine *Iames*.

Gower. How now Captaine *Mackmorrice*, haue you quit the Mynes? haue the Pioners giuen o're?

Irish. By Chrish Law tish ill done: the Worke ifh giue ouer, the Trompet found the Retreat. By my Hand I sweare, and my fathers Soule, the Worke ifh ill done: it ifh giue ouer: I would haue blowed vp the Towne, so Chrish faue me law, in an houre. O tish ill done, tish ill done: by my Hand tish ill done.

100 *Welch.* Captaine *Mackmorrice*, I beleech you now, will you voutfaze me, looke you, a few disputations with

The Life of Henry the Fift (F.).

you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the Warre, the Roman Warres, in the way of Argument, looke you, and friendly communication: partly to satisfie my Opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, looke you, of my Mind: as touching the direction of the Militarie discipline, that is the Point.

Scot. It shall be vary gud, gud feith, gud Captens bath,
110 and I shall quit you with gud leue, as I may pick occasion:
that shall I mary.

Irish. It is no time to discourse, so Chrifh saue me: the day is hot, and the Weather, and the Warres, and the King, and the Dukes: it is no time to discourse, the Town is beseech'd: and the Trumpet call vs to the breech, and we talke, and be Chrifh do nothing, tis shame for vs all: so God sa'me tis shame to stand still, it is shame by my
120 hand: and there is Throats to be cut, and Workes to be done, and there is nothing done, so Chrifh sa'me law.

Scot. By the Mes, ere theise eyes of mine take themselves to slomber, ayle de gud seruice, or Ile ligge i'th' grund for it; ay, or goe to death: and Ile pay't as valorously as I may, that shall I fuerly do, that is the breff and the long: mary, I wad full faine heard some question tween you tway.

. ii.

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

Welch. Captaine *Mackmorrice*, I thinke, looke you,
130 vnder your correction, there is not many of your Nation.

Irish. Of my Nation? What ish my Nation? Ish a Villaine, and a Bafterd, and a Knaue, and a Rascall. What ish my Nation? Who talkes of my Nation?

Welch. Looke you, if you take the matter otherwise then is meant, Captaine *Mackmorrice*, peradventure I shall thinke you doe not vse me with that affabilitie, as in discretion you ought to vse me, looke you, being as good
140 a man as your selfe, both in the disciplines of Warre, and in the deriuation of my Birth, and in other particularities.

Irish. I doe not know you so good a man as my selfe: so Chrish saue me, I will cut off your Head.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Scot. A, that's a foule fault.

A Parley.

Gower. The Towne sounds a Parley.

150 *Welch.* Captaine *Mackmorrice*, when there is more better oportunitie to be required, looke you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of Warre: and there is an end.

Exit.

III.iii.

Enter the King and his Lords alarum.

King. How yet resolues the Gouvernour of the Towne?
 This is the lateft parley weele admit:
 Therefore to our best mercie giue your felues,
 Or like to men proud of destruction, defie vs to our worst,
 For as I am a souldier, a name that in my thoughts
 Becomes me best, if we begin the battery once againe
 I will not leaue the halfe atchieued Harflew,
 Till in her ashes she be buried,
 10 The gates of mercie are all shut vp.
 42 What say you, will you yeeld and this auoyd,
 Or guiltie in defence be thus destroyed?

Enter Gouvernour.

Gouer. Our expectation hath this day an end:
 The Dolphin whom of succour we entreated,
 Returnes vs word, his powers are not yet ready,
 To raise so great a siege: therefore dread King,

*The Life of Henry the Fift (F.).*III. iii. *Enter the King and all his Traine before the Gates.*

King. How yet resolues the Gouvernour of the Towne?
 This is the lateft Parle we will admit:
 Therefore to our best mercy giue your felues,
 Or like to men proud of destruction,
 Defie vs to our worst: for as I am a Souldier,
 A Name that in my thoughts becomes me best;
 If I begin the batt'rie once againe,
 I will not leaue the halfe-atchieued Harflew,
 Till in her ashes she lye buried.
 10 The Gates of Mercy shall be all shut vp,
 And the flesh'd Souldier, rough and hard of heart,
 In libertie of bloody hand, shall raunge
 With Conscience wide as Hell, mowing like Grass
 Your fresh faire Virgins, and your flowing Infants.
 What is it then to me, if impious Warre,
 Arrayed in flames like to the Prince of Fiends,
 Doe with his myncht complexion all fell feats,
 Enlynckt to wast and defolation?
 What is't to me, when you your felues are cause,
 20 If your pure Maydens fall into the hand
 Of hot and forcing Violation?
 What Reyne can hold licentious Wickednesse,
 When downe the Hill he holds his fierce Carriere?

[79a]

iii.

Alarum. Enter the King and his Lords.

King. How yet resolues the Gouvernor of the Towne?
 This is the latestt parley weel admit;
 Therefore to our best mercy giue your selues,
 Or like to men proud of destruction, defie vs to our worst,
 For as I am a souldier, a name that in my thoughts
 Becomes me best, if we begin the battery once againe,
 I will not leaue the halfe atchieued Harflew,
 Till in her ashes she be buried,
 10 The gates of mercy are all shut vp.
 42 What say you, will you yeeld and this auoid,
 Or guilty in defence be thus destroid?

Enter Gouvernor.

Gouer. Our expectation hath this day an end:
 The Dolphin, whom of succour we entreated,
 Returnes vs word, his powers are not yet ready
 To raise so great a siege: therefore dread King,

The Life of Henry the Fift (F1).

We may as bootlesse spend our vaine Command
 Vpon th'enraged Souldiers in their spoyle,
 As send Precepts to the *Leuiathan*, to come ashore.
 Therefore, you men of Harflew,
 Take pittie of your Towne and of your People,
 Whiles yet my Souldiers are in my Command,
 30 Whiles yet the coole and temperate Wind of Grace
 O're-blowes the filthy and contagious Clouds
 Of headly Murther, Spoyle and Villany.
 If not: why in a moment looke to see
 The blind and bloody Souldier, with foule hand
 Defire the Locks of your shrill-shrieking Daughters:
 Your Fathers taken by the siluer Beards,
 And their most reuerend Heads dashed to the Walls:
 Your naked Infants spitted vpon Pykes,
 Whiles the mad Mothers, with their howles confus'd,
 40 Doe breake the Clouds; as did the Wiues of Iewry,
 At *Herods* bloody-hunting slaughter-men.
 What say you? Will you yeeld, and this auoyd?
 Or guiltie in defence, be thus destroy'd.

Enter Gouvernour.

Gouer. Our expectation hath this day an end:
 The Dolphin, whom of Succours we entreated,
 Returnes vs, that his Powers are yet not ready,
 To raise so great a Siege: Therefore great King,

78 *The Chronicle Historie of Henry the fift (Q.).*
III. iii.

We yeeld our towne and liues to thy soft mercie:
Enter our gates, dispose of vs and ours,
50 For we no longer are defensible now.

III. iv. *Enter Katherine, Alice.*

Kate. *Alice* venecia, vous aues cates en,
Vou parte fort bon Angloys englatara,
5 Coman fae palla vou la main en fraucoy.

Alice. La main madam de han.

12 *Kate.* E da bras.

Alice. De arma madam.

Kate. Le main da han la bras de arma.

Alice. Owye madam.

Kate. E Coman fa pella vow la menton a la coll.

Alice. De neck, e de cin, madam.

Kate. E de neck, e de cin, e de code.

Alice. De cudie ma foy le oblye, mais le remembre,
Le tude, o de elbo madam.

Kate. Ecowte le reherfere, towte cella que lac apoandre,
De han, de arma, de neck, du cin, e de bilbo.

[C*]

The Life of Henry the Fift (F.).

We yeeld our Towne and Liues to thy soft Mercy:
Enter our Gates, dispose of vs and ours,
50 For we no longer are defensible.

King. Open your Gates: Come Vnckle *Exeter*,
Goe you and enter Harflew; there remaine,
And fortifie it strongly 'gainst the French:
Vse mercy to them all for vs, deare Vnckle.
The Winter comming on, and Sicknesse growing
Vpon our Souldiers, we will retyre to Calis.
To night in Harflew will we be your Guest,
To morrow for the March are we addrest.

Flourish, and enter the Towne.

III. iv. *Enter Katherine and an old Gentlewoman.*

Kathe. *Alice*, tu as este en Angleterre, & tu bien parlas
le Language.

Alice. En peu Madame

Kath. Je te prie m'enseigniez, il faut que ie apprend a par-
len: Comient appelle vous le main en Anglois?

Alice. Le main il & appelle de Hand.

II. iii.

We yeeld our towne and liues to thy soft mercy:
Enter our gates, difpofe of vs and ours,
60 For we no longer are defenfue now.

II. iv.

Enter Katherine and Alice.

Kate. *Alice* venecia vous aues cates en,
Vou parte fort bon Angloys englatara,
5 Coman fae palla vou la main en francoy.
Alice. La main madam de han.
12 *Kate.* E da bras.
Alice. De arma madam.
Kate. Le main da han la bras de arma,
Alice. Owy Madam.
Kate. E Coman fa pella vow la menton a la coll.
Alice. De neck, e de cin, Madam.
Kate. E de neck, e de cin, e de code.
Alice. De cudie ma foy le oblye, mais le remembre,
Le tude, o de elbo Madam.
Kate. Ecowte le reherfera, towte cella que Iac apoandre,
De han, de arma, de neck, du cin, e de bilbo.

[C₂*]

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

Kath. *De Hand.*
Alice. *E le doyts.*
Kat. *Le doyts, ma foy le oublie, e doyt mays, ie me fouemeray*
11 *le doyts ie pense qu'ils ont appelle de fingres, ou de fingres.*
Alice. *Le main de Hand, le doyts le Fingres, ie pense que ie*
suis le bon escholier.
Kath. *Pay gaynie diux mots d'Anglois viftement, coment*
appelle vous le ongles ?
Alice. *Le ongles, les appellons de Nayles.*
Kath. *De Nayles escoute: dites moy, si ie parle bien: de*
Hand, de Fingres, e de Nayles.
20 *Alice.* *C'est bien dict Madame, il & fort bon Anglois.*
Kath. *Dites moy l'Anglois pour le bras.*
Alice. *De Arme, Madame.*
Kath. *E de coudee.*
Alice. *D'Elbow.*
Kath. *D'Elbow: Ie men fay le repiticio de tous les mots*
que vous maves, apprins des a present.
Alice. *Il & trop difficile Madame, comme Ie pense.*
Kath. *Excuse moy Alice escoute, d'Hand, de Fingre, de*
1 *Nayles, d'Arma, de Bilbow.*

[79^b]

III. iv.

32 *Alice.* De elbo madam.*Kate.* O Iesu, Iea obloye ma foy, ecoute le recontera
De han, de arma, de neck, de cin, e de elbo, e ca bon.40 *Alice.* Ma foy madam, vow parla au se bon Angloys
Afie vous aues ettue en Englatara.*Kate.* Par la grace de deu an pettie tanes, le parle milleur
53 Coman se pella vou le peid e le robe.*Alice.* Le foot, e le con.*Kate.* Le fot, e le con, ô Iesu! le ne vow point parle,
Sie plus deuant le che cheualires de franca,
Pur one million ma foy.*Alice.* Madam, de foote, e le con.*Kate.* O et ill ausie, ecowte Alice, de han, de arms,
60 De neck, de cin, le foote, e de con.*Alice.* Cet fort bon madam.*Kate.* Aloues a diner.*Exit omnes.*III. v. *Enter King of France Lord Constable, the Dolphin,
and Burbon.**King.* Tis certaine he is past the Riuer Some.*Con.* Mordeu ma via: Shall a few spranes of vs,
The emptying of our fathers luxerie,
Outgrow their grafters.

[C.]

*The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).**Alice.* D'Elbow, Madame.*Kath.* O Seigneur Dieu, ie men oublie d'Elbow, coment ap-
pelle vous le col.*Alice.* De Nick, Madame.*Kath.* De Nick, e le menton.*Alice.* De Chin.*Kath.* De Sin: le col de Nick, le menton de Sin.40 *Alice.* Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur en verite vous pronoun-
cies les mots ausi droict, que le Natifs d'Angleterre.*Kath.* Le ne doute point d'apprendre par de grace de Dieu,
& en peu de temps.*Alice.* N'aue vos y desia oublie ce que ie vous a ensignée.*Kath.* Nome ie recitera a vous promptement, d'Hand, de
Fingre, de Maylees.*Alice.* De Nayles, Madame.50 *Kath.* De Nayles, de Arme, de Ilbow.*Alice.* Sans vostre honeus d'Elbow.*Kath.* Ainfi de ie d'Elbow, de Nick, & de Sin: coment ap-
pelle vous les pied & de roba.*Alice.* Le Foot Madame, & le Count.

III. iv.

- 32 *Alice.* De elbo Madam.
Kate. O Iesu, lea obloye ma foy, ecoute le recontera
 De han, de arma, de neck, de cin, e de elbo, e ca bon.
 40 *Alice.* May foy Madam, vou parla au se bon Angloy,
 Afie vous aues ettue en Englatara.
Kate. Par la grace de deu an petty tanes. le parle milleur
 53 Coman se pella vou le peid e le robe.
Alice. Le foot, e le con.
Kate. Le foot, e le con, O Iesu! le ne veu point parlo,
 Sie plus deuant le che cheualires de franca,
 Pur one million ma foy.
Alice. Madam, de foote, e le con.
Kate. O et ill aulie, ecoute *Alice*, de han, de arma,
 60 De neck, de cin, le foote, e de con.
Alice. Cet fort bon Madam.
Kate. A loues a diner.

Exit omnes.

III. v. *Enter King of France, Lord Constable, the
 Dolphin, and Bourbon.*

- King.* Tis certaine he is past the Riuer Some.
Con. Mordeu ma via: Shall a few spranes of vs.
 (The emptying of our fathers luxury)
 Outgrow their grafters.

[C.]

The Life of Henry the Fift (F.).

- Kath.* Le Foot, & le Count: O Seigneur Dieu, il sont le
 mots de son mauvais corruptible grosse & impudique, & non
 pour le Dames de Honeur d'esper: le ne voudray pronouncer ce
 mots deuant le Seigneurs de France, pour toute le monde, fo le
 60 Foot & le Count, neant moys, le recitera vn autrefois ma lecon
 enseme, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, d'Arme, d'Elbow, de
 Nick, de Sin, de Foot, le Count.
Alice. Excellent, Madame.
Kath. C'est asses pour vne foyes, alons nous a diner.

Exit.

I. v. *Enter the King of France, the Dolphin, the
 Constable of France, and others.*

- King.* 'Tis certaine he hath past the Riuer Some.
Const. And if he be not fought withall, my Lord,
 Let vs not liue in France: let vs quit all,
 And giue our Vineyards to a barbarous People.
Dolph. O Dieu viuant: Shall a few Sprayes of vs,
 The emptying of our Fathers Luxurie,
 Our Syens, put in wilde and sauage Stock,
 Spirt vp so suddenly into the Clouds,
 And ouer-looker their Grafters?

III. v.

- 10 *Bur.* Normanes, bafterd Normanes, mor du
 And if they paffe vnfought withall,
 He sell my Dukedome for a foggy farme
 In that fhorte nooke He of England.
Conf. Why whence haue they this mettall?
 Is not their clymate, raw foggy and colde.
 On whom as in difdaine, the Sunne lookes pale?
 Can barley broath, a drench for fwolne lades
 20 Their foddren water decockt fuch liuely blood?
 And fhall our quick blood spirited with wine
 Seeme frofty? O for honour of our names,
 Let vs not hang like frozen licefickles
 24 Vpon our houfes tops, while they a more frofty clymate
 Sweate drops of youthfull blood.

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

- 10 *Brit.* Normans, but baftard Normans, Norman baftards:
Mort du ma vie, if they march along
 Vnfought withall, but I will sell my Dukedome,
 To buy a flobbry and a durtie Farme [80a
 In that nooke-fhotten He of Albion.
Conf. *Dieu de Battailes*, where haue they this mettell?
 Is not their Clymate foggy, raw, and dull?
 On whom, as in defpight, the Sunne lookes pale,
 Killing their Fruit with frownes. Can foddren Water,
 A Drench for fur-reyn'd lades, their Barly broth,
 20 Decoctr their cold blood to fuch valiant heat?
 And fhall our quick blood, spirited with Wine,
 Seeme froftie? O, for honor of our Land,
 Let vs not hang like roping Ifyckles
 Vpon our Houfes Thatch, whiles a more froftie People
 Sweat drops of gallant Youth in our rich fields:
 Poore we call them, in their Natiue Lords.
Dolphin. By Faith and Honor,
 Our Madames mock at vs, and plainely fay,
 Our Mettell is bred out, and they will giue
 30 Their bodyes to the Luft of Englilh Youth,
 To new-ftore France with Baftard Warriors.
Brit. They bid vs to the Englilh Dancing-Schoolles,
 And teach *Lauolta's* high, and swift *Carranto's*,
 Saying, our Grace is onely in our Heeles,
 And that we are moft loftie Run-awayes.

III. v.

- 10 *Bur.* Normanes, bastard Normanes, mor du,
And if they passe vnfought withall,
Iefell my Dukedome for a foggy Farme
In that short nooke Ile of England.
Con. Why whence haue they this mettall?
Is not their Climate raw, foggy, and cold.
On whom, as in disdaine, the Sunne lookes pale?
Can barley broth, a drench for swolne lades,
20 Their sodden water decockt such liuely blood?
And shall our quicke blood, spirited with wine,
Seeme frosty? O for honour of our names,
Let vs not hang like frozen Icesickles
24 Vpon our houles tops, while they (a more frosty Climate
Sweate drops of youthfull blood.

The Life of Henry the Fifth (F₁).

- King.* Where is *Montioy* the Herald? speed him hence,
Let him greet England with our sharpe defiance.
Vp Princes, and with spirit of Honor edged,
More sharper then your Swords, high to the field:
40 *Charles Delabreth*, High Constable of France,
You Dukes of *Orleance*, *Burbon*, and of *Berry*,
Alanfon, *Brabant*, *Bar*, and *Burgonie*,
Iaques Chattillion, *Rambures*, *Vandemont*,
Beumont, *Grand Pree*, *Rouffi*, and *Faulconbridge*,
Loys, *Lestrale*, *Bouciquall*, and *Charaloyes*,
High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords, and Kings;
For your great Seats, now quit you of great shames:
Barre *Harry* England, that sweepes through our Land
With Penons painted in the blood of Harflew:
50 Ruff on his Hoast, as doth the melted Snow
Vpon the Valleyes, whose low Vassall Seat,
The Alpes doth spit, and void his rhewme vpon.
Goe downe vpon him, you haue Power enough,
And in a Captiue Chariot, into Roan
Bring him our Prisoner.
Const. This becomes the Great.
Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
His Souldiers sick, and famisht in their March:
For I am sure, when he shall see our Army,
Hee'le drop his heart into the finck of feare,
60 And for atchieuement, offer vs his Ranfome.

III. v.

⁶¹ *King.* Constable dispatch, send Montioy forth,
To know what willing raunfome he will giue?

Sonne *Dolphin* you shall stay in *Rone* with me.

Dol. Not so I do beseech your Maiestie.

King. Well, I say it shalbe so.

Exeunt omnes.

III. vi.

Enter Gower.

Go. How now Captain *Flewellen*, come you fro the bridge?

Flew. By Iesus thers excellēt seruice cōmitted at ȳ bridge.

Gour. Is the Duke of *Exeter* safe?

Flew. The duke of *Exeter* is a mā whom I loue, & I honor,

9 And I worship, with my soule, and my heart, and my life,

And my lands and my liuings,

And my vttermoſt powers.

The Duke is looke you,

God be praised and pleased for it, no harme in the worrell.

He is maintain the bridge very gallently: there is an Enſigne
There, I do not know how you call him, but by Iesus I think [C.*
He is as valient a man as *Marke Anthonie*, he doth maintain
the bridge moſt gallantly: yet he is a man of no reckoning:

But I did ſee him do gallant seruice.

The Life of Henry the Fift (F1).

King. Therefore Lord Conſtable, haſt on *Montioy*,
And let him ſay to England, that we ſend,
To know what willing Ranfome he will giue.

Prince *Dolphin*, you ſhall ſtay with vs in Roan.

Dolph. Not ſo, I doe beſeech your Maieſtie.

King. Be patient, for you ſhall remaine with vs.

Now forth Lord Conſtable, and Princes all,

And quickly bring vs word of Englands fall. *Exeunt.*

III. vi.

*Enter Captaines, Engliſh and Welch, Gower
and Fluellen.*

Gower. How now Captaine *Fluellen*, come you from
the Bridge?

v.

- 61 *King.* Constable dispatch, send *Montjoy* forth,
To know what willing ransom he will giue:
Sonne Dolphin, you shall stay in *Rhone* with me.
Dol. Not so, I do beseech your Maiesty.
King. Well, I say it shall be so.

Exeunt omnes.

vi.

Enter Gower and Flewellen.

- Gower.* How now Captaine *Flewellen*,
Come you from the bridge?
Flew. By Iesus there's excellent seruice committed at
the bridge?
Gower. Is the Duke of *Exeter* safe?
Flew. The Duke of *Exeter* is a man whom I loue,
And I honour, and I worship with my soule,
9 And my heart, and my life,
And my lands, and my liuings,
And my vttermoſt powers.
The Duke is looke you,
God be praised and pleased for it,
No harme in the worrell.
He is maintaine the Bridge very gallantly: [C.*
There is an Enſigne there,
I do not know how you call him,
But by *Ieſhu* I thinke he is as valiant as *Marke Anthony*,
He doth maintaine the Bridge moſt gallantly;
Yet he is a man of no reckoning;
But I did ſee him do gallant ſeruice.

The Life of Henry the Fifth (F₁).

- Flu.* I assure you, there is very excellent Seruices committed at the Bridge.
Gower. Is the Duke of *Exeter* safe?
Flu. The Duke of *Exeter* is as magnanimous as *Agamemnon*, and a man that I loue and honour with my soule,
and my heart, and my dutie, and my liue, and my liuing,
10 and my vttermoſt power. He is not, God be prayed and
bleſſed, any hurt in the World, but keepeſ the Bridge
moſt valiantly, with excellent diſcipline. There is an aunchient
Lieutenant there at the Pridge, I thinke in my very
conſcience hee is as valiant a man as *Marke Anthony*, and
hee is a man of no eſtimation in the World, but I did ſee
him doe as gallant ſeruice.

[80b

Gouer. How do you call him?

Flew. His name is ancient *Pistoll*.

20 *Gouer.* I know him not.

Enter Ancient Pistoll.

Flew. Do you not know him, here comes the man.

Pist. Captaine, I thee beseech to do me fauour,
The Duke of *Exeter* doth loue thee well.

Flew. I, and I praise God I haue merrited some loue at
(his hands.

Pist. *Bardolfe* a souldier, one of buxsome valour,
Hath by furious fate
And giddy Fortunes fickle wheele.

30 That Godes blinde that stands vpon the rowling restlesse
(stone.

Flew. By your patience ancient *Pistoll*,
Fortune, looke you is painted,
Plind with a muffler before her eyes,
To signifie to you, that Fortune is plind:
And she is moreouer painted with a wheele,
Which is the morall that Fortune is turning,
And inconstant, and variation; and mutabilities:
And her fate is fixed at a sphericall stone
Which rouses, and rouses, and rouses:
Surely the Poet is make an excellēt descriptiō of Fortune.

40 Fortune looke you is and excellent morall.

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

Gouer. What doe you call him?

Flu. Hee is call'd aunchient *Pistoll*.

20 *Gouer.* I know him not.

Enter Pistoll.

Flu. Here is the man.

Pist. Captaine, I thee beseech to doe me fauours: the
Duke of *Exeter* doth loue thee well.

Flu. I, I prayse God, and I haue merited some loue at
his hands.

Pist. *Bardolph*, a Souldier firme and sound of heart,
and of buxome valour, hath by cruell Fate, and giddie

III. vi.

Gouer. How do you call him?

Flew. His name is ancient *Pistoll*.

20 *Gouer.* I know him not.

Enter Ancient Pistoll.

Flew. Do you not know him, here comes the man.

Pist. Captaine, I thee beseech to do me a fauour,
The Duke of *Exeter* doth loue thee well.

Flew. I, and I praise God I haue merited some loue at his
hands.

Pist. *Bardolfe* a souldier, one of buxsome valour,
Hath by furious fate, and giddy Fortunes fickle wheele,

That God's blinde that stands vpon the rowling restlesse
30 stone.

Flew. By your patience Ancient *Pistoll*,
Fortune looke you is painted plinde,
With a muffer before her eyes,
To signifie to you, that Fortune is plinde:
And she is moreouer painted with a wheele,
Which is the Morall that Fortune is turning,
And inconstant, and variation, and mutabilitie:
And her fate is fixed at a spherickall stone,
Which rolles, and rolles, and rolles;
Surely the Poet is make an excellent description of For-
tune.

40 Fortune looke you is an excellent Morall.

The Life of Henry the Fifth (Fⁱ).

Fortunes furious fickle Wheele, that Goddesse blind, that
30 stands vpon the rolling restlesse Stone.

Flu. By your patience, aunchient *Pystoll*: Fortune is
painted blinde, with a Muffer afore his eyes, to signifie
to you, that Fortune is blinde; and shee is painted also
with a Wheele, to signifie to you, which is the Morall of
it, that shee is turning and inconstant, and mutabilitie,
and variation: and her foot, looke you, is fixed vpon a
Spherickall Stone, which rowles, and rowles, and rowles:
in good truth, the Poet makes a most excellent descripti-
40 on of it: Fortune is an excellent Morall.

III. vi.

Pist. Fortune is *Bardolfes* foe, and frownes on him,
 For he hath stolne a packs, and hanged must he be:
 A damned death, let gallows gape for dogs,
 Let man go free, and let not death his windpipe stop.
 But *Exeter* hath giuen the doome of death,
 For packs of pettie price:

[D,

Therefore go speake, the Duke will heare thy voyce,
 And let not *Bardolfes* vitall threed be cut,
 50 With edge of penny cord, and vile approach.
Speake Captaine for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flew. Captain *Pistoll*, I partly vnderstand your meaning.

Pist. Why then reioyce therefore.

Flew. Certainly Antient *Pistol*, tis not a thing to reioyce at,

For if he were my owne brother, I would with the Duke
 To do his pleasure, and put him to executions: for look you,
 Disciplines ought to be kept, they ought to be kept.

60 *Pist.* Die and be damned, and figa for thy friendship.

Flew. That is good.

Pist. The figge of *Spaine* within thy lawe.

Flew. That is very well.

Pist. I say the fig within thy bowels and thy durty maw.

Exit Pistoll.

Fle. Captain *Gour*, cannot you hear it lighten & thunder?

Gour. Why is this the Ancient you told me of?

I remember him now, he is a bawd, a cutpurse.

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

Pist. Fortune is *Bardolphs* foe, and frownes on him:
 for he hath stolne a Pax, and hanged must a be: a damned
 death: let Gallows gape for Dogge, let man goe free,
 and let not Hempe his Wind-pipe suffocate: but *Exeter*
 hath giuen the doome of death, for Pax of little price.
 Therefore goe speake, the Duke will heare thy voyce;
 and let not *Bardolphs* vitall thred bee cut with edge of
 Penny-Cord, and vile reproach. *Speake* Captaine for
 50 his Life, and I will thee requite.

Flew. Aunchient *Pistoll*, I doe partly vnderstand your
 meaning.

III. vi.

- Pist.* Fortune is *Bardolfes* foe, and frownes on him,
For he hath stolne a packs, and handd must he be;
A damned death, let gallowes gape for dogs,
Let man go free, and let not death his windpipe stop. [D,
But *Exeter* hath giuen the doome of death,
For packs of petty price:
Therefore go speake, the Duke will heare thy voice,
And let not *Bardolfes* vitall thred be cut,
50 With edge of penny cord, and vile approach.
Speake Captaine for his life, and I will thee requite.
Flew. Captaine *Pistoll*, I partly vnderstand your meaning.
Pist. Why then reioyce therefore.
Flew. Certainly Ancient *Pistoll*,
Tis not a thing to reioyce at,
For if he were my owne brother, I would with the Duke
To do his pleasure, and put him to executions;
For looke you, disciplines ought to be kept,
They ought to be kept.
60 *Pist.* Die and be damned, and a fig for thy friendship.
Flew. That is good.
Pist. The figge of *Spaine* within thy law.
Flew. That is very well.
Pist. I say the fig within thy bowels & thy durty maw.
Exit Pistoll.
Flew. Captaine *Gower*, cannot you heare it lighten and
thunder?
Gower. Why is this the Ancient you told me of?
I remember him now, he is a bawd, a cut-purse.

The Life of Henry the Fift (F1).

- Pist.* Why then reioyce therefore.
Flu. Certainly Aunchient, it is not a thing to reioyce
at: for if, looke you, he were my Brother, I would desire
the Duke to vse his good pleasure, and put him to execu-
tion; for discipline ought to be vfed.
60 *Pist.* Dye, and be dam'd, and *Figo* for thy friendship.
Flu. It is well.
Pist. The Figge of *Spaine*. *Exit.*
Flu. Very good.
Gower. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit Rascall, I
remember him now: a Bawd, a Cut-purse.

Flew. By Iesus heeis vtter as prauē words vpon the bridge
As you shal desire to see in a fommers day, but its all one,
What he hath sed to me, looke you, is all one.

Go. Why this is a gull, a foole, a rogue that goes to the wars
72 Onely to grace himselfe at his returne to London:

And such fellowes as he,
Are perfect in great Commaunders names.
They will learne by rote where seruices were done,
At such and such a sconce, at such a breach,

At such a conuoy: who came off brauely, who was shot,
Who disgraced, what termes the enemie stood on.
And this they con perfectly in phraze of warre,
80 Which they trick vp with new tuned oathes, & what a berd
Of the Generalls cut, and a horid shout of the campe

Will do among the foming bottles and alewasht wits
Is wonderfull to be thought on: but you must learne
To know such flaunders of this age,
Or else you may maruelloufly be mistooke.

[D:*

Flew. Certain captain *Gower*, it is not the man, looke you,
That I did take him to be: but when time shall serue,
I shall tell him a litle of my desires: here comes his Maieftie.

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

Flu. He assure you, a vtt'ed as prauē words at the
Pridge, as you shal see in a Summers day: but it is very
well: what he ha's spoke to me, that is well I warrant you,
when time is serue.

70 *Gower.* Why 'tis a Gull, a Foole, a Rogue, that now and
then goes to the Warres, to grace himselfe at his returne
into London, vnder the forme of a Souldier: and such
fellowes are perfitt in the Great Commanders Names, and
they will learne you by rote where Seruices were done;
at such and such a Sconce, at such a Breach, at such a Con-
uoy: who came off brauely, who was shot, who dif-
grac'd, what termes the Enemy stood on: and this they
conne perfittly in the phraze of Warre: which they tricke
80 vp with new-tuned Oathes: and what a Beard of the Ge-
neralls Cut, and a horride Sute of the Campe, will doe a-
mong foming Bottles, and Ale-washt Wits, is wonder-

[81*

III. vi.

Flew. By Iesus he is vtter as prauē words vpon the bridge
As you shall desire to see is a fommers day;
But tis all one, what he hath sed to me,
Looke you, is all one.

Gower. Why this is a gull, a foole, a rogue
That goes to the wars onely to grace himfelfe
70 At his returne to London:
And fuch fellows as he,
Are perfect in great Commanders names.
They will learne by rote where seruices were done,
At fuch and fuch a sconce, at fuch a breach,
At fuch a conuoy, who came off brauely, who was shot,
Who disgraced, what termes the enemy stood on.
And this they con perfectly in phrafe of warre,
80 Which they tricke vp with new tun'd oathes,
And what a beard of the Generals cut,
And a horrid shout of the Campe
Will do among the foming bottles and alewafht wits
Is wonderfull to be thought on: but you muft learne
To know fuch flanders of this age,
Or elfe you may meruelloufly be miftooke.

[D,*

Flew. Certaine Captaine *Gower*, it is not the man,
Looke you, that I did take him to be:
But when time shall serue, I shall tell him a little
Of my desires: heere comes his Maiefty.

The Life of Henry the Fift (F).

full to be thought on: but you muft learne to know fuch
flanders of the age, or elfe you may be maruelloufly mi-
stooke.

Ftu. I tell you what, Captaine *Gower*: I doe perceiue
hee is not the man that hee would gladly make shew to
the World hee is: if I finde a hole in his Coat, I will tell
him my minde: hearke you, the King is comming, and I
91 muft speake with him from the Pridge.

Enter King, Clarence, Gloster and others.

93 *King.* How now *Flewellen*, come you from the bridge?

Flew. I and it shall please your Maiestie,
There is excellent seruice at the bridge.

King. What men haue you lost *Flewellen*?

Flew. And it shall please your Maiestie,

103 The partition of the aduerfarie hath bene great,
Very reasonably great: but for our own parts, like you now,
I thinke we haue lost neuer a man, vnlesse it be one
For robbing of a church, one *Bardolfe*, if your Maiestie
Know the man, his face is full of whelkes and knubs,
And pumple, and his breath blowes at his nose
110 Like a cole, sometimes red, sometimes blew:
But god be praised, now his nose is executed, & his fire out.

King. We would haue all offenders so cut off,
And we here giue expresse commaundment,
That there be nothing taken from the villages but paid for,
None of the French abused,
Or abraided with disdainfull language:
For when cruelty and lenitie play for a Kingdome,
120 The gentlest gamester is the sooner winner.

Enter French Herauld.

Hera. You know me by my habit.

Ki. Well thē, we know thee, what shuld we know of thee?

The Life of Henry the Fift (F.).

*Drum and Colours. Enter the King and his
poore Souldiers.*

Flu. God please your Maiestie.

King. How now *Fluellen*, cam'st thou from the Bridge?

Flu. I, so please your Maiestie: The Duke of Exeter
ha's very gallantly maintain'd the Pridge; the French is
gone off, looke you, and there is gallant and most prauie
passages: marry, th'athuerfarie was haue possession of
the Pridge, but he is enforced to retyre, and the Duke of
Exeter is Master of the Pridge: I can tell your Maiestie,
101 the Duke is a prauie man.

King. What men haue you lost, *Fluellen*?

Flu. The perdition of th'athuerfarie hath bene very
great, reasonnable great: marry for my part, I thinke the
Duke hath lost neuer a man, but one that is like to be exe-
cuted for robbing a Church, one *Bardolph*, if your Maie-

III. vi.

Enter King, Clarence, Gloster and others.

93 *King.* How now *Flewellen*, come you from the bridge?

Flew. I and it shall please your Maiesty.

There is excellent seruice at the bridge.

King. What men haue you lost *Flewellen*?

Flew. And it shall please your Maiesty,

103 The partition of the aduerfary hath beene great,
Very reasonably great, but for our owne parts,
I thinke we haue lost neuer a man, vnlesse it be one
For robbing of a Church, one *Bardolfe*, if your Maiesty
Know the man, his face is full of wheelks, and knubs,
And pumples, and his breath blowes at his nose

110 Like a coale, sometimes red, sometimes plew;
But God be praied, now his nose is executed,
And his fire out.

King. We would haue all offenders so cut off,
And here we giue expresse commandement,
That there be nothing taken from the villages
But paid for; none of the French abused,
Or vpbraided with disdainfull language:
For when cruelty and lenity play for a Kingdome,
120 The gentlest gamester is the sooner winner.

Enter the French Herauld.

[D_a

Herauld. You know me by my habite.

King. Well then, we know thee,
What should we know of thee?

The Life of Henry the Fifth (F₁).

He know the man: his face is all bubukles and wheelkes,
and knobs, and flames a fire, and his lippes blowes at his
nose, and it is like a coale of fire, sometimes plew, and
110 sometimes red, but his nose is executed, and his fire's
out.

King. Wee would haue all such offenders so cut off:
and we giue expresse charge, that in our Marches through
the Countrey, there be nothing compell'd from the Vil-
lages; nothing taken, but pay'd for: none of the French
vpbrayded or abused in disdaineiful Language; for when
Leuitie and Crueltie play for a Kingdome, the gentler
120 Gamester in the sooneft Winner.

Tucket. Enter Mountioy.

Mountioy. You know me by my habit.

King. Well then, I know thee: what shall I know of
thee?

Hera. My maisters minde.

King. Vnfold it.

Heral. Go thee vnto *Harry* of *England*, and tell him,

127 Aduantage is a better souldier then rashnesse:

Altho we did seeme dead, we did but slumber.

[D.

Now we speake vpon our kue, and our voyce is imperiall,

England shall repent her folly: see her rashnesse,

132 And admire our sufferance. Which to raunsome,

His pettinesse would bow vnder:

140 For the effusion of our blood, his army is too weake:

For the disgrace we haue borne, himselfe

Kneeling at our feete, a weake and worthlesse satisfaction.

To this, adde defyaunce. So much from the king my maister.

King. What is thy name? we know thy qualitie.

Herald. *Montiuy.*

King. Thou dost thy office faire, returne thee backe,

And tell thy King, I do not seeke him now:

But could be well content, without impeach,

150 To march on to *Callis*: for to say the sooth,

Though tis no wifdome to confesse so much

Vnto an enemie of craft and vantage.

My souldiers are with sicknesse much infeeblede,

My Army leffoned, and thofe fewe I haue,

Almost no better then so many French:

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

Montiuy. My Masters mind.

King. Vnfold it.

Montiuy. Thus sayes my King: Say thou to *Harry*

of *England*, Though we seem'd dead, we did but sleepe:

Aduantage is a better Souldier then rashnesse. Tell him,

wee could haue rebuk'd him at Harflewe, but that wee

130 thought not good to bruise an iniurie, till it were full

ripe. Now wee speake vpon our Q. and our voyce is im-

periall: England shall repent his folly, see his weake-

nesse, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore con-

sider of his ranfome, which must proportion the losses we

haue borne, the subiects we haue lost, the disgrace we

haue digested; which in weight to re-answer, his petti-

nesse would bow vnder. For our losses, his Exchequer is

too poore; for th'effusion of our bloud, the Muster of his

140 Kingdome too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his

III. vi.

Her. My masters minde.

King. Vnfold it.

Her. Go thee vnto *Harry* of England, and tell him,
127 Aduantage is a better souldier then rashnesse:
Although we did seeme dead, we did but flumber.
Now we speake vpon our kue, & our voyce is imperiall,
England shall repent her folly, see her rashnesse,
132 And admire our sufferance. VWhich to ranfome,
His pettinesse would bow vnder:
140 For the effusion of our blood, his army is too weake;
For the disgrace we haue borne, himselfe kneeling
At our feete, a weake and worthlesse satisfaction.
To this, adde defiance.
So much from the King my Master.

King. VVhat is thy name? we know thy quality.

Herald. *Montioy.*

King. Thou dost thy office faire, returne thee backe,
And tell thy King, I do not seeke him now;
But could be well content, without impeach,
150 To march on to *Callis*; for to say the sooth,
(Though tis no wisedome to confesse so much
Vnto an enemy of craft and vantage)
My souldiers are with sicknesse much enfeebled,
My Army lessened, and those few I haue,
Almost no better then so many French:

The Life of Henry the Fifth (F1)

owne person kneeling at our feet, but a weake and worth-
lesse satisfaction. To this adde defiance: and tell him for
conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose con-
demnation is pronounc't: So farre my King and Master;
so much my Office.

King. What is thy name? I know thy qualitie.

[81^b

Mount. *Mountioy.*

King. Thou doost thy Office fairely. Turne thee back,
And tell thy King, I doe not seeke him now,
150 But could be willing to march on to Callice,
Without impeachment: for to say the sooth,
Though 'tis no wifdome to confesse so much
Vnto an enemy of Craft and Vantage,
My people are with sicknesse much enfeebled,
My numbers lessen'd: and those few I haue,
Almost no better then so many French;

vii. vi.

Who when they were in heart, I tell thee Herauld,
I thought vpon one paire of Englifh legges,
Did march three French mens.

- 160 Yet forgiue me God, that I do brag thus:
This your heire of *France* hath blowne this vice in me.
I muſt repent, go tell thy maifter here I am,
My raunſome is this frayle and worthleſſe body,
My Army but a weake and ſickly garde.
Yet God before, we will come on,
If *France* and ſuch an other neighbour ſtood in our way:
If we may paſſe, we will: if we be hindered,
170 We ſhal your tawny ground with your red blood diſcolour.
So *Montiſoy* get you gone, there is for your paines:
The ſum of all our anſwere is but this,
We would not ſeeke a battle as we are:
Nor as we are, we ſay we will not ſhun it.
Herauld. I ſhall deliuer ſo: thanks to your Maieſtie.
Gloſ. My Liege, I hope they will not come vpon vs now.

[D.*]

- King.* We are in Gods hand brother, not in theirs:
To night we will encampe beyond the bridge,
180 And on to morrow bid them march away.

III. vii. *Enter* Burbon, Conſtable, Orleanſe, Gebon.

- Conſt.* Tut I haue the beſt armour in the world.
3 *Orleanſe.* You haue an excellent armour,
But let my horſe haue his due.

The Life of Henry the Fifth (F.).

- Who when they were in health, I tell thee Herald,
I thought, vpon one payre of Englifh Legges
Did march three Frenchmen. Yet forgiue me God,
160 That I doe bragge thus; this your ayre of France
Hath blowne that vice in me. I muſt repent:
Goe therefore tell thy Maſter, heere I am;
My Ranſome, is this frayle and worthleſſe Trunke;
My Army, but a weake and ſickly Guard:
Yet God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himſelfe, and ſuch another Neighbor
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour *Mountiſoy*.
Goe bid thy Maſter well aduiſe himſelfe.
If we may paſſe, we will: if we be hindred,
170 We ſhall your tawny ground with your red blood
Diſcolour: and ſo *Mountiſoy*, fare you well.
The ſumme of all our Anſwer is but this:

III. vi.

VVho when they were in heart, I tell thee Herald,
I thought vpon one paire of English legs,
Did march three Frenchmens.

160 Yet God forgiue me, that I do brag thus;
Your aire of *France* hath blowne this vice in me.
I must repent, go tell thy Maister here I am,
My ransome is this fraile and worthlesse body,
My Army but a weake and sickly guard.
Yet God before we will come on,
If *France* and such another neighbor stood in our way;
If we may passe, we will; if we be hindered,
170 We shal your tawny ground with your red blood discolour
So *Montioy* get you gone, there's for your paines:
The sum of all our answere is but this,
We would not seeke a battle as we are;
Nor as we are, we say we will not fhun it.

Herald. I shall deliuer so: thanks to your Maiesty.

Gloſt. My Liege, I hope they will not come vpon vs
now.

King. We are in Gods hand brother, not in theirs;
To night we will encampe beyond the bridge,

181 And on to morrow bid them march away. *Exit.*

III. vii. *Enter Burbon, Constable, Orleance, and Gebon.*

Con. Tut, I haue the best armour in the world.

3 *Orleance.* You haue an excellent armour,
But let my horse haue his due.

The Life of Henry the Fift (F.).

We would not seeke a Battaille as we are,
Nor as we are, we say we will not fhun it:
So tell your Maister.

Mount. I shall deliuer so: Thankes to your High-
nesse.

Glouc. I hope they will not come vpon vs now.

King. We are in Gods hand, Brother, not in theirs:
March to the Bridge, it now drawes toward night,

180 Beyond the Riuer wee'le encampe our selues,
And on to morrow bid them march away. *Exeunt.*

III. vii. *Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Ramburs,
Orleance, Dolphin, with others.*

Const. Tut, I haue the best Armour of the World:
would it were day.

Orleance. You haue an excellent Armour: but let my
Horse haue his due.

Burbon. Now you talke of a horfe, I haue a steed like the
Palfrey of the sun nothing but pure ayre and fire,

And hath none of this dull element of earth within him.

20 *Orleance.* He is of the colour of the Nutmeg.

Bur. And of the heate, a the Ginger.

Turne all the fands into eloquent tongues,

37 And my horfe is argument for them all:

42 I once writ a Sonnet in the praife of my horfe,

And began thus. Wonder of nature.

Con. I haue heard a Sonnet begin fo,

In the praife of ones Miftresse.

Burb. Why then did they immitate that

Which I writ in praife of my horfe,

For my horfe is my miftresse.

Con. Ma foy the other day, me thought

62 Your miftresse shooke you shrewdly.

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

Const. It is the best Horfe of Europe.

Orleance. Will it neuer be Morning?

Dolph. My Lord of Orleance, and my Lord High Con-
stable, you talke of Horfe and Armour?

Orleance. You are as well prouided of both, as any
10 Prince in the World.

Dolph. What a long Night is this? I will not change
my Horfe with any that treades but on foure postures:
ch'ha: he bounds from the Earth, as if his entrayles were
hayres: *le Cheual volante*, the Pegalus, *ches les narines de*
feu. When I beftryde him, I soare, I am a Hawke: he trots
the ayre: the Earth sings, when he touches it: the basest
borne of his hoofe, is more Muficall then the Pipe of
Hermes.

20 *Orleance.* Hee's of the colour of the Nutmeg.

Dolph. And of the heat of the Ginger. It is a Beaft
for *Perfeus*: hee is pure Ayre and Fire; and the dull Ele-
ments of Earth and Water neuer appeare in him, but on-
ly in patient stillnesse while his Rider mounts him: hee
is indeede a Horfe, and all other lades you may call
Beasts.

Const. Indeed my Lord, it is a most absolute and ex-
cellent Horfe.

III. vii.

Bur. Now you talke of a horſe,
I haue a ſteed like the Palfrey of the funne,
Nothing but pure aire and fire,
And hath none of this dull element of earth within him.

20 *Orleance.* He is of the colour of the Nutmeg.

Bur. And of the heate of the Ginger.
Turne all the ſands into eloquent tongues,
37 And my horſe is argument for them all:
42 I once writ a Sonnet in the praiſe of my horſe,
And began thus, Wonder of nature.

Con. I haue heard a Sonnet begin ſo,
In the praiſe of ones Miſtreſſe.

Bur. Why then did they imitate
That which I writ in praiſe of my horſe,
For my horſe is my Miſtreſſe.

Con. Ma foy the other day, me-thought
52 Your Miſtreſſe ſhooke you ſhrewdly.

The Life of Henry the Fifth (F.).

Dolph. It is the Prince of Palfrayes, his Neigh is like
the bidding of a Monarch, and his countenance enforces
31 Homage.

Orleance. No more Couſin.

Dolph. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot from
the riſing of the Larke to the lodging of the Lambe,
varie deſerued prayſe on my Palfray: it is a Theame as
fluent as the Sea: Turne the Sands into eloquent tongues,
and my Horſe is argument for them all: 'tis a ſubiect
for a Soueraigne to reaſon on, and for a Soueraignes So-
40 ueraigne to ride on: And for the World, familiar to vs,
and vnknowne, to lay apart their particular Functions,
and wonder at him, I once writ a Sonnet in his prayſe,
and began thus, *Wonder of Nature.*

Orleance. I haue heard a Sonnet begin ſo to ones Mi-
ſtreſſe.

Dolph. Then did they imitate that which I compos'd
to my Courſer, for my Horſe is my Miſtreſſe.

Orleance. Your Miſtreſſe beares well.

Dolph. Me well, which is the preſcript prayſe and per-
50 fection of a good and particular Miſtreſſe.

Conſt. Nay, for me thought yeſterday your Miſtreſſe
ſhrewdly ſhooke your back.

64 *Bur.* I bearing me. I tell thee Lord Constable,
My mistresse weares her owne haire.

Con. I could make as good a boast of that,
If I had had a sow to my mistresse.

Bur. Tut thou wilt make vse of any thing.

71 *Con.* Yet I do not vse my horse for my mistresse.

86 *Bur.* Will it neuer be morning?

Ile ride too morrow a mile,
And my way shalbe paued with English faces.

Con. By my faith so will not I,

[D.

For feare I be outfaced of my way.

Bur. Well ile go arme my selfe, hay.

Gebon. The Duke of *Burbon* longs for morning

Or. I he longs to eate the English.

100 *Con.* I thinke heele eate all he killes.

The Life of Henry the Fift (F.).

Dolph. So perhaps did yours.

Const. Mine was not bridled.

Dolph. O then belike she was old and gentle, and you
rode like a Kerne of Ireland, your French Hose off, and in
your strait Stroffers.

Const. You haue good iudgement in Horseman-
ship.

60 *Dolph.* Be warn'd by me then: they that ride so, and
ride not warily, fall into foule Boggs: I had rather haue
my Horse to my Mistresse.

Const. I had as liue haue my Mistresse a Iade.

Dolph. I tell thee Constable, my Mistresse weares his
owne hayre.

Const. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a
Sow to my Mistresse.

Dolph. *Le chien est retourne a son propre vemissement est*
70 *la leuye lauee au boubier:* thou mak'st vse of any thing.

Const. Yet doe I not vse my Horse for my Mistresse,
or any such Prouerbe, so little kin to the purpose.

Ramb. My Lord Constable, the Armour that I saw in
your Tent to night, are those Starres or Sunnes vpon it?

Const. Starres my Lord.

III.vii.

64 *Bur.* I, bearing me. I tell thee Lord Constable,
My Mistresse weares her owne haire.

[D_s

Con. I could make as good a boast of that,
If I had a Sow to my Mistresse.

Bur. Tut, thou wilt make vse of any thing.

71 *Con.* Yet I do not vse my horse for my Mistresse.

86 *Bur.* Will it neuer be morning?

Ile ride too morrow a mile,
And my way shall be pased with english faces.

Con. By my faith so will not I,
For feare I be out-faced of my way.

Bur. Well, ile go arme my selfe; hay, *Exit.*

Gabon. The Duke of *Burbon* longs for morning.

Orleance. I, he longs to eate the English.

100 *Con.* I thinke hee'l eate all he kills.

The Life of Henry the Fifth (F₁).

Dolph. Some of them will fall to morrow, I hope.

Const. And yet my Sky shall not want.

Dolph. That may be, for you beare a many superflu-
80 ously, and 'twere more honor some were away.

Const. Eu'n as your Horse beares your prayfes, who
would trot as well, were some of your bragges dismount-
ted.

Dolph. Would I were able to loade him with his de-
sert. Will it neuer be day? I will trot to morrow a mile,
and my way shall be pased with English Faces.

Const. I will not fay so, for feare I should be fac't out
90 of my way: but I would it were morning, for I would
faine be about the eares of the English.

Ramb. Who will goe to Hazard with me for twentie
Prisoners?

Const. You must first goe your selfe to hazard, ere you
haue them.

Dolph. 'Tis Mid-night, Ile goe arme my selfe. *Exit.*

Orleance. The Dolphin longs for morning.

Ramb. He longs to eate the English.

[82^b

100 *Const.* I thinke he will eate all he kills.

- 123 *Orle.* O peace, ill will neuer said well.
 Con. He cap that prouerbe,
 With there is flattery in friendship.
 Or. O fir, I can answere that,
 With giue the diuel his due.
- 129 *Con.* Haue at the eye of that prouerbe,
 With a logge of the diuel.
 Or. Well the Duke of *Burbon*, is simply,
 The most active Gentleman of *France*.
 Con. Doing his actiuitie, and heele stil be doing.
 Or. He neuer did hurt as I heard off.
 Con. No I warrant you, nor neuer will.
- 112 *Or.* I hold him to be exceeding valiant.
 Con. I was told so by one that knows him better thē you
- Or.* Whose that?
 Con. Why he told me so himselfe:
 And said he cared not who knew it.
- 93-6 *Or.* Well who will go with me to hazard,
 For a hundred English prisoners?
 Con. You must go to hazard your selfe,
 Before you haue them.

The Life of Henry the Fift (F.).

- Orleance.* By the white Hand of my Lady, hee's a gal-
 lant Prince.
- Const.* Swear by her Foot, that she may tread out the
 Oath.
- Orleance.* He is simply the most actiue Gentleman of
 France.
- Const.* Doing is actiuitie, and he will still be doing.
- Orleance.* He neuer did harme, that I heard of.
- 110 *Const.* Nor will doe none to morrow: hee will keepe
 that good name still.
- Orleance.* I know him to be valiant.
- Const.* I was told that, by one that knowes him better
 then you.
- Orleance.* What's hee?
- Const.* Marry hee told me so himselfe, and hee sayd hee
 car'd not who knew it.

III. vii.

123 *Orlean.* O peace, ill will neuer sayd well.

Con. Ile cap that Prouerbe,
With there's flattery in friendfhip.

Orle. O fir, I can answer that,
With giue the Diuell his due.

129 *Con.* Haue at the eye of that Prouerbe,
With a iogge of the Diuell.

Orle. Well, the Duke of *Burbon* is simply
The moft actiue Gentleman of *France*.

Con. Doing his actiuity, and hee'll ftill be doing.

Orle. He neuer did hurt as I heard off.

Con. No I warrant you, nor neuer will.

112 *Orle.* I hold him to be exceeding valiant.

Con. I was told fo by one that knowes him better then
you.

Orle. Whofe that?

Con. Why he told me fo himfelfe.

And faid he cared not who knew it.

93-6 *Orle.* Well, who will go with me to hazard,
For a hundred Englifh prifoners?

Con. You muft go to hazard your felfe,
Before you haue them.

[D.*

The Life of Henry the Fifth (F1).

Orlean. Hee needes not, it is no hidden vertue in
him.

120 *Const.* By my faith Sir, but it is: neuer any body faw
it, but his Lacquey: 'tis a hooded valour, and when it
appeares, it will bate.

Orlean. Ill will neuer fayd well.

Const. I will cap that Prouerbe with, There is flatterie
in friendfhip.

Orlean. And I will take vp that with, Giue the Deuill
his due.

Const. Well plac't: there ftands your friend for the
Deuill: haue at the very eye of that Prouerbe with, A

130 Pox of the Deuill.

Orlean. You are the better at Prouerbs, by how much
a Fooles Bolt is foone fhut.

Const. You haue fhut ouer,

Orlean. 'Tis not the firft time you were ouer-fhut.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lords, the English lye within a hundred
Paces of your Tent.

136 *Con.* Who hath measured the ground?

Mess. The Lord *Grandpere*.

Con. A valiant man, a very expert Gentleman.

Come, come away:

The Sun is hie, and we weare out the day. *Exit omnes.*

The Life of Henry the Fifth (F.).

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord high Constable, the English lye within
fifteene hundred paces of your Tents.

Const. Who hath meaur'd the ground?

Mess. The Lord *Grandpree*.

Const. A valiant and most expert Gentleman. Would
it were day? Alas poore *Harry* of England: hee longs
140 not for the Dawning, as wee doe.

Orleance. What a wretched and peeuishe fellow is this
King of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers
so farre out of his knowledge.

Const. If the English had any apprehension, they
would runne away.

Orleance. That they lack: for if their heads had any in-
tellectuall Armour, they could neuer weare such heauie
Head-pieces.

Ramb. That Iland of England breedes very valiant
150 Creatures; their Mastiffes are of vnmatchable cou-
rage.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lords, the English lie within a hundred
Paces of your Tent.

136 *Con.* Who hath measured the ground?

Mess. The Lord *Granpeere*.

Con. A valiant man, an expert Gentleman.

Come, come away,

The Sun is hie, and we weare out the day. *Exit omnes.*

The Life of Henry the Fift (F1).

Orleance. Foolish Curses, that runne winking into
the mouth of a Russian Beare, and haue their heads crused
like rotten Apples: you may as well say, that's a valiant
Flea, that dare eate his breakefast on the Lippe of a
Lyon.

Const. Iust, iust: and the men doe sympathize with
the Maltifes, in robustious and rough comming on,
leauing their Wits with their Wiues: and then giue
160 them great Meales of Beefe, and Iron and Steele; they
will eate like Wolues, and fight like Deuils.

Orleance. I, but these English are shrowdly out of [83*
Beefe.

Const. Then shall we finde to morrow, they haue only
stomackes to eate, and none to fight. Now is it time to
arme: come, shall we about it?

Orleance. It is now two a Clock: but let me see, by ten
Wee shall haue each a hundred English men. *Exeunt.*

The Life of Henry the Fift (F).

IV.

Actus Tertius.

Chorus.

Now entertaine coniecture of a time, ●
 When creeping Murmure and the poring Darke
 Fills the wide Veffell of the Vniuerfe.
 From Camp to Camp, through the foule Womb of Night
 The Humme of eyther Army filly founds;
 That the fixt Centinels almost receiue
 The fecret Whifpers of each others Watch.
 Fire anfwers fire, and through their paly flames
 Each Battaile fees the others vmber'd face.
 10 Steed threatens Steed, in high and boastfull Neighs
 Piercing the Nights dull Eare: and from the Tents,
 The Armourers accomplifhing the Knights,
 With bufie Hammers clofing Riets vp,
 Giue dreadfull note of preparation.
 The Countrey Cocks doe crow, the Clocks doe towle:
 And the third howre of drowfie Morning nam'd,
 Prowd of their Numbers, and fecure in Soule,
 The confident and ouer-luftie French,
 Doe the low-rated Englifh play at Dice;
 20 And chide the creple-tardy-gated Night,

The Life of Henry the Fifth (F₁).

Who like a foule and ougly Witch doth limpe
 So tedioufly away. The poore condemned English,
 Like Sacrifices, by their watchfull Fires
 Sit patiently, and inly ruminare
 The Mornings danger: and their gesture sad,
 Inuesting lanke-leane Cheekes, and Warre-worne Coats,
 Presented them vnto the gazing Moone
 So many horride Ghosts. O now, who will behold
 The Royall Captaine of this ruin'd Band
 30 Walking from Watch to Watch, from Tent to Tent;
 Let him cry, Prayfe and Glory on his head:
 For forth he goes, and visits all his Hoast,
 Bids them good morrow with a modest Smyle,
 And calls them Brothers, Friends, and Countrey-men.
 Vpon his Royall Face there is no note,
 How dread an Army hath enrounded him;
 Nor doth he dedicate one iot of Colour
 Vnto the wearie and all-watched Night:
 But freshly lookes, and ouer-beares Attaint,
 40 With chearefull semblance, and sweet Maiestie:
 That euery Wretch, pining and pale before,
 Beholding him, plucks comfort from his Lookes.
 A Largeesse vniuerfall, like the Sunne,

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

His liberall Eye doth giue to euery one,
Thawing cold feare, that meane and gentle all
Behold, as may vnworthineffe define.
A little touch of *Harry* in the Night,
And so our Scene must to the Battaile flye:
Where, O for pittie, we shall much disgrace,
50 With foure or fūe most vile and ragged foyles,
(Right ill dispos'd, in brawle ridiculous)
The Name of Agincourt: Yet sit and see,
Minding true things, by what their Mock'ries bee.

[83^b

Exit.

IV.i. *Enter the King, Bedford, and Gloucester.*

King. Gloster, 'tis true that we are in great danger,
The greater therefore should our Courage be.
God morrow Brother *Bedford*: God Almighty,
There is some foule of goodnesse in things euill,
Would men obseruingly distill it out.
For our bad Neighbour makes vs early stirrers,
Which is both healthfull, and good husbandry.
Besides, they are our outward Consciences,
And Preachers to vs all; admonishing,
10 That we should dresse vs fairely for our end.
Thus may we gather Honey from the Weed,
And make a Morall of the Diuell himselſe.

*The Life of Henry the Fifth (F₁).**Enter Erpingham.*

Good morrow old Sir *Thomas Erpingham*:

A good soft Pillow for that good white Head,

Were better then a churlish turfe of France.

Erping. Not so my Liege, this Lodging likes me better,
Since I may say, now lye I like a King.

King. 'Tis good for men to loue their present paines,
Vpon example, so the Spirit is eased:

20 And when the Mind is quickned, out of doubt
The Organs, though defunct and dead before,
Breake vp their drowfie Graue, and newly moue
With casted flough, and fresh legeritie.
Lend me thy Cloake Sir *Thomas*: Brothers both,
Commend me to the Princes in our Campe;
Doe my good morrow to them, and anon
Desire them all to my Pauillion.

Gloster. We shall, my Liege.

Erping. Shall I attend your Grace?

King. No, my good Knight:

30 Goe with my Brothers to my Lords of England:
I and my Bosome muft debate a while,
And then I would no other company.

Erping. The Lord in Heauen bleffe thee, Noble
Harry.

Exeunt.

King. God a mercy old Heart, thou speak'st cheare-
fully.

i.

Enter the King disguised, to him Pistoll.[D_s']

- 35 *Pist.* Ke ve la?
King. A friend.
Pist. Discus vnto me, art thou Gentleman?
 Or art thou common, base, and popeler?
King. No sir, I am a Gentleman of a Company.
 40 *Pist.* Trailes thou the puissant pike?
King. Euen so sir. What are you?
Pist. As good a gentleman as the Emperour.
King. O then thou art better then the King?
Pist. The kings a bago, and a hart of gold.
Pist. A lad of life, an impe of fame:
 Of parents good, of fift most valiant:
 I kis his durtie shooe: and from my hart strings
 I loue the louely bully. What-is thy name?
King. *Harry le Roy.*
Pist. Le Roy, a Cornish man:
 Art thou of Cornish crew?
Kin. No sir, I am a Wealchman.
 52 *Pist.* A Wealchman: knowst thou *Flewellen*?
Kin. I sir, he is my kinsinan.
Pist. Art thou his friend?
Kin. I sir.
 60 *Pist.* Figa for thee then: my name is *Pistoll*.
Kin. It sorts well with your fiercenesse.
Pist. *Pistoll* is my name.

Exit Pistoll.

*The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).**Enter Pistoll.*

- Pist.* *Che vous la?*
King. A friend.
Pist. Discusse vnto me, art thou Officer, or art thou
 base, common, and popular?
King. I am a Gentleman of a Company.
 40 *Pist.* Trayl'st thou the puissant Pyke?
King. Euen so: what are you?
Pist. As good a Gentleman as the Emperor.
King. Then you are a better then the King.
Pist. The King's a Bawcock, and a Heart of Gold, a
 Lad of Life, an Impe of Fame, of Parents good, of Fift
 most valiant: I kisse his durtie shooe, and from heart-
 string I loue the louely Bully. What is thy Name?
King. *Harry le Roy.*

IV.i.

Enter the King disguised, to him Pistoll.

- 35 *Pist.* Ke ve la?
King. A friend.
Pist. Discus vnto me, art thou a gentleman?
 Or art thou common, base, and popeler?
King. No sir, I am a Gentleman of a Company.
 40 *Pist.* Trailes thou the puissant Pike?
King. Euen so sir. VVhat are you?
Pist. As good a gentleman as the Emperor.
King. O then thou art better then the King.
Pist. The Kings a bago, and a hart of gold,
 A lad of life, an impe of fame,
 Of parents good, of fift most valiant:
 I kis his durty shooe, and from my heart strings
 I loue the louely bully. What is thy name?
King. *Harry le Roy.*
Pist. *Le Roy*, a Cornish man;
 Art thou of Cornish crew?
King. No sir, I am a *Welchman*.
 52 *Pist.* A *Welchman*; know'st thou *Flewellen*?
King. I sir, he is my kinsman.
Pist. Art thou his friend?
King. I sir.
 60 *Pist.* Figa for thee then; my name is *Pistoll*.
King. It sorts well with your fiercenelle.
Pist. *Pistoll* is my name. *Exit Pistoll.*

[D.]

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

- 50 *Pist.* *Le Roy*? a Cornish Name: art thou of Cornish Crew?
King. No, I am a *Welchman*.
Pist. Know'st thou *Fluellen*?
King. Yes.
Pist. Tell him Ile knock his Leeke about his Pate vpon
 S. *Dauies* day.
King. Doe not you weare your Dagger in your Cappe
 that day, leaft he knock that about yours.
Pist. Art thou his friend?
King. And his Kinsman too.
 0 *Pist.* The *Figo* for thee then.
King. I thanke you: God be with you.
Pist. My name is *Pistol* call'd. *Exit.*
King. It sorts well with your fiercenelle.
Manet King.

[84^a]

Enter Gower and Flewellen.

Gour. Captaine *Flewellen*.

Flew. In the name of Iesu speake lower.

It is the greatest folly in the worrell, when the auncient
68 Prerogatiues of the warres be not kept.

I warrant you, if you looke into the warres of the Romanes,
You shall finde no tittle tattle, nor bible bable there:
But you shall finde the cares, and the feares,
And the ceremonies, to be otherwise. [D.]

Gour. Why the enemy is loud: you heard him all night.

80 *Flew.* Godes sollud, if the enemy be an Affe & a Foole,
And a prating cocks-come, is it meet that we be also a foole,
And a prating cocks-come, in your conscience now?

Gour. He speake lower.

Flew. I beseech you do, good Captaine *Gower*.

Exit Gower, and Flewellen.

Kin. Tho it appeare a litle out of fashion,
Yet theres much care in this.

Enter three Souldiers.

1. *Soul.* Is not that the morning yonder?

2. *Soul.* I we see the beginning,

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gower. Captaine *Fluellen*.

Flu. 'So, in the Name of Iesu Chrif, speake fewer: it
is the greatest admiration in the vniuersall World, when
the true and aunchient Prerogatifes and Lawes of the
Warres is not kept: if you would take the paines but to
examine the Warres of *Pompey* the Great, you shall finde,
70 I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle nor pibble ba-
ble in *Pompeyes* Campe: I warrant you, you shall finde
the Ceremonies of the Warres, and the Cares of it, and
the Formes of it, and the Sobrietie of it, and the Modestie
of it, to be otherwise.

Gower. Why the Enemie is lowd, you heare him all
Night.

Flu. If the Enemie is an Affe and a Foole, and a pra-
ting Coxcombe; is it meet, thinke you, that wee should

*Enter Gower and Flewellen.**Gower.* Captaine *Flewellen*.*Flew.* In the name of Iesu speake lower.

It is the greatest folly in the worell, when the ancient
 68 Prerogatiues of the warres be not kept.

I warrant you, if you looke into the wars of the *Romanes*,
 You shall finde no tittle tattle, nor bibble babble there,
 But you shall finde the cares, and the feares,
 And the ceremonies to be otherwise.

Gow. Why the enemy is loud: you heard him all night.

80 *Flew.* Godes sollud, if the enemy be an affe & a foole,
 And a prating cocks-combe, is it meet that we be also
 Afoole, and a prating cocks-combe,
 In your conscience now?

Gower. He speake lower.*Flew.* I beseech you do, good Captaine *Gower*.*Exit Gower and Flewellen.*

King. Though it appeare a little out of fashiom,
 Yet there's much care in this.

*Enter three Souldiers.*1. *Soul.* Is not that the morning yonder?2. *Soul.* I, we see the beginning,*The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).*

also, looke you, be an Affe and a Foole, and a prating Cox-
 80 combe, in your owne conscience now?

Gow. I will speake lower.*Flu.* I pray you, and beseech you, that you will. *Exit.*

King. Though it appeare a little out of fashiom,
 There is much care and valour in this Welchman.

*Enter three Souldiers, Iohn Bates, Alexander Court,
and Michael Williams.*

Court. Brother *Iohn Bates*, is not that the Morning
 which breakes yonder?

Bates. I thinke it be: but wee haue no great cause to
 90 desire the approach of day.

Williams. Wee see yonder the beginning of the day,

92 God knowes whether we shall see the end or no.

3. *Soul.* Well I thinke the king could wifh himselfe

120 Vp to the necke in the middle of the Thames,

And so I would he were, at all aduentures, and I with him.

King. Now maisters god morrow, what cheare?

3. *S.* I faith small cheer some of vs is like to haue,
Ere this day ende.

King. Why fear nothing man, the king is frolike.

2. *S.* I he may be, for he hath no such caule as we

105 *King.* Nay say not so, he is a man as we are.

The Violet smels to him as to vs:

113 Therefore if he see reasons, he feares as we do.

141 2. *Sol.* But the king hath a heauy reckoning to make,

If his caule be not good: when all those foules

Whose bodies shall be slaughtered here,

Shall ioyne together at the latter day,

And say I dyed at such a place. Some swearing:

The Life of Henry the Fift (F.).

but I thinke wee shall neuer see the end of it. Who goes there?

King. A Friend.

Williams. Vnder what Captaine serue you?

King. Vnder Sir *Iohn Erpingham.*

Williams. A good old Commander, and a most kinde Gentleman: I pray you, what thinkes he of our estate?

100 *King.* Euen as men wrackt vpon a Sand, that looke to be washt off the next Tyde.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the King?

King. No: nor it is not meet he should: for though I speake it to you, I thinke the King is but a man, as I am: the Violet smels to him, as it doth to me; the Element shewes to him, as it doth to me; all his Sences haue but humane Conditions: his Ceremonies layd by, in his Nakednesse he appeares but a man; and though his affecti-
110 ons are higher mounted then ours, yet when they stoupe, they stoupe with the like wing: therefore, when he sees reason of feares, as we doe; his feares, out of doubt, be of the same rellifh as ours are: yet in reason, no man should possesse him with any appearance of feare; leaft hee, by shewing it, should dis-hearten his Army.

i.

92 God knowes whether we shall see the end or no.

3. *Soul.* Well, I thinke the King could with himselfe

120 Vp to the necke in the middle of the Thames,
And so I would he were, at all aduentures, and I with him.

King. Now masters good morrow, what cheare?

3. *Soul.* Ifaith small cheere some of vs is like to haue,
Ere this day to an end.

King. Why feare nothing man, the king is frolike.

2. *Soul.* I he may be, for he hath no cause as we.

105 *King.* Nay say not so, he is a man as we are,
The Violet smels to him as vnto vs;

113 Therefore if he see reasons, he feares as we do.

141 2. *Soul.* But the King hath a heauy reckoning to make, [D.*
If his cause be not good; when all those foules
Whose bodies shall be slaughtered here,
Shall ioyne together at the latter day,
And say I dyed at such a place. Some swearing;

The Life of Henry the Fifth (F.).

Bates. He may shew what outward courage he will:
but I beleeue, as cold a Night as 'tis, hee could with him-
selfe in Thames vp to the Neck; and so I would he were,
120 and I by him, at all aduentures, so we were quit here.

King. By my troth, I will speake my conscience of the
King: I thinke hee would not with himselfe any where, [84b
but where hee is.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone; so should he be
sure to be ransomed, and a many poore mens liues saued.

King. I dare say, you loue him not so ill, to wish him
130 here alone: howsoever you speake this to feele other
mens minds, me thinks I could not dye any where so con-
tented, as in the Kings company; his Cause being iust, and
his Quarrell honorable.

Williams. That's more then we know.

Bates. I, or more then wee should seeke after; for wee
know enough, if wee know wee are the Kings Subiects:
if his Cause be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes
the Cryme of it out of vs.

140 *Williams.* But if the Cause be not good, the King him-
selfe hath a heauie Reckoning to make, when all those
Legges, and Armes, and Heads, chopt off in a Battaile,
shall ioyne together at the latter day, and cry all, Wee dy-
ed at such a place, some swearing, some crying for a Sur-

IV.i.

Some their wiues rawly left:

Some leauing their children poore behind them.

151 Now if his caufe be bad, I think it will be a greeuous matter [D.*
(to him.

King. Why fo you may fay, if a man fend his feruant
As Factor into another Countrey,
And he by any meanes mifcarry,
You may fay the bufineffe of the maifter,
Was the author of his feruants misfortune.
Or if a fonne be imployd by his father,
And he fall into any leaud action, you may fay the father
Was the author of his fonnes damnation.
But the mafter is not to anfwere for his feruants,
The father for his fonne, nor the king for his fubiects:
For they purpofe not their deaths, whē they craue their fer-
(uices:

170 Some there are that haue the gift of premeditated
Murder on them:

Others the broken feale of Forgery, in beguiling maydens.
Now if thefe outftrip the lawe,
Yet they cannot efcape Gods punifhment.
War is Gods Beadel. War is Gods vengeance:

The Life of Henry the Fift (F.).

gean; fome vpon their Wiues, left poore behind them;
fome vpon the Debts they owe, fome vpon their Children
rawly left: I am afear'd, there are few dye well, that dye
in a Battaille: for how can they charitably difpofe of any
150 thing, when Blood is their argument? Now, if thefe men
doe not dye well, it will be a black matter for the King,
that led them to it; who to difobey, were againft all pro-
portion of fubiection.

King. So, if a Sonne that is by his Father lent about
Merchandize, doe finfully mifcarry vpon the Sea; the im-
putation of his wickedneffe, by your rule, fhould be im-
pofed vpon his Father that lent him: or if a Seruant, vn-
der his Mafters command, transporting a fumme of Mo-
160 ney, be affayled by Robbers, and dye in many irreconcil'd
Iniquities; you may call the bufineffe of the Mafter the
author of the Seruants damnation: but this is not fo:
The King is not bound to anfwere the particular endings
of his Souldiers, the Father of his Sonne, nor the Mafter
of his Seruant; for they purpofe not their death, when

IV. i.

- Some their wiues rawly left;
Some leauing their children poore behinde them.
Now if his cause be bad,
151 I thinke it will be a greuous matter to him.
King. Why so you may say, if a man send his seruant
As Factor into another Country,
And he by any meanes miscarry,
You may say the businesse of the Master
Was the author of his seruants misfortune.
Or if a sonne be imployd by his father,
And he fall into any leud action, you may say the father
Was the author of his sonnes damnation.
But the master is not to answer for his seruant,
The father for his sonne, nor the king for his subiects;
For they purpose not their deaths,
When they craue their seruices;
170 Some there are that haue the gift
Of premeditated murder on them:
Others the broken seale of Forgery, in beguiling maidens,
Now if these out-strip the law,
Yet they cannot escape Gods punishment.
War is Gods Beadle. War is Gods vengeance:
-

The Life of Henry the Fifth (F₁).

- they purpose their seruices. Besides, there is no King, be
his Cause neuer so spotlesse, if it come to the arbitre-
ment of Swords, can trye it out with all vnspotted Soul-
diers: some (peradventure) haue on them the guilt of
170 premeditated and contriued Murther; some, of begui-
ling Virgins with the broken Seales of Periurie; some,
making the Warres their Bulwarke, that haue before go-
red the gentle Bosome of Peace with Pillage and Robbe-
rie. Now, if these men haue defeated the Law, and out-
runne Natiue punishment; though they can out-strip
men, they haue no wings to flye from God. Warre is
his Beadle, Warre is his Vengeance: so that here men
180 are punisht, for before breach of the Kings Lawes, in
now the Kings Quarrell: where they feared the death,
they haue borne life away; and where they would bee
safe, they perish. Then if they dye vnprovided, no more
is the King guiltie of their damnation, then hee was be-
fore guiltie of those Impieties, for the which they are

IV.i.

186 Euery mans seruice is the kings:
 But euery mans soule is his owne.
 Therefore I would haue euery souldier examine himselfe,
 And wash euery moath out of his conscience:
 That in so doing, he may be the readier for death:
 Or not dying, why the time was well spent,
 Wherein such preparation was made.

3. *Lord.* Yfaith he saies true:
 Euery mans fault on his owne head,
 200 I would not haue the king answere for me.
 Yet I intend to fight lustily for him.

King. Well, I heard the king, he wold not be ranfomde.

2. *L.* I he laid so, to make vs fight:
 But when our throates he cut, he may be ranfomde,
 And we neuer the wifer.

King. If I liue to see that, Ile neuer trust his word againe.

2. *Sol.* Mas youle pay him then, tis a great displeasure [E.
 209 That an elder gun, can do against a cannon,

Or a subiect against a monarke.

Youle nere take his word again, your a naffe goe.

King. Your reproofe is somewhat too bitter:
 Were it not at this time I could be angry.

220 2. *Sol.* Why let it be a quarrell if thou wilt.

The Life of Henry the Fift (F.).

now visited. Euery Subjects Dutie is the Kings, but
 euery Subjects Soule is his owne. Therefore should
 euery Souldier in the Warres doe as euery sicke man in
 his Bed, wash euery Moth out of his Conscience: and
 dying so, Death is to him aduantage; or not dying,
 190 the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was
 gayned: and in him that escapes, it were not sinne to
 thinke, that making God so free an offer, he let him out-
 liue that day, to see his Greatnesse, and to teach others
 how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certaine, euery man that dyes ill, the ill vpon [85*
 his owne head, the King is not to answer it.

200 *Bates.* I doe not desire hee should answer for me, and
 yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

King. I my selfe heard the King say he would not be
 ranfom'd,

IV.i.

186 Every mans seruice is the Kings:
But euery mans soule is his owne,
Therefore I would haue euery souldier examine himselfe,
And wash euery moth out of his conscience,
That in so doing, he may be the readier for death,
Or not dying, why the time was well spent.
Wherein such preparation was made,

3. *Soul.* Ifaith he saies true,
Every mans fault is on his owne head,
200 I would not haue the king answer for me, [E.
Yet I intend to fight lustily for him.

King. Well, I heard the king wold not be ranfomd.

2. *Soul.* I he said so, to make vs fight;
But when our throats be cut, he may be ranfomd,
And we neuer the wifer.

King. If I liue to see that, ile neuer trust his word againe.

2. *Soul.* Maffe you'l pay him then,
209 Tis a great displeasure that an elder
Gun can do against a Cannon,
Or a subiect against a Monarch.
You'l nere take his word againe, you are a naffe, goe.

King. Your reproofe is somewhat too bitter;
Were it not at this time I could be angry.

220 2. *Soul.* Why let it be a quarrell if thou wilt.

The Life of Henry the Fifth (F₁).

Will. I, hee said so, to make vs fight chearefully: but
when our throats are cut, hee may be ransom'd and wee
ne're the wifer.

King. If I liue to see it, I will neuer trust his word af-
ter.

Will. You pay him then: that's a perillous shot out
of an Elder Gunne, that a poore and a priuate displeasure
210 can doe against a Monarch: you may as well goe about
to turne the Sunne to yce, with fanning in his face with a
Peacocks feather: You'le neuer trust his word after;
come, 'tis a foolish saying.

King. Your reproofe is something too round, I should
be angry with you, if the time were conuenient.

220 *Will.* Let it bee a Quarrell betweene vs, if you
liue.

IV.i.

King. How shall I know thee?*2. Sol.* Here is my gloue, which if euer I see in thy hat,
He challenge thee, and strike thee.*Kin.* Here is likewise another of mine,
And assure thee ile weare it.235 *2. Sol.* Thou dar'st as well be hangd.*3. Sol.* Be friends you fooles,
240 We haue French quarrels anow in hand:

We haue no need of English broyles.

Kin. Tis no treason to cut French crownes,
For to morrow the king himselfe will be a clipper.*Exit the souldiers.**The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).**King.* I embrace it.*Will.* How shall I know thee againe?*King.* Giue me any Gage of thine, and I will weare it
in my Bonnet: Then if euer thou dar'st acknowledge it,
I will make it my Quarrell.*Will.* Heere's my Gloue: Giue mee another of
thine.*King.* There.*Will.* This will I also weare in my Cap: if euer thou
come to me, and say, after to morrow, This is my Gloue,
250 by this Hand I will take thee a box on the eare.

IV.i.

King. How shall I know thee?

2. *Soul.* Here's my gloue, which if euer I see in thy hat,
He challenge thee, and strike thee.

King. Here is likewise another of mine,
And assure thee ile weare it.

235 2. *Soul.* Thou dar'ft as well be hangd.

3. *Soul.* Be friends you fooles,
240 We haue French quarrels enow in hand,
We haue no need of Englifh broyles.

King. Tis no treason to cut French Crownes,
For to morrow the King himfelfe will be a clipper.

Exit the souldiers.

The Life of Henry the Fift (F1).

King. If euer I liue to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'ft as well be hang'd.

King. Well, I will doe it, though I take thee in the
Kings companie.

Will. Keepe thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends you Englifh fooles, be friends, wee
haue French Quarrels enow, if you could tell how to rec-
240 kon.

Exit Souldiers.

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

King. Indeede the French may lay twentie French Crownes to one, they will beat vs, for they beare them on their Shoulders: but it is no English Treason to cut French Crownes, and to morrow the King himselfe will be a Clipper.

Vpon the King, let vs our Liues, our Soules,
Our Debts, our carefull Wiues,
Our Children, and our Sinnes, lay on the King:

250 We must beare all.

O hard Condition, Twin-borne with Greatnesse,
Subject to the breath of euery foole, whose fence
No more can feeble, but his owne wringing.
What infinite hearts-ease must Kings neglect,
That priuate men enioy?

And what haue Kings, that Priuates haue not too,
Saue Ceremonie, saue generall Ceremonie?

And what art thou, thou Idoll Ceremonie?

What kind of God art thou? that suffer'st more
Of mortall griefes, then doe thy worshippers.

260 What are thy Rents? what are thy Commings in?

O Ceremonie, shew me but thy worth.

What? is thy Soule of Odoration?

Art thou ought else but Place, Degree, and Forme,
Creating awe and feare in other men?

Wherein thou art lesse happy, being fear'd,
Then they in fearing.

What drink'st thou oft, in stead of Homage sweet,
But poyson'd flatterie? O, be sick, great Greatnesse,
And bid thy Ceremonie giue thee cure.

270 Thinks thou the fierie Feuer will goe out

With Titles blowne from Adulation?

The Life of Henry the Fifth (F.).

Will it giue place to flexure and low bending?
 Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggers knee,
 Command the health of it? No, thou prowd Dreame,
 That play'st so subtilly with a Kings Repose.
 I am a King that find thee: and I know,
 'Tis not the Balme, the Scepter, and the Ball,
 The Sword, the Mase, the Crowne Imperiall,
 The enter-tiffued Robe of Gold and Pearle,
 280 The farfed Title running 'fore the King,
 The Throne he sits on: nor the Tyde of Pompe,
 That beates vpon the high shore of this World:
 No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous Ceremonie;;
 Not all these, lay'd in Bed Maiesticall,
 Can sleepe so foundly, as the wretched Slaue:
 Who with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
 Gets him to rest, cram'd with distressefull bread,
 Neuer sees horride Night, the Child of Hell:
 But like a Lacquey, from the Rise to Set,
 290 Sweates in the eye of *Phebus*; and all Night
 Sleepes in *Elizium*: next day after dawne,
 Doth rise and helpe *Hiperio* to his Horse,
 And followes so the euer-running yeere
 With profitable labour to his Graue:
 And but for Ceremonie, such a Wretch,
 Winding vp Dayes with toyle, and Nights with sleepe,
 Had the fore-hand and vantage of a King.
 The Slaue, a Member of the Countreyes peace,
 Enioyes it; but in grosse braine little wots,
 300 What watch the King keepes, to maintaine the peace;
 Whose howres, the Pefant best aduantages.

Enter the King, Gloster, Erpingam, and Attendants.

- 308 *K.* O God of battels Steele my souldiers harts,
Take from them now the fence of rekoning,
That the apposed multitudes which stand before them,
May not appall their courage.
O not to day, not to day ô God,
Thinke on the fault my father made,
In compassing the crowne.
- 312 *I Richards* bodie haue interred new,
And on it hath bestowed more contrite teares,
Then from it issued forced drops of blood:
A hundred men haue I in yearly pay,
Which euery day their withered hands hold vp
To heauen to pardon blood,
And I haue built two chanceries, more wil I do:
320 Tho all that I can do, is all too litle.

[E₁ *

Enter Gloster.

- Glost.* My Lord.
- 324 *King.* My brother *Glosters* voyce.
- Glost.* My Lord, the Army stayes vpon your prefence.
- King.* Stay *Gloster* stay, and I will go with thee,
The day my friends, and all things stayes for me.

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

Enter Erpingham.

- Erp.* My Lord, your Nobles ieaious of your abfence,
Seeke through your Campe to find you.
- King.* Good old Knight, collect them all together
At my Tent: He be before thee.
- Erp.* I fhall doo't, my Lord. *Exit.*
- King.* O God of Battailes, Steele my Souldiers hearts,
Poffeffe them not with feare: Take from them now
The fence of reckning of th'opposed numbers:
Pluck their hearts from them. Not to day, O Lord,
310 O not to day, thinke not vpon the fault
My Father made, in compassing the Crowne.
I *Richards* body haue interred new,
And on it haue bestowed more contrite teares,
Then from it issued forced drops of blood.

IV.i.

*Enter to the King, Gloucester, Epingham,
and Attendants.*

306 *King.* O God of battels Steele my souldiers harts,
Take from them now the fence of reckoning,
That the apposed multitudes which stand before them
May not appale their courage.
O not too day, not too day O God,
Thinke on the fault my father made,
In compassing the Crowne.

[E₁*]

312 I *Richards* body haue interred new,
And on it hath beftow'd more contrite teares,
Then from it issued forced drops of blood;
A hundred men haue I in yearely pay,
Which euery day their withered hands hold vp
To heauen, to pardon blood,
And I haue built two Chanceries, more will I do:
320 Though all that I can do is all too little.

Enter Glofter.

Glo. My Lord.

324 *King.* My brother Glofters voice.

Glo. My Lord, the army ftayes vpon your prefence.

Kin. Stay Glofter stay, and I will go with thee,
The day, my friends, and all things ftayes for me.

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

Fiue hundred poore I haue in yeerely pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold vp
Toward Heauen, to pardon blood:
And I haue built two Chauntries,
Where the sad and folemne Priefts fing still
For *Richards* Soule. More will I doe:
320 Though all that I can doe, is nothing worth;
Since that my Penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

Enter Gloucester.

Glouc. My Liege.

King. My Brother *Gloucesters* voyce? I:
I know thy errand, I will goe with thee:
The day, my friend, and all things stay for me.

Exeunt.

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

*Enter the Dolphin, Orleance, Ramburs, and
Beaumont.*

[86a

Orleance. The Sunne doth gild our Armour vp. my
Lords.

Dolph. Monte Cheual: My Horfe, *Verlot Lacquay:*
Ha.

Orleance. Oh braue Spirit.

Dolph. *Via les ewes & terre.*

Orleance. *Rien puis le air & feu.*

Dolph. Cein, Coufin Orleance. *Enter Constable.*

Now my Lord Constable?

Const. Hearke how our Steedes, for present Seruice
neigh.

Dolph. Mount them, and make incision in their Hides,
10 That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And doubt them with superfluous courage: ha.

Ram. What, wil you haue them weep our Horses blood?
How shall we then behold their naturall teares?

Enter Messenger.

Messeng. The English are embattail'd, you French
Peeres.

The Life of Henry the Fifth (F.).

Comf. To Horfe you gallant Princes, straight to Horfe.
 Doe but behold yond poore and starued Band,
 And your faire shew shall suck away their Soules,
 Leauing them but the shales and huskes of men.
 There is not worke enough for all our hands,
 20 Scarce blood enough in all their sickly Veines,
 To giue each naked Curtleax a stayne,
 That our French Gallants shall to day draw out,
 And sheath for lack of sport. Let vs but blow on them,
 The vapour of our Valour will o're-terne them.
 'Tis positieue against all exceptions, Lords,
 That our superfluous Lacquies, and our Pefants,
 Who in vnnecessarie action swarme
 About our Squares of Battaile, were enow
 To purge this field of such a hilding Foe;
 30 Though we vpon this Mountaines Basis by,
 Tooke stand for idle speculation:
 But that our Honours must not. What's to say?
 A very little little let vs doe,
 And all is done: then let the Trumpets sound
 The Tucket Sonuance, and the Note to mount:

The Life of Henry the Fift (F.).

For our approach shall so much dare the field,
That England shall couch downe in feare, and yeeld.

Enter Graundpree

Grandpree. Why do you stay so long, my Lords of France?
Yond Iland Carrions, desperate of their bones,
40 Ill-fauoredly become the Morning field:
Their ragged Curtaines poorely are let loose,
And our Ayre shakes them passing scornefully.
Bigge *Mars* seemes banqu'rout in their begger'd Hoast,
And faintly through a rustie Beuer peepes.
The Horsemen sit like fixed Candlesticks,
With Torch-staues in their hand: and their poore lades
Lob downe their heads, dropping the hides and hips:
The gumme downe roping from their pale-dead eyes,
And in their pale dull mouthes the Tymold Bitt

The Life of Henry the Fift (F.).

50 Lyes foule with chaw'd-grasse, still and motionlesse.
 And their executors, the knauish Crowes,
 Flye o're them all, impatient for their howre.
 Description cannot fute it selfe in words,
 To demonstrate the Life of such a Battaile,
 In life so liuelesse, as it shewes it selfe.

Const. They haue said their prayers,
 And they stay for death.

Dolph. Shall we goe fend them Dinners, and fresh Sutes,
 And giue their fasting Horses Prouender, [86b
 60 And after fight with them?

Const. I stay but for my Guard: on
 To the field, I will the Banner from a Trumpet take,
 And vse it for my haste. Come, come away,
 The Sunne is high, and we out-weare the day.

Exeunt.

IV. iii.

Enter Clarence, Gloster, Exeter, and Salisburie.*War.* My Lords the French are very strong.*Exe.* There is fue to one, and yet they all are fresfh.*War.* Of fighting men they haue full fortie thousand.*Sal.* The oddes is all too great. Farewell kind Lords:9 *Braue Clarence*, and my Lord of *Gloster*,My Lord of *Warwicke*, and to all farewell.*Clar.* Farewell kind Lord, fight valiantly to day,

And yet in truth, I do thee wrong,

For thou art made on the rruue sparkes of honour.

*Enter King.**War.* O would we had but ten thousand men

Now at this instant, that doth not worke in England.

18 *King.* Whose that, that wisbes so, my Cousen *Warwick*?

31 Gods will, I would not loofe the honour

One man would share from me,

Not for my Kingdome.

No faith my Cousen, with not one man more,

Rather proclaime it presently through our campe,

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

IV. iii.

Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham
with all his Hoast: Salisbury, and
*Westmerland.**Glouc.* Where is the King?*Bedf.* The King himselfe is rode to view their Bat-
taile.*West.* Of fighting men they haue full threescore thou-
sand.*Exe.* There's fue to one, besides they all are fresfh.*Salisb.* Gods Arme strike with vs, 'tis a fearefull oddes.

God buy' you Princes all; Ile to my Charge:

If we no more meet, till we meet in Heauen;

Then ioyfully, my Noble Lord of Bedford,

My deare Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,

10 And my kind Kinsman. Warriors all, adieu.

Bedf. Farwell good *Salisbury*, & good luck go with thee:

And yet I doe thee wrong, to mind thee of it,

For thou art fram'd of the firme truth of valour.

Exe. Farwell kind Lord: fight valiantly to day.*Bedf.* He is as full of Valour as of Kindnesse,
Princely in both.

IV. iii.

Enter Clarence, Gloster, Exeter, & Salisbury.

War. My Lords, the French are very itrong,

Ex. There's fue to one, and yet they are all fresfh.

War. Of fighting men they haue full forty thousand.

Sal. The oddes is all too great. Farwell kinde Lords:

9 Braue Clarence, and my Lord of Gloster,

My Lord of Warwicke, and to all farewell.

Cl. Farewell kinde Lords, fight valiantly to day,

And yet in truth I do thee wrong,

For thou art made on the true sparkes of honor.

Enter King.

War. O would we had but ten thousand men

Now at this instant, that doth not worke in England.

18 *King.* Whose that, that wifhes so, my cousen Warwick?

31 Gods will I would not loofe the honour

One man would fhare from me,

Not for my kindome.

No faith my Cofen, with not one man more,

Rather proclaime it presently through our camp

[E.]

The Life of Henry the Fifth (F₁).

Enter the King.

West. O that we now had here

But one ten thousand of those men in England,

That doe no worke to day.

King. What's he that wifhes so?

My Cousin *Westmerland*. No, my faire Cousin:

20 If we are markt to dye, we are enow

To doe our Countrey losse: and if to liue,

The fewer men, the greater fhare of honour.

Gods will, I pray thee with not one man more.

By *Ioue*, I am not couetous for Gold,

Nor care I who doth feed vpon my coft:

It yernes me not, if men my Garments weare;

Such outward things dwell not in my desires.

But if it be a sinne to couet Honor,

I am the most offending Soule aliu.

30 No faith, my Couze, with not a man from England:

Gods peace, I would not loofe so great an Honor,

As one man more me thinkes would fhare from me,

For the best hope I haue. O, doe not with one more:

Rather proclaime it (*Westmerland*) through my Hoast,

IV.iii.

That he that hath no stomacke to this feaft,
 Let him depart, his passport shall bee drawne,
 And crownes for conuoy put into his purse,
 We would not die in that mans company,
 That feares his fellowship to die with vs.

[E.]

- 40 This day is called the day of Cryspin,
 He that outliues this day, and fees old age,
 Shall stand a tiptoe when this day is named,
 And rowle him at the name of Cryspin.
 He that out liues this day, and comes safe home,
 Shall yearely on the vygill feaft his friends,
 And say, to morrow is S. Cryspines day:
 Then shall we in their flowing bowles
 Be newly remembred. *Harry* the King,

- 53 *Bedford* and *Exeter*, *Clarence* and *Gloster*,
Warwick and *Yorke*.

Familiar in their mouthes as household words.
 This story shall the good man tell his sonne,
 And from this day, vnto the generall doome:
 But we in it shall be remembred.

- 60 We fewe, we happie fewe, we bond of brothers,
 For he to day that sheads his blood by mine,
 Shalbe my brother: be he nere so bafe,
 This day shall gentle his condition.
 Then shall he strip his sleeues, and shew his skars,
 And say, these wounds I had on Crispines day:
 And Gentlemen in England now a-bed,

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
 Let him depart, his Passport shall be made,
 And Crownes for Conuoy put into his Purse:
 We would not dye in that mans companie,
 That feares his fellowship, to dye with vs.

- 40 This day is call'd the Feaft of *Crispian*:
 He that out-liues this day, and comes safe home,
 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
 And rowle him at the Name of *Crispian*.
 He that shall see this day, and liue old age,
 Will yeerely on the Vigil feaft his neighbours,
 And say, to morrow is Saint *Crispian*.
 Then will he strip his sleeue, and shew his skarres:
 Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot:
 50 But hee'll remember, with aduantages,

IV. iii.

That he that hath no stomacke to this feast
Let him depart, his palport shall bee drawne,
And crownes for conuoy put into his purse,
We would not dye in that mans company,
That feares his fellowship to dye with vs.

- 40 This day is called the day of Crispin:
He that out-liues this day, and fees olde age,
Shall stand a tipto when this day is named,
And rowse him at the name of Crispin.
He that out-liues this day, and comes safe home,
Shall yearly on the vigill feast his friends,
And say, to morrow is S. Crispins day:
Then shall we in their flowing boules
Be newly remembred. *Harry the King,*
53 *Bedford and Exeter, Clarence, and Gloster,*
Warwicke, and Yorke,
Familiar in their mouths as household wordes.
This story shall the good man tell his son,
And from this day vnto the generall doome,
But we in it shall be remembred.
- 60 We few, we happy few, we bond of brothers,
For he to day that sheds his blood by mine
Shall be my brother. Be he nere so base
This day shall gentle his condition.
Then shal he strip his sleeues, & shew his scars,
And say, these wounds I had on Crispins day.
And Gentlemen in England now a bed,

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

- What feats he did that day. Then shall our Names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing Cups freshly remembred.
This story shall the good man teach his sonne:
And *Crispine Crispian* shall ne're goe by,
From this day to the ending of the World,
But we in it shall be remembred;
- 60 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
For he to day that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother: be he ne're so vile,
This day shall gentle his Condition.
And Gentlemen in England, now a bed,

[87a

IV. iii.

Shall thinke themfelues accurst,
And hold their manhood cheape,
While any speake that fought with vs
Vpon Saint Crispines day.

Glost. My gracious Lord,
The French is in the field.

Kin. Why all things are ready, if our minds be so.

72 *War.* Perifh the man whose mind is backward now.

King. Thou dost not with more help frõ England coufen?

War. Gods will my Liege, would you and I alone,
Without more helpe, might fight this battle out.
Why well said. That doth please me better,
Then to with me one. You know your charge,
God be with you all.

King.

[E. *

Enter the Herald from the French.

Herald. Once more I come to know of thee king *Henry*,
80 What thou wilt giue for raunfome?

Kin. Who hath sent thee now?

Her. The Constable of *France*.

Kin. I prethy beare my former answer backe:
Bid them atchieue me, and then sell my bones.

92 Good God, why should they mock good fellows
The man that once did sell the Lions skin, (thus?)

The Life of Henry the Fift (F.).

Shall thinke themfelues accurst they were not here;
And hold their Manhoods cheape, whiles any speakes,
That fought with vs vpon Saint *Crispines* day.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. My Soueraign Lord, bestow your selfe with speed:
The French are brauely in their battailes set,
70 And will with all expedience charge on vs.

King. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

West. Perifh the man, whose mind is backward now.

King. Thou dost not with more helpe from England,
Couze?

West. Gods will, my Liege, would you and I alone,
Without more helpe, could fight this Royall battaile.

King. Why now thou hast vnwisht fve thousand men:
Which likes me better, then to with vs one.
You know your places: God be with you all.

IV. iii.

Shall thinke themselves accurst,

They were not there, when any speakes
That fought with vs vpon S. Crispines day.

Glo. My gracious Lord,
The French is in the field.

Kin. Why all things are ready if our mindes be so.

72 *War.* Perish the man whose minde is backward now.

King. Thou dost not wish more helpe from England, [E.*
Cousen?

War. Gods will my Liege, would you and I alone,
Without more helpe, might fight this battell out.
Why well said. That doth please me better,
Then to wish me one. You know your charge,
God be with you all.

Enter the Herald from the French.

Her. Once more I come to know of thee king *Henry*.

80 What thou wilt giue for ranfome?

King. Who hath sent thee now?

Her. The Conftable of *France*.

King. I prethee beare my former answer backe.

Bid them atchieue me, and then sell my bones.

92 Good God, why should they mocke good fellows thus?

The man that once did sell the Lyons skin

The Life of Henry the Fifth (F.).

Tucket. Enter Montioy.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee King *Harry*.

80 If for thy Ranfome thou wilt now compound,

Before thy most assured Ouerthrow:

For certainly, thou art so neere the Gulfe,

Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy

The Conftable desires thee, thou wilt mind

Thy followers of Repentance; that their Soules

May make a peacefull and a sweet retyre

From off these fields: where (wretches) their poore bodies

Must lye and fester.

King. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The Conftable of *France*.

90 *King.* I pray thee beare my former Answer back:

Bid them atchieue me, and then sell my bones.

Good God, why should they mock poore fellows thus?

The man that once did sell the Lyons skin

IV. iii.

While the beaft liued, was kild with hunting him.
 A many of our bodies fhall no doubt
 Finde graues within your realme of *France*:
 Tho buried in your dunghills, we fhall be famed,
 100 For there the Sun fhall greeete them,
 And draw vp their honors reaking vp to heauen,
 Leauing their earthly parts to choke your clyme:
 The fmel wherof, fhall breed a plague in *France*:
 Marke then abundant valour in our Englifh,
 That being dead, like to the bullets crafing,
 Breakes forth into a fecond courfe of mifchiefe,
 Killing in relaps of mortalitie:
 Let me fpeake proudly,
 112 Ther 's not a peece of feather in our campe,
 Good argument I hope we fhall not flye:
 And time hath worne vs into flouendry.
 But by the mas, our hearts are in the trim,
 And my poore fouldiers tel me, yet ere night
 They be in frefher robes, or they will plucke
 The gay new cloathes ore your French fouldiers eares,
 And turne them out of fervice. If they do this,
 120 As if it pleafe God they fhall,
 Then fhall our ranfome foone be leuied.
 Saue thou thy labour Herauld:
 Come thou no more for ranfom, gentle Herauld.
 They fhall haue nought I fweare, but thefe my bones:

[Ea

The Life of Henry the Fift (F.).

While the beaft liu'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
 A many of our bodyes fhall no doubt
 Find Natiue Graues: vpon the which, I truſt
 Shall witneffe liue in Braſſe of this dayes worke.
 And thoſe that leaue their valiant bones in *France*,
 Dying like men, though buried in your Dunghills,
 100 They fhall be fam'd: for there the Sun fhall greet them,
 And draw their honors reeking vp to Heauen,
 Leauing their earthly parts to choake your Clyme,
 The ſmell whereof fhall breed a Plague in *France*.
 Marke then abounding valour in our Englifh:
 That being dead, like to the bullets crafing,
 Breake out into a fecond courfe of mifchiefe,
 Killing in relapſe of Mortalitie.
 Let me ſpeake proudly: Tell the Conſtable,
 We are but Warriors for the working day:

IV. iii.

- VVhile the beaft liued, was kild with hunting him.
And many of our bodies fhall no doubt
Finde graues within your Realme of *France*:
Though buried in your dunghils, we fhall be famed,
100 For there the Sunne fhall greete them,
And draw vp their honors reaking vp to heauen,
Leauing their earthly parts to choake your clime;
The fmell whereof, fhall breed a plague in *France*;
Marke then abundant valour in our Englifh,
That being dead, like to the bullets crafing,
Breakes foorth into a fecond courfe of mifchiefe,
Killing in relaps of mortality:
Let me fpeake proudly,
112 There's not a peece of feather in our Campe;
Good argument I hope we fhall not flye,
And time hath worne vs into flouendry.
But by the mafle, our hearts are in the trim,
And my poore fouldiers tell me, yet ere night
They'l be in freffer robes, or they will plucke
The gay new cloaths ore your French fouldiers eares,
And turne them out of feruice. If they do this,
120 As if it pleafe God they fhall,
Then fhall our ranfome foone be leuied;
Saue thou thy labour Herauld,
Come thou no more for ranfome, gentle Herauld.
They fhall haue nought I fweare, but thefe my bones:

[E]

The Life of Henry the Fift (F).

- 110 Our Gayneffe and our Gilt are all befmyrcht
With raynie Marching in the painefull field.
There's not a peece of feather in our Hoaft:
Good argument (I hope) we will not flye:
And time hath worne vs into flouenrie.
But by the Maffe, our hearts are in the trim:
And my poore Souldiers tell me, yet ere Night,
They'le be in freffer Robes, or they will pluck
The gay new Coats o're the French Souldiers heads,
And turne them out of feruice. If they doe this,
120 As if God pleafe, they fhall; my Ranfome then
Will foone be leuyed.
Herauld, faue thou thy labour:
Come thou no more for Ranfome, gentle Herauld,
They fhall haue none, I fweare, but thefe my ioynts:

[87b]

IV. iii.

Which if they haue, as I wil leaue am them,
Will yeeld them litle, tell the Conftable.

Her. I fhall deliuer fo.

Exit Herauld.

Yorke. My gracious Lord, vpon my knee I craue,
130 The leading of the vaward.

Kin. Take it braue *Yorke.* Come fouldiers lets away:
And as thou pleafest God, difpofe the day.

Exit.

IV. v. *Enter the foure French Lords.*

Ge. O diabello.

Const. Mor du ma vie.

Or. O what a day is this!

Bur. O Iour dei houte all is gone, all is loft.

Con. We are inough yet liuing in the field,
To smother vp the Englifh,
If any order might be thought vpon.

Bur. A plague of order, once more to the field,
12 And he that will not follow *Burbon* now,
Let him go home, and with his cap in hand,
Like a bace leno hold the chamber doore,
Why leaft by a flaue no gentler then my dog,
His faireft daughter is contamuracke.

Con. Diforder that hath fpoild vs, right vs now,
Come we in heapes, wee le offer vp our liues
Vnto thefe Englifh, or elfe die with fame.
Come, come along,

23 Lets dye with honour, our fhame doth laft too long.

Exit omnes.

The Life of Henry the Fift (F.).

Which if they haue, as I will leaue vm them,
Shall yeeld them little, tell the Conftable.

Mont. I fhall, King *Harry.* And fo fare thee well:
Thou neuer fhalt heare Herauld any more. *Exit.*

King. I feare thou wilt once more come againe for a
Ranfome.

Enter Yorke.

Yorke. My Lord, moft humbly on my knee I begge
130 The leading of the Vaward.

IV. iii.

Which if they haue, as I will leaue vm them,
VVill yeeld them little, tell the Conftable.

Her. I fhall deliuer fo.

Exit Herald.

Yorke. My gracious Lord, vpon my knee I craue
180 The leading of the vaward.

King. Take it braue *Yorke.*

Come souldiers let's away,

And as thou pleafest God, difpofe the day.

Exit.

IV. v.

Enter the foure French Lords.

Gebon. O diabello.

Con. Mor du ma vie.

Orle. O what a day is this!

Bur. O Iour dei houte all is gone, all is loft.

Con. VVe are enow yet liuing in the field,

To fmother vp the Englifh,

If any order might be thought vpon.

Bur. A plague of order, once more to the field,

12 And he that will not follow *Burbon* now,

Let him go home, and with his cap in hand,

Like a bafe leno hold the chamber doore,

VVhy leaft by a flane no gentler then my dog,

His faireft daughter is contamuracke.

Con. Diforder that hath fpoild vs, right vs now,

Come we in heapes, wee'l offer vp our liues

Vnto thefe Englifh, or elfe die with fame.

Come, come along,

[E.*

23 Lets dye with honor, our fhame doth laft too long.

Exit omnes

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

King. Take it, braue *Yorke.*

Now Souldiers march away,

And how thou pleafest God, difpofe the day. *Exeunt.*

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

IV. iv.

Alarum. Excursions.

Enter Pistol, French Souldier, Boy.

Pist. Yeeld Curre.

French. *Je pense que vous estes le Gentilhomme de bon qualitee.*

Pist. Qualitie calmie culture me. Art thou a Gentleman? What is thy Name? discusse.

French. *O Seigneur Dieu.*

Pist. O Signieur Dewe should be a Gentleman: perpend my words O Signieur Dewe, and marke: O Signieur Dewe, thou dyest on point of Fox, except O Signieur
10 thou doe giue to me egregious Ransome.

French. *O prenes misericordie aye pitez de moy.*

Pist. Moy shall not serue, I will haue fortie Moyes: for I will fetch thy rymme out at thy Throat, in droppes of Crimfon blood.

French. *Est il impossible d'eschapper le force de ton bras.*

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

Fift. Brasse, Curre? thou damned and luxurious Moun-
20 taine Goat, offer'ft me Brasse?

French. *O pardonne moy.*

Fift. Say'ft thou me so? is that a Tonne of Moyes?
Come hither boy, aske me this flaue in French what is his
Name.

Boy. *Escoute comment estes vous appelle?*

French. *Mounſieur le Fer.*

Boy. He sayes his Name is M. *Fer.*

Fift. M. *Fer.* Ile fer him, and firke him, and ferret him:
30 discusse the same in French vnto him.

Boy. I doe not know the French for fer, and ferret, and
firke.

Fift. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

French. *Que dit il Mounſieur?*

Boy. *Il me commande a vous dire que vous faite vous
prest, car ce soldat icy est disposee tout asture de couppez vostre
gorge.*

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

R₁t. Owy, cuppele gorge permafey pelant, vnleffe
thou giue me Crownes, braue Crownes; or mangled fhalt
40 thou be by this my Sword.

French. O le vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu: ma par-
donner, le suis le Gentilhomme de bon maison, garde ma vie, & le
vous donneray deux cent escus.

R₁t. What are his words?

Boy. He prayes you to saue his life, he is a Gentleman
of a good houle, and for his ransom he will giue you two
hundred Crownes.

50 *R₁t.* Tell him my fury shall abate, and I the Crownes
will take.

Fren. Petit Monsieur que dit il?

Boy. Encore qu'il et contra son Iurement, de pardonner au-
cune prisonner: neunt-mons pour les escues que vous layt a pro-
mets, il est content a vous donne le liberte le franchisement.

Fre. Sur mes genoux se vous donnez milles remerciours, et
le me estime heureux que le intombe, entre les main. d'en Che-
ualier le peuse le plus braue valiant et tres distinie signieur
60 d'Angleterre.

The Life of Henry the Fifth (F₁).

Fift. Expound vnto me boy.

Boy. He giues you vpon his knees a thousand thanks, and he esteemes himselfe happy, that he hath falne into the hands of one (as he thinkes) the most braue, valorous and thrice-worthy signeur of England.

Pift. As I sucke blood, I will some mercy shew. Follow mee.

70 *Boy.* *Saaue vous le grand Capitaine?*

I did neuer know so full a voyce issue from so emptie a heart: but the saying is true, The empty vessel makes the greatest sound, *Bardolfe* and *Nym* had tenne times more valour, then this roaring diuell i'th olde play, that euerie one may payre his nayles with a woodden dagger, and they are both hang'd, and so would this be, if hee durst steale any thing aduenturously. I must stay with the
80 Lackies with the luggage of our camp, the French might haue a good pray of vs, if he knew of it, for there is none to guard it but boyes.

Exit.

Enter Pistoll, the French man, and the Boy.

[E.*]

Pist. Eyld cur, eyld cur.12 *French.* O Monfire, ie vous en pree aues petie de moy.*Pist.* Moy shall not serue. I will haue fortie moys.

24 Boy aske him his name.

Boy. Comant ettes vous apelles?*French.* Monfier Fer.*Boy.* He saies his name is Master *Fer*.*Pist.* Ile Fer him, and ferit him, and ferke him:

Boy discus the same in French.

32 *Boy.* Sir I do not know, whats French

For fer, ferit and fearkt.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I wil cut his throate.*Boy.* Feate, vou preat, ill voulls coupele votre gage.*Pist.* Ony e ma foy couple la gorge.

Vnlelse thou giue to me egregious raunfome, dye.

One poynt of a foxe.

52 *French.* Qui dit ill monsiere.

Ill ditye si vou ny vouly pa domy luy.

Boy. La gran ranfome, ill vou tueres.*French.* O Iee vous en pri petit gentelhome, parle

A cee, gran capataine, pour auez mercie

A moy, ey Iee donerees pour mon ranfome

Cinquante ocios. Ie luyes vngentelhome de *France*.*Pist.* What sayes he boy?*Boy.* Marry fir he sayes, he is a Gentleman of a great
Houfe, of *France*: and for his ranfome,

He will giue you 500. crownes.

Pist. My fury shall abate,

And I the Crownes will take.

68 And as I suck blood, I will some mercie shew.

Follow me cur.

Exit omnes.

IV. iv.

Enter Pistoll; the French man, and the boy.

Pist. Eyld cur, eyld cur.

12 *French.* O Monsieur, ie vou en pree aues petie de moy.

Pist. Moy shall not serue, I will haue forty moys.

Boy, aske his name.

24 *Boy.* Comant ettes vous apelles?

Fren. Monsieur Fer.

Boy. He sayes his name is master Fer.

Pist. Ile Fer him, and ferit him, and ferke him,

Boy discusse the same in French.

32 *Boy.* Sir I do not know whats French for Fer, ferite, and fearke.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

Boy. Feate, vou preat, ill voulles couple votre gorge.

Pist. Onye ma foy couple la gorge,

Vnlesse thou giue to me egregious ranfome, dye.

One point of a fox.

52 *Fren.* Qui dit ill monfieur.

Ill ditye si vou ny vouly pa domy luy.

Boy. La gran ranfome, ill voutueres.

Fren. O ie vous en pri petit gentelhome, parle

A cee, gran Captaine, pour auez mercie

A moy, ey iee donerees pour mon ranfome

Cinquante ocios. Ie fuyes vngentelhome de France.

Pist. What sayes he boy?

Boy. Marry sir he sayes he is a gentleman of a great

Houfe of France, and for his ranfome,

He will giue you 500. Crownes.

Pist. My fury shall abate,

And I the Crownes will take,

68 And as I sucke blood, I will some mercie shew.

Follow me cur.

[E.]

Exit omnes

*Enter Constable, Orleance, Burbon, Dolphin,
and Ramburs.*

Con. O Diable.

Orl. O signeur le iour et perdia, toute et perdie.

Dol. *Mor Dieu ma vie*, all is confounded all,

Reproach, and everlasting shame

Sits mocking in our Plumes.

A short Alarum.

O meschante Fortune, do not runne away.

Con. Why all our rankes are broke.

Dol, O perdurable shame, let's stab our selues:

Be these the wretches that we plaid at dice for?

Orl. Is this the King we sent too, for his ranfome?

10 *Bur.* Shame, and eternall shame, nothing but shame,

Let vs dye in once more backe againe,

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

And he that will not follow *Burbon* now,
Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand
Like a base Pander hold the Chamber doore,
Whilst a base slaue, no gentler then my dogge,
His fairest daughter is contaminated.

Con. Disorder that hath spoyl'd vs, friend vs now,
Let vs on heapes go offer vp our liues.

Orl. We are enow yet liuing in the Field,
20 To smother vp the English in our throngs,
If any order might be thought vpon.

Bur. The diuell take Order now, Ile to the throng;
Let life be short, else shame will be too long. *Exit.*

Enter the King and his Nobles, Pistoll.

King. What the French retire?
Yet all is not done, yet keepe the French the field. [E.
Exe. The Duke of *Yorke* commends him to your Grace.
King. Liues he good Vnckle, twife I sawe him downe,
Twife vp againe:
From helmet to the spurre, all bleeding ore.
Exe. In which aray, braue souldier doth he lye,
Larding the plaines, and by his bloody fide,
Yoake^o fellow to his honour dying wounds,
10 The noble Earle of *Suffolke* also lyes.
Suffolke first dyde, and *Yorke* all hasted ore,
Comes to him where in blood he lay steept,
And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes
That bloodily did yane vpon his face,
And cryde aloud, tary deare coufin *Suffolke*:
My soule shall thine keep company in heauen:
Tary deare soule awhile, then flie to rest:
And in this glorious and well foughten field,
We kept together in our chiualdry.
20 Vpon these words I came and cheerd them vp,
He tooke me by the hand, said deare my Lord,
Commend my seruice to my soueraigne.
So did he turne, and ouer *Suffolkes* necke
He threw his wounded arme, and so espoused to death,
With blood he sealed. An argument

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

*Alarum. Enter the King and his trayne,
with Prisoners.*

King. Well haue we done, thrice-ualiant Countrimen,
But all's not done, yet keepe the French the field.
Exe. The D. of York commends him to your Maiesty
King. Liues he good Vnckle: thrice within this houre [88b
I saw him downe; thrice vp againe, and fighting,
From Helmet to the spurre, all blood he was.
Exe. In which aray (braue Soldier) doth he lye,
Larding the plaine: and by his bloody fide,
(Yoake-fellow to his honour-owing-wounds)
10 The Noble Earle of *Suffolke* also lyes.
Suffolke first dyed, and *Yorke* all hagled ouer
Comes to him, where in gore he lay infteeped,

Enter the King, his Nobles, and Pistoll.

King. What the French retire?

Yet als not done, the French keepes still the field.

Ex. The Duke of Yorke commends him to your Grace.

Kin. Liues he good vnkle, twice I saw him downe,

Twice vp againe:

From helmet to the spur, all bleeding ore.

Exe. In which array, braue souldier doth he lye,

Larding the plaines, and by his bloody side,

Yoake-fellow to his honour-dying wounds,

10 The Noble Earle of Suffolke also lyes.

Suffolke first dyed, and Yorke all wounded ore

Comes to him where in blood he lay all steept,

And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes

That bloudily did yawne vpon his face,

And cryed aloud, tarry deere cousin Suffolke:

My soule shall thine keepe company in heauen:

Tarry deere soule awhile, then flye to rest:

And in this glorious and well-foughten field,

We kept together in our Chivalry:

20 Vpon these words I came and cheer'd them up,

He tooke me by the hand, faide deere my Lorde,

Commend my seruice to my Soueraigne,

So did he turne, and ouer Suffolkes necke

He threw his wounded arme, and so espous'd to death

With blood he sealed. An argument

The Life of Henry the Fifth (F¹).

And takes him by the Beard, kisses the gashes

That bloodily did yawne vpon his face.

He cries aloud; Tarry my Cousin Suffolke,

My soule shall thine keepe company to heauen:

Tarry (sweet soule) for mine, then flye a-breft:

As in this glorious and well-foughten field

We kept together in our Chivalrie.

20 Vpon these words I came, and cheer'd him vp,

He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,

And with a feeble gripe, sayes: Deere my Lord,

Commend my seruice to my Soueraigne,

So did he turne, and ouer Suffolkes necke

He threw his wounded arme, and kist his lippes,

And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd

IV. vi.

Of neuer ending loue. The pretie and sweet maner of it,

Forft those waters from me, which I would haue ftopt,

30 But I not fo much of man in me,

But all my mother came into my eyes,

And gaue me vp to teares.

Kin. I blame you not: for hearing you,
I muft conuert to teares.

Alarum foundes.

What new alarum is this?

Bid euery fouldier kill his prifoner.

Fift. Couple gorge. *Exit omnes.*

IV. vii.

Enter Flewellen, and Captaine Gower.

[E.*

Flew. Godes plud kil the boyes and the luyge,
Tis the arrants peece of knauery as can be defired,
In the worell now, in your confcience now.

Gour. Tis certaine, there is not a Boy left aliue,
And the cowardly rafcals that ran from the battell,
Themfelues haue done this flaughter:

Befide, they haue carried away and burnt,
All that was in the kings Tent:

10 Whervpon the king caufed euery prifoners
Throat to be cut. O he is a worthy king.

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

A Testament of Noble-ending-loue:

The prettie and sweet manner of it forc'd

Those waters from me, which I would haue ftop'd,

10 But I had not fo much of man in mee,

And all my mother came into mine eyes,

And gaue me vp to teares.

King. I blame you not,
For hearing this, I muft perforce compound
With mixtfull eyes, or they will iffue to.

Alarum

But hearke, what new alarum is this fame?

The French haue re-enforc'd their fcatcer'd men:

Then euery fouldiour kill his Prifoners,

Giue the word through.

Exit

IV. vi.

Of neuer-ending loue.

The pretty and sweete manner of it,

Forc'd those waters from me, which I would haue stoppte,

30 But I had not so much of man in me,

But all my mother came into my eyes,

And gaue me vp to teares.

Kin. I blame you not: for hearing you,

I must conuert to teares.

Alarum sounds.

[E.*

VVhat new alarum is this?

Bid euery souldier kill his prifoner.

Pist. Couple gorge.

Exit omnes.

IV. vii. *Enter Flewellen, and Captaine Gower.*

Flew. Godes plud kill the boyes and the luggye,

Tis the arrants peece of knauery as can be desired

In the worell now, in your conscience now.

Gower. Tis certaine, there's not a boy left alieue,

And the cowardly rascals that ran from the battell,

Themselues haue done this slaughter;

Beside, they haue carried away and burnt

All that was in the Kings Tent:

10 VVhereupon the king caused euery prifoners

Throat to be cut. Oh he is a worthy King.

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

Actus Quartus.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Flu. Kill the poyes and the luggage, 'Tis expressely
against the Law of Armes, tis as arrant a peece of knaue-
ry marke you now, as can bee offert in your Conscience
now, is it not?

Gow. Tis certaine, there's not a boy left alieue, and the
Cowardly Rascalls that ranne from the battaile ha' done
this slaughter: besides they haue burned and carried a-
way all that was in the Kings Tent, wherefore the King
most worthily hath caus'd euery soldiour to cut his pri-
10 soners throat. O 'tis a gallant King.

IV.vii.

Flew. I, he was born at *Monmorth*.Captain *Gower*, what call you the place where
Alexander the big was borne?*Gour.* *Alexander* the great.*Flew.* Why I pray, is nat big great?

As if I say, big or great, or magnanimous,

I hope it is all one reconing,

Saue the fraise is a litle variation.

20 *Gour.* I thinke *Alexander* the greatWas borne at *Macedon*.His father was called *Philip* of *Macedon*,As *I* take it.*Flew.* I thinke it was *Macedon* indeed where *Alexander*
Was borne: looke you capitaine *Gower*,

And if you looke into the mappes of the worrell well,

You shall finde litle difference betweene

Macedon and *Monmorth*. Looke you, there isA Riuer in *Macedon*, and there is also a RiuerIn *Monmorth*, the Riuers name at *Monmorth*,Is called *Wye*.

30 But tis out of my braine, what is the name of the other:

But tis all one, tis so like, as my fingers is to my fingers,

And there is Samons in both.

Looke you capitaine *Gower*, and you marke it,You shall finde our King is come after *Alexander*. [F₁]God knowes, and you know, that *Alexander* in his

Bowles, and his alles, and his wrath, and his displeasures,

41 And indignations, was kill his friend *Clitus*.*The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).**Flu.* I, hee was borne at *Monmouth* Capitaine *Gower*:
What call you the Townes name where *Alexander* the
pig was borne?*Gow.* *Alexander* the Great.*Flu.* Why I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or
the grear, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnani-
mous, are all one reckonings, saue the phraise is a litle va-
riations.20 *Gower.* I thinke *Alexander* the Great was borne in
Macedon, his Father was called *Phillip* of *Macedon*, as I
take it.*Flu.* I thinke it is in *Macedon* where *Alexander* is
borne: I tell you Capitaine, if you looke in the Maps of
the Orld, I warrant you shall finde in the comparifons be- [89*]

IV. vii.

Flew. I, he was borne at *Monmouth*;
Captaine *Gower*, what call you the place where
Alexander the big was borne?

Gower. *Alexander* the great.

Flew. VVhy I pray, is not big great?
As if I say, big, or great, or magnanimous,
I hope tis all one reckoning,
Saue the phrafe is a little variation.

20 *Gower.* I thinke *Alexander* the great
VVas borne at *Macedon*,
His father was called *Philip* of *Macedon*,
As I take it.

Flew. I thinke it was *Macedon* indeed
VVhere *Alexander* was borne:
Looke you Captaine *Gower*,
And if you looke into the Maps of the worell well,
You fhall finde little difference betweene
Macedon and *Monmorth*. Looke you, there is
A Riuer in *Macedon*, and there is also a Riuer
In *Monmorth*, the Riuers name at *Monmorth*
Is called *Wye*.

[F₁

30 But tis out of my braine what is the name of the other:
But tis all one, tis so like, as my fingers is to fingers,
And there is Samons in both.
Looke you Captaine *Gower*, and you marke it,
You fhall finde our King is come after *Alexander*,
God knowes, and you know, that *Alexander* in his
Bowles, and his Ales, and his wrath, & his displeasures
41 And indignations, was kill his friend *Clytus*.

The Life of Henry the Fifth (F₁).

tweene *Macedon* & *Monmouth*, that the situations looke
you, is both alike. There is a Riuer in *Macedon*, & there
is also moreouer a Riuer at *Monmouth*, it is call'd *Wye* at
Monmouth: but it is out of my praines, what is the name
30 of the other Riuer: but 'tis all one, tis alike as my fingers
is to my fingers, and there is Salmons in both. If you
marke *Alexanders* life well, *Harry* of *Monmouthes* life is
come after it indifferent well, for there is figures in all
things. *Alexander* God knowes, and you know, in his
rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his chollers, and
his moodes, and his displeasures, and his indignations,
and also being a little intoxicates in his praines, did in
40 his Ales and his angers (looke you) kill his beft friend
Clytus.

Gower. I but our King is not like him in that,
For he neuer killd any of his friends.

Flew. Looke you, tis not well done to take the tale out
Of a mans mouth, ere it is made an end and finished:
I speake in the comparifons, as *Alexander* is kill
His friend *Clytus*: so our King being in his ripe
Wits and iudgements, is turne away, the fat knite
50 With the great belly doublet: I am forget his name.

Gower. Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*.

Flew. I, I thinke it is Sir *Iohn Falstaffe* indeed,
I can tell you, theres good men borne at *Monmouth*.

Enter King and the Lords.

King. I was not angry since I came into *France*,
Vntill this houre.

Take a trumpet Heralde,
60 And ride vnto the horsmen on yon hill:
If they will fight with vs bid them come downe,
Or leaue the field, they do offend our fight:
Will they do neither, we will come to them,
And make them skyr away, as fast
As stones enforst from the old Affirian slings.
Besides, wee cut the throats of those we haue,
And not one alius shall taste our mercy.

The Life of Henry the Fift (F.).

Gow. Our King is not like him in that, he neuer kill'd
any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done (marke you now) to take the
tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak
but in the figures, and comparifons of it: as *Alexander*
kild his friend *Clytus*, being in his Ales and his Cuppes; so
also *Harry Monmouth* being in his right wittes, and his
50 good iudgements, turn'd away the fat Knight with the
great belly doublet: he was full of iests, and gypes, and
knaueries, and mockes, I haue forgot his name.

Gow. Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*.

Flu. That is he: Ile tell you, there is good men porne
at *Monmouth*.

Gow. Heere comes his Maiefty.

IV.vii.

Gow. I but our King is not like him in that,
For he neuer kild any of his friends.

Flew. Looke you, tis not well done to take the tale out
Of a mans mouth, ere it is made an end and finifhed :
I speake in the comparifons, as *Alexander* is kill
His friend *Clitus*: fo our King being in his ripe
Wits and iudgements, is turne away the fat Knite
With the great belly doublet:

53 I am forget his name.

Gower. Sir Iohn Falstaffe.

Flew. I, I thinke it is Sir Iohn Falstaffe indeed,
I can tell you, there's good men borne at *Monmorth*,

Enter the King and his Lords.

King. I was not angry fince I came in France,
Vntill this houre.

Take a Trumpet Herauld,

60 And ride vnto the horsemen on yon hill:

If they will fight with vs, bid them come downe,
Or leaue the field, they do offend our fight.

Will they do neither, we will come to them,

And make them skyr away, as fast

As stones enforc'd from the old Affyrian flings.

Befides, weel cut the throats of thofe we haue,

And not one aliuie fhall tafte our mercy.

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

*Alarum. Enter King Harry and Burbon
with prifoners. Flourifh.*

King. I was not angry fince I came to France,
Vntill this instant. Take a Trumpet Herald,

60 Ride thou vnto the Horfemen on yond hill:

If they will fight with vs, bid them come downe,

Or voyde the field: they do offend our fight.

If they'l do neither, we will come to them,

And make them sker away, as fwift as stones

Enforced from the old Affyrian flings:

Befides, wee'l cut the throats of thofe we haue,

And not a man of them that we fhall take,

Shall tafte our mercy. Go and tell them fo.

Enter the Herauld.

Gods will what meanes this? knowft thou not
 72 That we haue fined thefe bones of ours for ranfome?

Herauld. I come great king for charitable fauour,
 To fort our Nobles from our common men,
 We may haue leaue to bury all our dead,
 Which in the field lye fpoyled and troden on.

Kin. I tell thee truly Herauld, I do not know whether
 The day be ours or no:

[F.*]

88 For yet a many of your French do keep the field.

Hera. The day is yours.

Kin. Praised be God therefore.
 What Caſtle call you that?

Hera. We call it *Agincourt*.

Kin. Then call we this the field of *Agincourt*.
 Fought on the day of *Cryſpin*, *Cryſpin*.

Flew. Your grandfather of famous memorie,
 If your grace be remembred,
 Is do good ſeruice in *France*.

100 *Kin.* Tis true *Flewellen*.

Flew. Your Maieſtie ſayes verie true.
 And it pleaſe your Maieſtie,
 The Wealchmen there was do good ſeruice,

*The Life of Henry the Fift (F.).**Enter Montioy.*

Exe. Here comes the Herald of the French, my Liege

70 *Glou.* His eyes are humbler then they vs'd to be.

King. How now, what meanes this Herald? Knowft
 thou not,

That I haue fin'd thefe bones of mine for ranfome?
 Com'ft thou againe for ranfome?

Her. No great King:

I come to thee for charitable Licenſe,
 That we may wander ore this bloody field,
 To booke our dead, and then to bury them,
 To fort our Nobles from our common men.
 For many of our Princes (woe the while)
 Lye drown'd and foak'd in mercenary blood:

80 So do our vulgar drench their peaſant limbes
 In blood of Princes, and with wounded ſteeds
 Fret fet-locke deepe in gore, and with wilde rage
 Yerke out their armed heeles at their dead maſters,
 Killing them twice. O giue vs leaue great King,

IV.vii.

Enter the Herald.

[F₁*]

Gods will what meanes this? knowst thou not

72 That we haue fined these bones of ours for ranfome?

Her. I come great King for charitable fauour,
To fort our Nobles from our common men,
We may haue leaue to bury all our dead,
Which in the felde lye spoiled and troden on.

Kin. I tell thee truly Herald,
I do not know wether the day be ours or no:
88 For yet a many of your French do keepe the field.

Her. The day is yours.

Kin. Praised be God therefore:

What Cattle call you that?

Her. We call it Agincourt.

Kin. Then call we this the felde of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crispin, Crispianus.

Flew. Your Grandfather of famous memory,
If your Grace be remembred
Is do good seruice in France.

100 *King.* Tis true *Flewellen.*

Flew. Your Maiefty sayes very true.
And it please your Maiefty,
The Welshmen there was do good seruice,

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

To view the field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead bodies.

Kin. I tell thee truly Herald,

[89b]

I know not if the day be ours or no,
For yet a many of your horlemen peere,
90 And gallop ore the field.

Her. The day is yours.

Kin. Praised be God, and not our strength for it:
What is this Cattle call'd that stands hard by.

Her. They call it Agincourt.

King. Then call we this the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Flu. Your Grandfather of famous memory (an't please
your Maiefty) and your great Vnckle Edward the Placke
Prince of Wales, as I haue read in the Chronicles, fought
100 a most prauie pattle here in France.

Kin. They did *Fluellen.*

Flu. Your Maiefty sayes very true: If your Maiesties
is remembred of it, the Welchmen did good seruice in a

In a garden where Leekes did grow.

And I thinke your Maiestie will take no sorne,

108 To weare a Leake in your cap vpon S. *Dauies* day.

Kin. No *Flewellen*, for I am wealch as well as you.

Flew. All the water in *Wye* will not wafh your wealch

Blood out of you, God keep it, and preferue it,

To his graces will and pleasure.

Kin. Thankes good countryman.

Flew. By Iesus I am your Maiesties countryman:

120 I care not who know it, so long as your maiefty is an honest

K. God keep me so. Our Herald go with him, (man.

And bring vs the number of the scattred French.

Exit Herald.

Call yonder souldier hither.

Flew. You fellow come to the king.

Kin. Fellow why doost thou weare that gloue in thy hat?

130 *Soul.* And please your maieftie, tis a rafcal that fwagard

With me the other day: and he bath one of mine,

Which if euer I see, I haue sworne to strike him.

So hath he sworne the like to me.

[F.]

K. How think you *Flewellen*, is it lawfull he keep his oath?

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

Garden where Leekes did grow, wearing Leekes in their
Monmouth caps, which your Maiefty know to this houre
is an honourable badge of the seruice: And I do beleene
your Maiefty takes no sorne to weare the Leeke vpon
S. *Tauies* day.

King. I weare it for a memorable honor:

110 For I am Welch you know good Countriman.

Flu. All the water in *Wye*, cannot wafh your Maie-
sties Welsh blood out of your pody, I can tell you that:
God please it, and preferue it, as long as it pleases his
Grace, and his Maiefty too.

Kin. Thankes good my Countrymen.

Flu. By Ieshu, I am your Maiesties Countreyman, I
care not who know it: I will confesse it to all the Orld, I
need not to be affamed of your Maiefty, praised be God
so long as your Maiefty is an honest man.

120 *King.* Good keepe me so.

IV.vii.

In a Garden where Leekes did grow,

And I thinke your Maiefty will take no scorne,

108 To weare a Leeke in your cap vpon S. Dauiess day.

King. No Flewellen, for I am Welth as well as you.

Flew. All the water in Wye will not wafh your welch
Blood out of you. God keepe it, and preferue it,
To his graces will and pleasure.

King. Thankes good Contrey-man.

Flew. By Iesu I am your Maiesties Countryman, (man.

120 I care not who kno it, so long as your maiefty is an honest

King. God keepe me so. Our Herald go with him,

And bring vs the number of the scattered French,

Exit Herald

Call yonder souldier hither.

[F.]

Flew. You fellow, come to the King.

Kin. Fellow, why dost thou weare that gloue in thy hat?

130 *Soul.* And please your maiefty, tis a rascalles that swag-
gard with me the other day: and he hath one of mine, the
which if euer I see, I haue sworne to strike him: so hath he
the like to mee.

Kin. How thinke you Flewellen, is it lawfull to keep his
Oath?

The Life of Henry the Fifth (F₁).

Enter Williams.

Our Heralds go with him,

Bring me iust notice of the numbers dead

On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

Eze. Souldier, you must come to the King.

Kin. Souldier, why wear'st thou that Gloue in thy
Cappe?

Will. And't please your Maiefty, tis the gage of one
that I should fight withall, if he be aliue.

Kin. An Englishman?

130 *Wil.* And't please your Maiefty, a Rascal that swag-
ger'd with me last night: who if aliue, and euer dare to
challenge this Gloue, I haue sworne to take him a boxe
a'th ere: or if I can see my Gloue in his cappe, which he
swore as he was a Souldier he would weare (if aliue) I wil
strike it out soundly.

Kin. What thinke you Captaine *Fleuellen*, is it fit this
souldier keepe his oath.

Fl. And it please your maiesty, tis lawful he keep his vow.
If he be periur'd once, he is as arrant a beggerly knaue,
As treads vpon too blacke shues.

Kin. His enemy may be a gentleman of worth.

144 *Flew.* And if he be as good a gentleman as Lucifer
And Belzebub, and the diuel himselfe,
Tis meete he keepe his vowe.

152 *Kin.* Well firrha keep your word.
Vnder what Captain seruest thou?

Soul. Vnder Captaine *Gower*.

Flew. Captaine *Gower* is a good Captaine:
And hath good littrature in the warres.

Kin. Go call him hither.

Soul. I will my Lord.

Exit souldier.

161 *Kin.* Captain *Flewellen*, when *Alonson* and I was
Downe together, I tooke this gloue off from his helmet,
Here *Flewellen*, weare it. If any do challenge it,
He is a friend of *Alonsons*,
And an enemy to mee.

Fl. Your maiestie doth me as great a fauour
As can be desired in the harts of his subiects.

172 I would see that man now that should challenge this gloue:
And it please God of his grace. I would but see him,
That is all.

Kin. *Flewellen* knowst thou Captaine *Gower*?

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

Flu. Hee is a Crauen and a Villaine else, and't please
140 your Maiesty in my conscience.

King. It may bee, his enemy is a Gentleman of great
fort quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a Gentleman as the diuel is,
as Lucifer and Belzebub himselfe, it is necessary (looke
your Grace) that he keepe his vow and his oath: If hee
bee periur'd (see you now) his reputation is as arrant a
villaine and a lacke sawce, as euer his blacke shoo trodd
150 vpon Gods ground, and his earth, in my conscience law

King. Then keepe thy vow firrah, when thou meet'st
the fellow.

Wil. So, I wil my Liege, as I liue.

King. Who seru'st thou vnder?

Will. Vnder Captaine *Gower*, my Liege.

IV.vii.

Fl. And it please your Maiefty tis lawfull to keep his vow
If he be periur'd once, he is as arrant a beggarly knaue, as
treads vpon too blacke shooes.

King. His enemy may be a Gentleman of worth.

144 *Flew.* And if he be as good a Gentleman as Lucifer and
Belzebub, and the diuell himselfe,
Tis meete he keepe his vow.

152 *King.* Well sirrha keepe your word,
Vnder what Captaine seruest thou?

Soul. Vnder Captaine *Gower*.

Flew. Captaine *Gower* is a good Captaine,
And hath good litterature in the warres.

Kin. Go call him hither.

Soul. I will my Lord.

Exit souldier.

161 *Kin.* Captaine *Flewellen*, when *Alanfon* and I
Were downe together, I tooke this gloue from's helmet,
Heere *Flewellen* weare it.
If any challenge it, he is a friend of *Alonsons*,
And an enemy to me.

Flew. Your Maiefty doth me as great a fauour,
As can be desired in the hearts of his subiects.

172 I would see that man now that wold challenge this gloue
And it please God of his grace I would but see him,
That is all.

King. *Flewellen* knowst thou Captaine *Gower*?

The Life of Henry the Fift (F1).

Flu. *Gower* is a good Captaine, and is good know-
ledge and literated in the Warres.

King. Call him hither to me, Souldier.

Will. I will my Liege.

Exit.

160 *King.* Here *Fluellen*, weare thou this fauour for me, and
Iticke it in thy Cappe: when *Alanfon* and my selfe were
downe together, I pluckt this Gloue from his Helme: If
any man challenge this, hee is a friend to *Alanfon*, and an
enemy to our Person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend
him, and thou do'st me loue.

Flu. Your Grace doo's me as great Honors as can be
desir'd in the hearts of his Subiects: I would faine see
the man, that ha's but two legges, that shall find himselfe
agreefd at this Gloue; that is all: but I would faine see
170 it once, and please God of his grace that I might see.

King. Know'st thou *Gower*?

IV. vii.

Fle. Captaine *Gower* is my friend.And if it like your maiestie, *I* know him very well.*Kin.* Go call him hither.*Flew.* *I* will and it shall please your maiestie.*Kin.* Follow *Flewellen* closely at the heeles,

180 The gloue he weares, it was the souldiers:

It may be there will be harme betweene them,

For *I* do know *Flewellen* valiant,

And being toucht, as hot as gunpowder:

And quickly will returne an iniury.

190 Go see there be no harme betweene them.

IV. viii. *Enter Gower, Flewellen, and the Souldier.**Flew.* Captain *Gower*, in the name of Iesu,

Come to his Maiestie, there is more good toward you,

Then you can dreame off.

Soul. Do you heare you sir? do you know this gloue?8 *Flew.* *I* know the the gloue is a gloue.*Soul.* Sir *I* know this, and thus *I* challenge it.*He strikes him.**Flew.* Gode plut, and his. Captain *Gower* stand away:

15 He giue treason his due presently.

*The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).**Flu.* He is my deare friend, and please you.*King.* Pray thee goe seeke him, and bring him to my Tent.*Flu.* *I* will fetch him.*Exit.**King.* My Lord of *Warwick*, and my Brother *Gloster*, Follow *Fluellen* closely at the heeles.180 The Gloue which *I* haue giuen him for a fauour,

May haply purchase him a box a'th'eare.

It is the Souldiers: *I* by bargaine shouldWeare it my selfe. Follow good Cousin *Warwick*:If that the Souldier strike him, as *I* iudge

By his blunt bearing, he will keepe his word;

Some sodaine mischief may arise of it:

For *I* doe know *Fluellen* valiant,

And toucht with Choler, hot as Gunpowder,

And quickly will returne an iniurie.

190 Follow, and see there be no harme betweene them.

Goe you with me, Vnckle of Exeter.

Exeunt.

IV. viii.

*Enter Gower and Williams.**Will.* *I* warrant it is to Knight you, Captaine.

IV. vii.

Flew. Captaine *Gower* is my friend

And if it like your maiesty, I know him very well.

[F^a•

King. Go call him hither.

Flew. I will and it shall please your maiesty.

Kin. Follow *Flewollen* closely at the heeles,

180 The gloue he weares, it was the foldiers:

It may be there will be harme betweene them.

For I do know *Flewollen* valiant.

And being toucht, as hot as Gun-powder:

And quickly will returne an iniury.

190 Go see there be no harme betweene them.

IV. viii.

*Enter Captaine Gower, Flewollen, and the
Soldier.*

Flew. Captaine *Gower*, in the name of Iesu

Come to his maiesty, there is more good towards you

Then you can dreame of.

Soul. Do you heare, you sir.

Do you know this gloue?

8 *Flew.* I know the gloue is a gloue.

Soul. Sir I know this, and thus I challenge it.

He strikes him.

Flew. Gods plut, and his Captaine *Gower* stand away,

15 He giue treason his due presently.

The Life of Henry the Fifth (F₁).

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Gods will, and his pleasure, Captaine, I beseech
you now, come apace to the King: there is more good
toward you peradventure, then is in your knowledge to
dreame of.

Will. Sir, know you this Gloue?

Flu. Know the Gloue? I know the Gloue is a Gloue.

Will. I know this, and thus I challenge it.

Strikes him.

10 *Flu.* 'Sblud, an arrant Traytor as anyes in the Vniuer-
sall World, or in France, or in England.

Gower. How now Sir? you Villaine.

Will. Doe you thinke He be forsworne?

Flu. Stand away Captaine *Gower*, I will giue Treason
his payment into plowes, I warrant you.

Will. I am no Traytor.

Flu. That's a Lye in thy Throat. I charge you in his
Maiesties Name apprehend him, he's a friend of the Duke
Alansons.

Enter the King, VVarwicke, Clarence, and Exeter.

25 *Kin.* How now, what is the matter?

Flew. And it shall please your Maiestie,
Here is the notablest peece of treason come to light,
As you shall desire to see in a sommers day.
Here is a rascall, beggerly rascall, is strike the gloue,
Which your Maiestie tooke out of the helmet of *Alonson*:

And your Maiestie will beare me witnes, and testimony,
And auouchments, that this is the gloue.

Soul. And it please your Maiestie, that was my gloue.

He that I gaue it too in the night,
Promised me to weare it in his hat:
I promised to strike him if he did.

32 I met that Gentleman, with my gloue in his hat,
And I thinke I haue bene as good as my word.

Flew. Your Maiestie heares, vnder your Maiesties
Manhood, what a beggerly lowlie knaue it is.

41 *Kin.* Let me see thy gloue. Looke you,
This is the fellow of it.
It was I indeed you promised to strike.
And thou thou hast giuen me most bitter words.
How canst thou make vs amends?

[F.]

The Life of Henry the Fift (F.).

Enter Warwick and Gloucester.

20 *Warw.* How now, how now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of Warwick, heere is, prayfed be God
for it, a most contagious Treason come to light, looke
you, as you shall desire in a Summers day. Heere is his
Maiestie. *Enter King and Exeter.*

King. How now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Liege, heere is a Villaine, and a Traytor,
that looke your Grace, ha's strooke the Gloue which
your Maiestie is take out of the Helmet of *Alan-*
son.

[90^b]

Will. My Liege, this was my Gloue, here is the fellow
30 of it: and he that I gaue it to in change, promis'd to weare

*Enter the King, Warwicke, Clarence,
and Exeter.*

25 *King.* How now? Wats the matter?

Flew. And it shall please your maiesty,
Heere is the notablest peece of treason come to light
As you shall desire to see in a sommers day.
Heere is a rascall, beggerly rascall is strike the gloue,
Which your maiesty in person
Tooke out of the Helmet of *Alanfon*:
And your maiesty will beare me witnesse,
And testimonies, and auouchments,
That this is the gloue.

[F.]

Soul. And it please your maiesty,
That was my gloue.
He that I gaue it to in the night,
Promised me to weare it in his hat:
I promised to strike him if he did.

32 I met that Gentleman with my gloue in 's hat,
And I thinke I haue bene as good as my worde.

Flew. Your Maiesty heares,
Vnder your Maiestyes man-hoode,
What a beggerly lowfie knaue it is.

41 *King.* Let me see thy gloue.
Looke you, this is the fellow of it.
It was I indeede you promised to strike.
And thou hast giuen me most bitter words,
How canst thou make vs amends?

The Life of Henry the Fifth (F1).

it in his Cappe: I promis'd to strike him, if he did: I met
this man with my Gloue in his Cappe, and I haue been as
good as my word.

Flu. Your Maiestie heare now, sauing your Maiesties
Manhood, what an arrant rascally, beggerly, lowfie
Knaue it is: I hope your Maiestie is peare me testimonie
and witnesse, and will auouchment, that this is the Gloue
of *Alanfon*, that your Maiestie is giue me, in your Con-
40 science now.

King. Giue me thy Gloue Souldier;
Looke, heere is the fellow of it:
'Twas I indeed thou promised'st to strike,
And thou hast giuen me most bitter termes.

Flew. Let his necke answere it,
If there be any marfhals lawe in the worell.

49 *Soul.* My Liege, all offences come from the heart:

Neuer came any from mine to offend your Maieftie.

You appeard to me as a common man:
Witneffe the night, your garments, your lowlineffe,
And whatfoeuer you receiued vnder that habit,

I befeech your Maieftie impute it to your owne fault
And not mine. For your felfe came not like your felfe:

Had you bene as you feemed, I had made no offence.

60 Therefore I befeech your grace to pardon me.

King. Vnckle, fill the gloue with crownes,
And giue it to the fouldier. Weare it fellow,

As an honour in thy cap, till I do challenge it.
Giue him the crownes. Come Captaine *Flewellen*,
I muft needs haue you friends.

Flew. By Iefus, the fellow hath mettall enough

68 In his belly. Harke you fouldier, there is a fhilling for you.
And keep your felfe out of brawles & brables, & diffentiōs,

And looke you, it fhall be the better for you.

Soul. Ile none of your money fir, not I.

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

Flew. And pleafe your Maieftie, let his Neck answere
for it, if there is any Marfhall Law in the World.

King. How canft thou make me fatisfaction?

Will. All offences, my Lord, come from the heart: ne-
50 uer came any from mine, that might offend your Ma-
ieftie.

King. It was our felfe thou didft abuse.

Will. Your Maieftie came not like your felfe: you
appear'd to me but as a common man; witneffe the
Night, your Garments, your Lowlineffe: and what
your Highneffe suffer'd vnder that fhape, I befeech you
take it for your owne fault, and not mine: for had you

IV.viii.

Flew. Let his necke answer it,
If there be any marshals law in the worell.

Soul. My Liege,

49 All offences come from the heart:
Neuer came any from mine
To offend your Maiefty.
You appeard to me but as a common man:
Witnesse the night, your garments,
Your lowlinesse; and whatsoeuer
You receiued vnder that habite,
I beseech your maiesty, impute it
To your owne fault, and not to mine.
For your selfe came not like your selfe:
Had you beene as you seemed then to mee,
I had made no offence, my gracious Lord,
60 Therefore I beseech your grace to pardon me.

Kin. Vnckle, fill the gloue with Crownes,
And giue it to the souldier.

Weare it fellow,

As an honour in thy cap, till I do challenge it.
Giue him the Crownes. Come Captaine *Flewellen*,
I must needs haue you friends.

[F.*

Flew. By Iesus, the fellowe hath mettall enough in his
belly.

68 Harke you souldier, There is a filling for you,
And keepe your selfe out of brawles,
And prabbles, and diffentions,
And looke you, it shall be the better for you.

Soul. Ile none of your money sir, not I.

The Life of Henry the Fift (F.).

beene as I tooke you for, I made no offence; therefore I
60 beseech your Highnesse pardon me.

King. Here Vnckle *Exeter*, fill this Gloue with Crownes,
And giue it to this fellow. Keepe it fellow,
And weare it for an Honor in thy Cappe,
Till I doe challenge it. Giue him the Crownes:
And Captaine, you must needs be friends with him.

Fiu. By this Day and this Light, the fellow ha's met-
tell enough in his belly: Hold, there is twelue-pence for
you, and I pray you to serue God, and keepe you out of
70 prawles and prabbles, and quarrels and diffentions, and I
warrant you it is the better for you.

Will, I will none of your Money.

Flew. Why tis a good fhilling man.

Why fhould you be queamifh? Your fhoes are not fo good:

It will ferue you to mend your fhoes.

80 *Kin.* What men of fort are taken vnckle?

Exe. *Charles* Duke of *Orleance*, Nephew to the King.

Iohn Duke of *Burbon*, and Lord *Bouchquall*.

Of other Lords and Barrons, Knights and Squiers,

Full fifteene hundred, befides common men.

This note doth tell me of ten thoufand

French, that in the field lyes flaine.

87 Of Nobles bearing banners in the field,

Charles de le Brute, hie Conftable of *France*.

[F.*

Iaques of *Chattillian*, Admirall of *France*.

99 The Maifter of the crofbows, *Iohn* Duke *Alôfon*.

Lord *Ranbieres*, hie Maifter of *France*.

The braue fir *Gwigzard*, *Dolphin*. Of *Nobelle Charillas*,

Gran *Prie*, and *Roffe*, *Fawconbridge* and *Foy*.

Gerard and *Verton*. *Vandemant* and *Leftra*.

Here was a royall fellowfhip of death.

Where is the number of our Englifh dead?

108 *Edward* the Duke of *Yorke*, the Earle of *Suffolke*,

The Life of Henry the Fift (F.).

Flu. It is with a good will: I can tell you it will ferue you to mend your fhooes: come, wherefore fhould you be fo pafhfull, your fhooes is not fo good: 'tis a good filling I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter Herald.

King. Now Herald, are the dead numbred?

Herald. Heere is the number of the flaught'red French.

King. What Prifoners of good fort are taken,
80 Vnckle?

Exe. *Charles* Duke of *Orleance*, Nephew to the King,

Iohn Duke of *Burbon*, and Lord *Bouchiquald*:

Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squires,

Full fifteene hundred, befides common men.

King. This Note doth tell me of ten thoufand French

That in the field lye flaine: of Princes in this number,

And Nobles bearing Banners, there lye dead

One hundred twentie fix: added to thefe,

Of Knights, Efquires, and gallant Gentlemen,

IV.viii.

- Flew.* Why tis a good filling man:
 Why should you be queamish?
 Your shooes are not so good.
 It will serue you to mend your shooes.
- 80 *Kin.* What men of fort are taken vnckle?
Exe. *Charles* Duke of Orleance, Nephew to the King,
Iohn Duke of Burbon, and Lord *Bouchquall*.
 Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squires,
 Full fiftene hundred, besides common men.
 This note doth tell me of ten thousand
 French, that in the fiede lyes slaine.
- 87 Of Nobles bearing banners in the fiede,
Charles de le Brute, high Constanble of France,
Iaques of *Chatillian*, Admirall of France,
- 99 The master of the Croffe-bowes, *Iohn* Duke *Alonson*,
 Lord *Rambieres*, high Master of France.
 The braue sir *Guigzard*, Dolphin. Of *Nobelle Charillas*,
 Gran *Prie* and *Roffe*, *Fawconbridge* and *Foy*,
Gerard and *Verton*, *Vandemant* and *Lestra*.
King. Heeres was a royall fellowship of death,
 Where is the number of our English dead?
- 108 *Exe.* *Edward* the Duke of Yorke, the Earle of Suffolke.

The Life of Henry the Fifth (F1).

- 90 Eight thousand and foure hundred: of the which,
 Fieue hundred were but yesterday dubb'd Knights.
 So that in these ten thousand they haue lost,
 There are but sixteene hundred Mercenaries:
 The rest are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, Squires,
 And Gentlemen of bloud and qualitie.
- The Names of those their Nobles that lye dead:
Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France,
Iaques of *Chatilion*, Admirall of France,
 The Master of the Croffe-bowes, Lord *Rambures*,
- 100 Great Master of France, the braue Sir *Guichard Dolphin*,
Iohn Duke of *Alanfon*, *Anthonie* Duke of *Brabant*,
 The Brother to the Duke of *Burgundie*,
 And *Edward* Duke of *Barr*: of lustie Earles,
Grandpree and *Rouffie*, *Fauconbridge* and *Foyes*,
Beaumont and *Marle*, *Vandemont* and *Lestrale*.
 Here was a Royall fellowship of death.
 Where is the number of our English dead?
Edward the Duke of Yorke, the Earle of Suffolke,

[91]

Sir *Richard Ketly, Dauy Gam* Esquier:

And of all other, but fve and twentie.

O God thy arme was here,

And vnto thee alone, ascribe we praise.

When without stratagem,

And in euen flock of battle, was euer heard

115 So great, and litle losse, on one part and an other.

Take it God, for it is onely thine.

Exe. Tis wonderfull.

King. Come let vs go on proceffion through the camp:

Let it be death proclaimed to any man,

120 To boast hereof, or take the praise from God,

Which is his due.

Flew. Is it lawful, and it please your Maiestie,

To tell how many is kild?

King. Yes *Flewellen*, but with this acknowledgement,

That God fought for vs.

Flew. Yes in my conscience, he did vs great good.

King. Let there be sung, Nououes and te Deum.

The dead with charitie enterred in clay:

130 Wee then to *Calice*, and to England then,

Where nere from *France*, arriude more happier men.

Exit omnes.

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

Sir *Richard Ketly, Dauy Gam* Esquire;

110 None else of name: and of all other men,

But fve and twentie.

O God, thy Arme was heere:

And not to vs, but to thy Arme alone,

Ascribe we all: when, without stratagem,

But in plaine flock, and euen play of Battaile,

Was euer knowne so great and little losse?

On one part and on th'other, take it God,

For it is none but thine.

Exet. 'Tis wonderfull.

King. Come, goe I me in proceffion to the Village:

And be it death proclaymed through our Hoast,

120 To boast of this, or take that prayse from God,

Which is his onely.

Flu. Is it not lawfull and please your Maiestie, to tell
how many is kill'd?

IV.viii.

Sir *Richard Kelly, Daui Gam* Esquire,
Aud of all the other, but fise and twenty.

King. O God, thy arme was heere,
And ynto thee alone. ascribe we praise:
When without stratageme.

[F.

And euen in fhocke of battell, was euer heard
115 So great and little losse, on one part and another?
Take it O God, for it is onely thine.

Exe. Tis wonderfull.

Kin. Come, let vs go on proceffion through the campe:
Let it be death proclaim'd to any man
120 To boast heereof, or take the praise from God,
Which is his due.

Flew. Is it lawfull, and it please your Maiefty,
To tell how many is kild?

Kin. Yes Flewellen,
But with this acknowledgement,
That God fought for vs.

Flew. Yes in my conscience, he did vs great good.

kin. Let there be sung *Nououes* and *Te Deum*,
The dead with charity enter'd in clay:
130 Weel then to *Calice*, and to England then,
Where nere from *France*, arriu'd more happier men.

Exit omnes.

The Life of Henry the Fifth (Fⁱ).

King. Yes Captaine: but with this acknowledgement,
That God fought for vs.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did vs great good.

King. Doe we all holy Rights:
Let there be sung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*,
The dead with charitie enclos'd in Clay:
130 And then to Callice, and to England then,
Where ne're from France arriu'd more happy men.

Exeunt.

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

V. *Actus Quintus.*

Enter Chorus.

Vouchsafe to those that haue not read the Story,
That I may prompt them: and of such as haue,
I humbly pray them to admit th'excuse
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life,
Be here presented. Now we beare the King
Toward Callice: Graunt him there; there seene,
Heaue him away vpon your winged thoughts,
Athwart the Sea: Behold the English beach
10 Pales in the flood; with Men, Wiues, and Boyes,
Whose shouts & claps out-voyce the deep-mouth'd Sea,
Which like a mightie Whiffler 'fore the King,
Seemes to prepare his way: So let him land,
And solemnly see him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath Thought, that euen now
You may imagine him vpon Black-Heath:
Where, that his Lords desire him, to haue borne
His bruised Helmet, and his bended Sword
Before him, through the Citie: he forbids it,
20 Being free from vain-nesse, and selfe-glorious pride;
Giuing full Trophee, Signall, and Ostent,

[91^b

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

Quite from himfelfe, to God. But now behold,
 In the quick Forge and working-houfe of Thought,
 How London doth powre out her Citizens,
 The Maior and all his Brethren in beft fort,
 Like to the Senatours of th'antique Rome,
 Whith the Plebeians fwarming at their heeles,
 Goe forth and fetch their Conqu'ring *Cæfar* in:
 As by a lower, but by louing likelyhood,
 30 Were now the Generall of our gracious Empreffe,
 As in good time he may, from Ireland comming,
 Bringing Rebellion broached on his Sword;
 How many would the peacefull Citie quit,
 To welcome him? much more, and much more caufe,
 Did they this *Harry*. Nôw in London place him.
 As yet the lamentation of the French
 Inuites the King of Englands ftay at home:
 The Emperour's comming in behalfe of France,
 To order peace betweene them: and omit
 40 All the occurrences, what euer chanc't,
 Till *Harryes* backe returne againe to France:
 There muft we bring him; and my felfe haue play'd
 The *interim*, by remembring you 'tis past.
 Then brooke abridgement, and your eyes aduance,
 After your thoughts, ftraight backe againe to France.

Exit.

Enter Gower. and Flewellen.

Gower. But why do you weare your Leeke to day?
Saint *Dauies* day is past?

[F.]

Flew. There is occasion Captaine *Gower*,
Looke you why, and wherefore,
The other day looke you, *Pistolles*
Which you know is a man of no merites
In the worell, is come where I was the other day,
And brings bread and fault, and bids me
10 Eate my Leeke: twas in a place, looke you,
Where *I* could moue no discentions:
But if *I* can see him, *I* shall tell him,
A litle of my desires.

Gow. Here a comes, swelling like a Turkecocke.

Enter Pistoll.

Flew. Tis no matter for his swelling, and his turkecocks,

God pleffe you Antient *Pistoll*, you scall,
Beggerly, lowfie knaue, God pleffe you.

Pist. Ha, art thou bedlem?
20 Dost thou thurst base Troyan,
To haue me folde vp *Parcas* fatall web?
Hence, *I* am qualmish at the smell of Leeke.

Flew. Antient *Pistoll*. I would desire you becaufe
It doth not agree with your stomacke, and your appetite,

And your digestions, to eate this Leeke.

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

V.i. *Enter Fluellen and Gower.*

Gower. Nay, that's right: but why weare you your
Leeke to day? S. *Dauies* day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore
in all things: I will tell you affe my friend, Captaine
Gower; the rascally, scauld, beggerly, lowfie, pragg
Knaue *Pistoll*, which you and your selfe, and all the World,
know to be no petter then a fellow, looke you now, of no
merits: hee is come to me, and prings me pread and
fault yesterday, looke you, and bid me eate my Leeke:
10 it was in a place where I could not breed no contention
with him; but I will be so bold as to weare it in my Cap
till I see him once againe, and then I will tell him a litle
piece of my desires.

Enter Gower and Flewellen.

Gower. But why do you weare your Leeke to day?
Saint *Dauies* is pafte?

Flew. There is occafion Captaine *Gower*,
Looke you why, and wherefore:
The other day looke you, *Piftolles*
Which you know is a man of no merites
In the worell, is come where I was the other day,
And brings bread and falt, and biddes mee
10 Eate my Leeke: twas in a place, looke you,
Where I could mooue no diffentions,
But if I can fee him, I fhall tell him
A little of my defires.

Gow. Heere he comes fwelling like a Turkey-cocke.

Enter Piftoll.

[F.*

Flewellen. Tis no matter for his fwelling, and his turki-cockes.

God pleffe you Ancient Piftoll, you fcall,
Beggerly, lowfy knaue, God pleffe you.

Pift. Ha, art thou Bedlem?
20 Dost thou thurft bale Troyan,
To haue me folde vp *Parcas* fatall web?
Hence, I am qualmifh at the fmell of Leeke.

Flew. Ancient Piftoll.
I would defire you becaufe it doth not agree
With your stomackes, and your appetites;
And your digeftions, to eate this Leeke.

The Life of Henry the Fift (Fs).

Enter Piftoll.

Gower. Why heere hee comes, fwelling like a Turkey-cock.

Ftu. 'Tis no matter for his fwellings, nor his Turkey-cocks. God pleffe you aunchient *Piftoll*: you fcuruie lowfie Knaue, God pleffe you.

20 *Pift.* Ha, art thou bedlam? doeft thou thirft, bale Troian, to haue me fold vp *Parcas* fatall Web? Hence; I am qualmifh at the fmell of Leeke.

Ftu. I pefeech you heartily, fcuruie lowfie Knaue, at my defires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eate, looke you, this Leeke; becaufe, looke you, you doe not loue it, nor your affections, and your appetites and your digeftions doo's not agree with it, I would defire you to eate it.

V. i.

Pist. Not for *Cadwallader* and all his goates.

30 *Flew.* There is one goate for you Antient Pistol.

He strikes him.

Pist. Bace Troyan, thou shalt dye.

Flew. I, I know I shall dye, meane time, I would
Desire you to liue and eate this Leeke.

40 *Gower.* Inough Captaine, you haue astonisht him.

Flew. Astonisht him, by Iesu, He beate his head
Foure dayes, and foure nights, but He
Make him eate some part of my Leeke.

Pist. Well must I byte?

48 *Flew.* I out of question or doubt, or ambiguities
You must byte.

[F.*

60 *Pist.* Good good.

Flew. I Leekes are good, Antient *Pistoll*.
There is a shilling for you to heale your bloody coxkome.

Pist. Me a shilling.

Flew. If you will not take it,
I haue an other Leeke for you.

The Life of Henry the Fift (F).

Pist. Not for *Cadwallader* and all his Goats.

30 *Flu.* There is one Goat for you. *Strikes him.*

Will you be so good, scauld Knaue, as eate it?

Pist. Bafe Troian, thou shalt dye.

Flu. You say very true, scauld Knaue, when Gods
will is: I will desire you to liue in the meane time, and
eate your Victuals: come, there is lawce for it. You
call'd me yestherday Mountaine-Squier, but I will make
you to day a squire of low degree. I pray you fall too, if
you can mocke a Leeke, you can eate a Leeke.

[92*

40 *Gowr.* Enough Captaine, you haue astonisht him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eate some part of my leeke,
or I will peate his pate foure dayes: bite I pray you, it is
good for your greene wound, and your ploodie Cox-
combe.

Pist. Must I bite.

V. i.

Pist. Not for *Cadwallader* and all his Goats.

30 *Flew.* There is one Goate for you, ancient *Pistol*.

He strikes him.

Pist. Bafe Troyan, thou shalt dye.

Flewellen. I, I know I shall dye:

But in the meane time, I would desire you

To liue and eate this Leeke.

40 *Gower.* Enough Captaine,

You haue astonisht him, it is enough.

Flewel. Astonisht him,

By Iesu, Ile beate his head foure dayes

And foure nights too, but Ile make him

Eate some part of my Leeke.

Pist. Well must I bite?

48 *Flew.* I out of question, or doubt, or ambiguities,

You must bite.

He makes Ancient Pistoll bite of the Leeke.

60 *Pistol.* Good, good.

Flewellen. I Leekes are good, ancient *Pistoll*.

[G.

Looke you now, there is a filling for you

To heale your bloody coxcombe.

Pist. Me a shilling.

Flew. If you will not take it,

I haue another Leeke for you.

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

Flu. Yes certainly. and out of doubt and out of question too, and ambiguities.

60 *Pist.* By this Leeke, I will most horribly reuenge I eate and eate I sweare.

Flu. Eate I pray you, will you haue some more sauce to your Leeke: there is not enough Leeke to sweare by.

Pist. Quiet thy Cudgell, thou dost see I eate.

Flu. Much good do you scald knaue, heartily. Nay, pray you throw none away, the skinne is good for your broken Coxcombe; when you take occasions to see Leekes heereafter, I pray you mocke at'em, that is all.

60 *Pist.* Good.

Flu. I, Leekes is good: hold you, there is a groat to heale your pate.

Pist. Me a groat?

Flu. Yes verily, and in truth you shall take it, or I haue another Leeke in my pocket, which you shall eate.

V. i.

Pist. I take thy shilling in earnest of reconing.*Flew.* If I owe you any thing, ile pay you in cudgels,

You shalbe a woodmonger,

70 And by cudgels, God bwy you,

Antient *Pistoll*, God bleffe you,

And heale your broken pate.

Antient *Pistoll*, if you see Leekes an other time,

Mocke at them, that is all: God bwy you.

*Exit Flewellen.**Pist.* All hell shall stir for this.

Doth Fortune play the huswye with me now?

Is honour cudgeld from my warlike lines?

Well *France* farwell, newes haue I certainlyThat Doll is sicke. One mallydie of *France*,

The warres affordeth nought, home will I trug.

90 Bawd will I turne, and vse the flyte of hand:

To England will I steale,

And there Ile steale.

And patches will I get vnto these skarres,

And sweare I gat them in the Gallia warres.

*Exit Pistoll.**The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).**Pist.* I take thy groat in earnest of reuenge.

Flew. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in Cudgels, you shall be a Woodmonger, and buy nothing of
 70 me but cudgels: God bu'y you, and keepe you, & heale
 your pate. *Exit*

Pist. All hell shall stirre for this.

Gow. Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly Knaue,
 will you mocke at an ancient Tradition began vpon an
 honourable respect, and worne as a memorable Trophee
 of predeceased valor, and dare not auouch in your deeds
 any of your words. I haue seene you gleeking & galling
 at this Gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because
 80 he could not speake English in the native garb, he could
 not therefore handle an English Cudgell: you finde it o-
 therwise, and henceforth let a Welsh correction, teach
 you a good English condition, fare ye well. *Exit.*

Pist. Doeth fortune play the huswife with me now?
 Newes haue I that my *Doll* is dead i'th Spittle of a mala-

V. i.

Pist. I take thy fhilling in earnest of reckoning.

Flew. If I owe you any thing,

I will pay you in Cudgelles:

You shall be a Wood-monger,

70 *And* buy Cudgels. And so God be with you

Ancient Pistoll, God plesse you,

And heale your broken pate.

Ancient *Pistoll*, if you see Leekes another time,

Mocke at them, that is all: God bwy you.

Exit Flewellen,

Pist. All hell shall stirre for this.

Doth Fortune play the hufwife with me now?

Is honour cudgeld from my warlike loynes?

Well France farewell, newes haue I certainly

That Doll is ficke. One malady of France

The warres affoordeth nought, home will I trug,

90 *Baud* will I turne, and vse the flight of hand:

To England will I steale,

And there Ile steale:

And patches will I get vnto these scarres,

And sweare I gat them in the Gallia warres.

Exit Pistoll

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

dy of France, and there my rendezous is quite cut off:

Old I do waxe, and from my wearie limbes honour is

90 Cudgeld. Well, *Baud* Ile turne, and something leane to

Cut-purse of quicke hand: To England will I steale, and

there Ile steale:

And patches will I get vnto these cudgeld scarres,

And swore I got them in the Gallia warres.

Exit.

V. ii.

Enter at one doore, the King of England and his Lords. And at the other doore, the King of France, Queene Katherine, the Duke of Burbon, and others.

Harry. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met.

And to our brother *France*, Faire time of day. [G₁

Faire health vnto our louely couſen *Katherine*.

And as a branch, and member of this ſtock:

7 We do ſalute you Duke of *Burgondie*.

Fran. Brother of *England*, right ioyous are we to behold
Your face, ſo are we Princes Engliſh euery one.

Duk. With pardon vnto both your mightines.

32 Let it not diſpleaſe you, if I demaund

What rub or bar hath thus far hindred you,

To keepe you from the gentle ſpeech of peace?

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

V. ii. *Enter at one doore, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwicke, and other Lords. At another, Queene Iſabel, the King, the Duke of Bourgongne, and other French.*

King. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met;

Vnto our brother France, and to our Siſter

Health and faire time of day: Ioy and good wilhes

To our moſt faire and Princely Coſine *Katherine*:

And as a branch and member of this Royalty,

By whom this great aſſembly is contriu'd,

We do ſalute you Duke of *Burgogne*,

And Princes French and Peeres health to you all.

Fra. Right ioyous are we to behold your face,

10 Moſt worthy brother England, fairely met,

So are you Princes (Engliſh) euery one.

Quee. So happy be the Iſſue brother Ireland [92^b

Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,

As we are now glad to behold your eyes,

Your eyes which hitherto haue borne

In them againſt the French that met them in their bent,

The fatall Balls of murthering Baſiliskes:

The venome of ſuch Lookes we fairely hope

*Enter at one doore, the King of England and his
Lords.*

*And at the other doore, the King of France, Queene
Katherine, the Duke of Burbon,
and others.*

Harry. Peace to this meeting,

[G₁*]

Wherefore we are met,

And to our brother France, faire time of day.

Faire health vnto our louely coulin Katherine,

And as a branch, and member of this stocke,

7 We do salute you, Duke of *Burgundy*.

Fran. Brother of England,

Right ioyous are we to behold your face,

So are we Princes English euery one.

Duke. With pardon vnto your mightinesse:

32 Let it not displease you, if I demaund

What rub or barre hath thus farre hindred you

To keepe you from the gentle speech of peace?

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

Haue lost their qualitie, and that this day

20 Shall change all griefes and quarrels into loue.

Eng. To cry Amen to that, thus we appeare.

Quee. You English Princes all, I doe salute you.

Burg. My dutie to you both, on equall loue.

Great Kings of France and England: that I haue labour'd

With all my wits, my paines, and strong endeours,

To bring your most Imperiall Maiesties

Vnto this Barre, and Royall enterview;

Your Mightinesse on both parts best can witnesse.

Since then my Office hath so farre preuayl'd,

30 That Face to Face, and Royall Eye to Eye,

You haue congregated: let it not disgrace me,

If I demand before this Royall view,

What Rub, or what Impediment there is,

Why that the naked, poore, and mangled Peace,

Deare Nourse of Arts, Plenties, and ioyfull Births,

Should not in this best Garden of the World,

Our fertile France, put vp her louely Visage?

Alas, shee hath from France too long been chas'd,

And all her Husbandry doth lye on heapes,

40 Corrupting in it owne fertilitie,

V. ii.

- 68 *Har.* If Duke of *Burgondy*, you wold haue peace,
 You must buy that peace,
 According as we haue drawne our articles.
- 77 *Fran.* We haue but with a curfenary eye,
 Oreviewd them: pleafeth your Grace,
 To let some of your Counsell fit with vs,
- 82 We shall returne our peremptory anfwere.
 Har. Go Lords, and fit with them,
 And bring vs anfwere backe.
- 95 Yet leaue our coufen *Katherine* here behind.
 France. Withall our hearts.

The Life of Henry the Fift (F.).

- Her Vine, the merry chearer of the heart,
 Vnpruned, dyes: her Hedges euen pleach'd,
 Like Prifoners wildly ouer-growne with hayre,
 Put forth diforder'd Twigs: her fallow Leas,
 The Darnell, Hemlock, and ranke Femetary,
 Doth root vpon; while that the Culter rufts,
 That should deracinate fuch Sauagery:
 The euen Meade, that erft brought sweetly forth
 The freckled Cowflip, Burnet, and greene Clouer,
- 50 Wanting the Sythe, withall vncorrected, ranke;
 Conceiues by idlenesse, and nothing teemes.
 But hatefull Docks, rough Thiftles, Kekfyes, Burres,
 Loofing both beautie and vtilitie;
 And all our Vineyards, Fallowes, Meades, and Hedges,
 Defectiue in their natures, grow to wildneffe.
 Euen fo our Houfes, and our felues, and Children,
 Haue loft, or doe not learne, for want of time,
 The Sciences that should become our Countrey;
 But grow like Sauages, as Souldiers will,
- 60 That nothing doe, but meditate on Blood,
 To Swearing, and sterne Lookes, defus'd Attire,
 And euery thing that seemes vnnaturall.
 Which to reduce into our former fauour,
 You are assembled: and my speech entreats,
 That I may know the Let, why gentle Peace
 Should not expell these inconueniences,
 And bleffe vs with her former qualities.
- Eng.* If Duke of Burgonie, you would the Peace,
 Whofe want giues growth to th'imperfections

V. ii.

68 *Har.* If Duke of *Burgundy* you would haue peace,
You muft buy that peace,
According as we haue drawne our Articles.

77 *Fran.* We haue but with a curforary eye
Ore-view'd them; pleafeth your Grace,
To let fome of your Counfell fit with vs,
82 We fhall returne our peremptory anfwer.

Har. Go Lords, and fit with them,
And bring vs answer. backe.
95 yet leaue our coufen Katherine heere behind.

Fran. Withall our hearts.

Exit French King and the Lords.

The Life of Henry the Fifth (F.).

70 Which you haue cited; you muft buy that Peace
With full accord to all our iuft demands,
Whofe Tenures and particular effects
You haue enfchedul'd briefly in your hands.

Burg. The King hath heard them: to the which, as yet
There is no Answer made.

Eng. Well then: the Peace which you before fo vrg'd,
Lyes in his Answer.

France. I haue but with a curfelarie eye
O're-glanc't the Articles: Pleafeth your Grace
To appoint fome of your Councell prefently
80 To fit with vs once more, with better heed
To re-furuey them; we will fuddenly
Paffe our accept and peremptorie Answer.

[93*

England. Brother we fhall. Goe Vnckle *Exeter*,
And Brother *Clarence*, and you Brother *Gloucefter*,
Warwick, and *Huntington*, goe with the King,
And take with you free power, to ratifie,
Augment, or alter, as your Wifdomes beft
Shall fee aduantageable for our Dignitie,
Any thing in or out of our Demands,
90 And wee'le configne thereto. Will you, faire Sifter,
Goe with the Princes, or ftay here with vs?

Quee. Our gracious Brother, I will goe with them:
Happily a Womans Voyce may doe fome good,
When Articles too nicely vrg'd, be ftood on.

England. Yet leaue our Coufin *Katherine* here with vs,
She is our capitall Demand, compris'd
Within the fore-ranke of our Articles.

Quee. She hath good leaue.

Exeunt omnes.

Exit King and the Lords. Manet, Hrry, Katherine, and the Gentlewoman.

Hate. Now *Kate*, you haue a blunt wooer here
Left with you.

- 142 If I could win thee at leapfrog,
Or with vawting with my armour on my backe,
Into my faddle,
Without brag be it spoken,
Ide make compare with any.
But leauing that *Kate*,
If thou takest me now,
Thou shalt haue me at the worst:
250 And in wearing, thou shalt haue me better and better,
154 Thou shalt haue a face that is not worth sun-burning.
But doost thou thinke, that thou and I,
Betweene Saint *Denis*,
And Saint *George*, shall get a boy,
That shall goe to *Constantinople*,
And take the great Turke by the beard, ha *Kate*?

[G.]

The Life of Henry the Fift (F.).

Manet King and Katherine.

King. Faire *Katherine*, and most faire,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a Souldier tearmes,

- 100 Such as will enter at a Ladyes eare,
And pleade his Loue-suit to her gentle heart.

Kath. Your Maiestie shall mock at me, I cannot speake
your England.

King. O faire *Katherine*, if you will loue me soundly
with your French heart, I will be glad to heare you con-
fesse it brokenly with your English Tongue. Doe you
like me, *Kate*?

Kath. *Pardonne moy*, I cannot tell wat is like me.

- 110 *King.* An Angell is like you *Kate*, and you are like an
Angell.

Kath. *Que dit il que le suis semblable a les Anges?*

Lady. *Ouy verayment (sauf vostre Grace) ainsi dit il.*

King. I said so, deare *Katherine*, and I must not blufh
to affirme it.

Kath. *O bon Dieu, les langues des hommes sont plein de
tromperies.*

- 120 *King.* What sayes she, faire one? that the tongues of
men are full of deceits?

*Manet, king Henry, Katherine, and the Gentlewoman.**Har.* Now Kate,

You haue a blunt wooer heere left with you.

142 If I could winne thee at Leape-frog,

Or with vaulting with my armour on my backe

Into my saddle,

Without bragge be it spoken,

Ide make compare with any.

But leauing that Kate,

[G₁

If thou takest me now,

Thou shalt haue me at the worst,

250 And in wearing thou shalt haue me better and better,

154 Thou shalt haue a face that is not worth sun-burning.

But doest thou thinke, that thou and I,

Betweene Saint Denis and Saint George,

Shall get a boy, that shall go to Constantinople,

And take the great Turke by the beard?

*The Life of Henry the Fifth (F₁).**Lady. Ouy.* dat de tongeus of de mans is be full of de-
ceits: dat is de Princeffe.*King.* The Princeffe is the better Engliſh-woman:
yfaith *Kate*. my wooing is fit for thy vnderstanding. I am
glad thou canſt ſpeake no better Engliſh, for if thou
could'ſt, thou would'ſt finde me ſuch a plaine King, that
thou wouldſt thinke, I had ſold my Farme to buy my
130 Crowne. I know no wayes to mince it in loue, but di-
rectly to ſay, I loue you; then if you vrge me farther,
then to ſay, Doe you in faith? I weare out my ſuite: Giue
me your anſwer, yfaith doe, and ſo clap hands. and a bar-
gain: how ſay you, Lady?*Kath. Sauſ voſtre honeur*, me vnderſtand well.*King.* Marry, if you would put me to Verſes, or to
Dance for your ſake, *Kate*, why you vndid me: for the one
I haue neither words nor meaſure: and for the other, I
140 haue no ſtrength in meaſure, yet a reaſonable meaſure in
ſtrength. If I could winne a Lady at Leape-frogge, or by
vawting into my Saddle, with my Armour on my backe;
vnder the correction of bragging be it ſpoken, I ſhould
quickly leape into a Wife: Or if I might buffet for my
Loue, or bound my Horſe for her fauours, I could lay on
like a Butcher, and fit like a lack an Apes, neuer off. But[93^b

V. ii.

Kate. Is it possible dat me fall
Loue de enemie de *France*.

180 *Harry.* No *Kate*, tis vnpossible
You should loue the enemie of *France*:
For *Kate*, I loue *France* so well,
That Ile not leaue a Village,
Ile haue it all mine: then *Kate*,
When *France* is mine,
And I am yours,
Then *France* is yours,
And you are mine.

Kate. I cannot tell what is dat.

Harry. No *Kate*,
Why Ile tell it you in French,
Which will hang vpon my tongue, like a bride
On her new married Husband,

194 Let me see, Saint *Dennis* be my speed.
Quan *France* et mon.

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

before God *Kate*, I cannot looke greenely, nor gaspe out
my eloquence, nor I haue no cunning in protestation:
150 onely downe-right Oathes, which I neuer vse till vrg'd,
nor neuer breake for vrging. If thou canst loue a fellow
of this temper, *Kate*, whose face is not worth Sunne-bur-
ning? that neuer lookes in his Glasse, for loue of any
thing he sees there? let thine Eye be thy Cooke. I speake
to thee plaine Souldier: If thou canst loue me for this,
take me? if not? to say to thee that I shall dye, is true; but
for thy loue, by the L. No: yet I loue thee too. And
while thou liu'ft, deare *Kate*, take a fellow of plaine and
160 vncoynd Constancie, for he perforce must do thee right,
becaue he hath not the gift to wooe in other places: for
these fellowes of infinit tongue, that can ryme themselues
into Ladyes fauours, they doe alwayes reason themselues
out againe. What? a speaker is but a prater, a Ryme is
but a Ballad; a good Legge will fall, a strait Backe will
stoope, a blacke Beard will turne white, a curl'd Pate will
grow bald, a faire Face will wither, a full Eye will wax
170 hollow: but a good Heart, *Kate*, is the Sunne and the
Moone, or rather the Sunne, and not the Moone; for it
shines bright, and neuer changes, but keepes his course
truly. If thou would haue such a one, take me? and

V.ii.

Ha, *Kate*.

Kate. Is it possible dat me fall
Loue de enemy de France.

180 *Harry*. No *Kate*,

It is vnpossible you should loue the enemy of France:
For *Kate* I loue France so well,
That Ile not leaue a village,
Ile haue it all mine. Then *Kate*,
When France is mine,
And I am yours:
Then France is yours,
And you are mine.

Kate. I cannot tell what is dat.

Harry. No *Kate*,
Why Ile tell you in French,
Which will hang vpon my tongue, like a bride
On her new married husband.

194 Let me see, Saint Dennis be my speede.
Quan France & mon.

The Life of Henry the Fift (F.).

take me; take a Souldier: take a Souldier; take a King.
And what say'st thou then to my Loue? speake my faire,
and fairely, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I should loue de ennemie of
Fraunce?

180 *King*. No, it is not possible you should loue the Ene-
mie of France, *Kate*: but in louing me, you should loue
the Friend of France: for I loue France so well, that I
will not part with a Village of it; I will haue it all mine:
and *Kate*, when France is mine, and I am yours; then yours
is France, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell wat is dat.

King. No, *Kate*? I will tell thee in French, which I am
sure will hang vpon my tongue, like a new-married Wife
190 about her Husbands Necke, hardly to be shooke off; *Ie*
quand sur le possession de Fraunce, & quand vous aues le pos-
session de moy. (Let mee see, what then? Saint Dennis bee
my speede) *Donc vostre est Fraunce, & vous estes mienne.*
It is as easie for me, *Kate*, to conquer the Kingdome, as to
speake so much more French: I shall neuer moue thee in
French, vnlesse it be to laugh at me.

V. ii.

Kate. Dat is, when *France* is yours.*Harry.* Et vous ettes amoy.*Kate.* And I am to you.*Harry.* Douck *France* ettes a vous:*Kate.* Den *France* fall be mine.*Harry.* Et le suyues a vous.*Kate.* And you will be to me.

Har. Wilt beleue me *Kate*? tis easier for me
 195 To conquer the kingdome, thẽ to speak so much
 More French

233 *Kate.* A your Maiesty has falfe *France* inough
 To deceiue de best Lady in *France*.

[G.]

Harry. No faith *Kate* not I. But *Kate*,
 In plaine termes, do you loue me?

Kate. I cannot tell.

208 *Harry.* No, can any of your neighbours tell?
 Ile aske them.

Come *Kate*, I know you loue me.*The Life of Henry the Fift* (F₁).

Kath. *Sauf vostre honeur, le Francois ques vous parleis, il*
 200 *& melieus que l'Anglois le quel le parle.*

King. No faith is't not, *Kate*: but thy speaking of
 my Tongue, and I thine, most truely falsely. muft
 needes be graunted to be much at one. But *Kate*, doo'st
 thou vnderstand thus much English? Canst thou loue
 mee?

Kath. I cannot tell.

King. Can any of your Neighbours tell, *Kate*? Ile
 aske them. Come, I know thou louest me: and at night,
 210 when you come into your Clofet, you'll question this
 Gentlewoman about me: and I know, *Kate*, you will to
 her disprayse those parts in me, that you loue with your
 heart: but good *Kate*, mocke me mercifully, the rather
 gentle Princeesse, because I loue thee cruelly. If euer thou
 beest mine, *Kate*, as I haue a sauing Faith within me tells
 me thou shalt; I get thee with skambling, and thou
 muft therefore needes proue a good Souldier-breeder:
 Shall not thou and I, betweene Saint *Dennis* and Saint
 220 *George*, compound a Boy, halfe French halfe English,
 that shall goe to Constantinople, and take the Turke by

[94.]

V.ii.

Kate. Dat is, when France is yours.

Harry. Et vous ettes amoy.

Kate. And I am to you.

Harry. Douck France ettes a vous.

Kate. Den France fall be mine.

Harry. Et ie suyues a vous.

Kate. And you will be to me.

Har. Wilt beleue me *Kate*? Tis eafier for me

195 To conquer the kingdome,

Then to speake so much more French.

[G₂*]

233 *Kate.* A your Maiefty

Has false France enough, to deceiue

De best Lady in France.

Harry. No faith *Kate* not I.

But *Kate* prethee tell me in plaine tearmes,

Dost thou loue me?

Kate. I cannot tell.

208 *Harry.* No: Can of any your Neighbours tel,

He aske them.

Come *Kate*, I know you loue me.

The Life of Henry the Fifth (F₁).

the Beard. Shall wee not? what say'st thou, my faire
Flower-de-Luce.

Kate. I doe not know dat.

King. No: 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise:
doe but now promise *Kate*, you will endeaour for your
French part of such a Boy; and for my English moytie,
230 take the Word of a King, and a Batcheler. How answer
you, *La plus belle Katherine du monde mon trescher & deuin*
deesse.

Kath. Your Maiestee aue fause Frenche enough to
deceiue de most wysage Damoiseil² dat is en Fraunce.

King. Now fye vpon my false French: by mine Honor
in true English, I loue thee *Kate*; by which Honor, I dare
not sweare thou louest me, yet my blood begins to flat-
240 ter me, that thou doo'st; notwithstanding the poore and
vntempering effect of my Visage. Now befhrew my
Fathers Ambition, hee was thinking of Ciuill Warres
when hee got me, therefore was I created with a stub-
borne out-side, with an aspect of Iron, that when I come
to wooe Ladyes, I fright them: but in faith *Kate*, the el-
der I wax, the better I shall appeare. My comfort is, that
Old Age, that ill layer vp of Beautie, can doe no more

And soone when you are in your cloffet,
211 Youle question this Lady of me.
But I pray thee *sweete Kate*, vse me mercifully,
Because I loue thee cruelly.
That I shall dye *Kate*, is sure:
But for thy loue, by the Lord neuer.
What Wench,
A straight backe will growe crooked.
A round eye will growe hollowe.
A great leg will waxe small,
A curld pate proue balde:
But a good heart *Kate*, is the sun and the moone,
And rather the Sun and not the Moone:
And therefore *Kate* take me,
Take a souldier: take a souldier,
Take a King.

252 Therefore tell me *Kate*, wilt thou haue me?
265 *Kate*. Dat is as please the King my father.

Harry. Nay it will please him:
Nay it shall please him *Kate*.
And vpon that condition *Kate* Ile kisse you.
Ka. O mon du le ne voudroy faire quelke chose
Pour toute le monde,
Ce ne poynt votree fashion en fouor.
Harry. What saies she Lady?

The Life of Henry the Fift (F.).

spoyle vpon my Face. Thou hast me, if thou hast me, at
250 the worst; and thou shalt weare me, if thou weare me,
better and better: and therefore tell me, most faire *Katherine*, will you haue me? Put off your Maiden Blushes,
auouch the Thoughts of your Heart with the Lookes of
an Empreffe, take me by the Hand, and say, *Harry* of
England, I am thine: which Word thou shalt no sooner
blesse mine Eare withall, but I will tell thee alowd, Eng-
land is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and *Henry*
Plantaginet is thine; who, though I speake it before his
260 Face, if he be not Fellow with the best King, thou shalt
finde the best King of Good-fellowes. Come your An-
swer in broken Musick; for thy Voyce is Musick, and
thy English broken: Therefore Queene of all, *Katherine*,
breake thy minde to me in broken English; wilt thou
haue me?

V. ii.

- And soone when you are in your Cloffet,
 211 Youle question this Lady of me:
 But I pray thee sweet Kate, vfe me mercifully,
 Because I loue thee cruelly.
 That I shall dye Kate, is sure:
 But for thy loue by the Lord neuer.
 What wench.
 A ftraight backe will grow crooked,
 A round eye will grow hollow,
 A great legge will waxe small,
 A curld pate prooue bald:
 But a good heart Kate is the Sun and the Moon,
 And rather the Sun and not the Moone:
 And therefore Kate take me,
 Take a fouldier, take a fouldier,
 Take a king:
 252 Therefore tell me Kate, wilt thou haue mee?
 265 *Kate.* Dat is as please de king my Father.
Harry. Nay it will please him,
 Nay it shall please him Kate,
 And vpon that condition Kate ile kisse thee.
Ka. O mon du ie ne voudroy faire quelk choffe
 Pour toute le monde,
 Ce ne poynt votree facion en fauor.
Harry. What sayes she Lady?

[G.]

The Life of Henry the Fift (F1).

- Kath.* Dat is as it shall please *de Roy mon pere.*
King. Nay, it will please him well, *Kate*; it shall please
 him, *Kate.*
 270 *Kath.* Den it fall also content me.
King. Vpon that I kisse your Hand, and I call you my
 Queene.
Kath. *Laisse mon Seigneur, laisse, laisse, may foy: Je ne*
veus point que vous abbaisse vostre grandeus, en baisant le
main d'une nostre Seigneur indignie seruiteur excuse moy. Je
vous supplie mon tres-puissant Seigneur.
King. Then I will kisse your Lippes, *Kate.*
 280 *Kath.* *Les Dames & Damoisels pour estre baissee deuant*
leur nopcefe il net pas le costume de Fraunce.
King. Madame, my Interpreter, what sayes shee?

V. ii.

284 *Lady.* Dat it is not de fashon en *France*,
 For de maides, before da be married to
 May foy ie oblye, what is to balfie?

[G₁*]

Har. To kis, to kis. O that tis not the
 Fashon in *France*, for the maydes to kis
 Before they are married.

292 *Lady.* Owee see votree grace.

Har. Well, weelee breake that custome.

Therefore *Kate* patience perforce and yeeld.

301 Before God *Kate*, you haue witchcraft
 In your killes:

And may perswade with me more,

304 Then all the French Councell.

Your father is returned.

*Enter the King of France, and
 the Lordes.*

359 How now my Lords?

France. Brother of England,

We haue ored the Articles,

And haue agreed to all that we in seditie had.

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

Lady. Dat it is not be de fashon pour le Ladies of
 Fraunce; I cannot tell wat is buisse en Anglish.

King. To kisse.

Lady. Your Maiestee *entendre better que moy*.

King. It is not a fashon for the Maids in Fraunce to
 kisse before they are marryed, would she say?

290 *Lady.* *Ouy verayment.*

King. O *Kate*, nice Customes currie to great Kings.
 Deare *Kate*, you and I cannot bee confin'd within the
 weake Lyst of a Countreyes fashon: wee are the ma-
 kers of Manners, *Kate*; and the libertie that followes
 our Places, stoppes the mouth of all finde-faults, as I
 will doe yours, for vpholding the nice fashon of your
 Countrey, in denying me a Kisse: therefore patiently,
 and yeelding. You haue Witch-craft in your Lippes,

[94b]

300 *Kate:* there is more eloquence in a Sugar touch of
 them, then in the Tongues of the French Councell; and
 they should sooner perswade *Harry* of England, then a
 generall Petition of Monarchs. Heere comes your
 Father.

V. ii.

- 284 *Lady.* Dat it is not de fashon in France
For de maides, befor da be married to
May foy ie oblye, what is to balfie?
Har. To kisse, to kisse.
O that tis not the fashon in France
For the maids to kisse before they are married.
292 *Lady.* Owee fee votree grace.
Har. Well, weel breake that custome.
Therefore Kate patience perforce and yeelde.
301 Before God Kate you haue witchcraft
In your kiffes:
And may perswade with me more
304 Then all the French Councell.
Your father is returned.

*Enter the Kings of France, and the
Lords.*

- 359 How now my Lords?
Fran. Brother of England,
We haue ordered the Articles,
And haue agreed to all that we in seditie had.

The Life of Henry the Fift (F1).

*Enter the French Power, and the English
Lords.*

- Bury.* God saue your Maiestie, my Royall Cousin.
teach you our Princeesse English?
King. I would haue her learne, my faire Cousin, how
perfectly I loue her, and that is good English.
310 *Bury.* Is shee not apt?
King. Our Tongue is rough, Coze, and my Condi-
tion is not smooth: so that hauing neyther the Voyce nor
the Heart of Flatterie about me, I cannot so coniure vp
the Spirit of Loue in her, that hee will appeare in his true
likeneffe.
Bury. Pardon the frankneffe of my mirth, if I answer
you for that. If you would coniure in her, you must
make a Circle: if coniure vp Loue in her in his true
likeneffe, hee must appeare naked, and blinde. Can you
320 blame her then, being a Maid, yet ros'd ouer with the
Virgin Crimfon of Modestie, if shee deny the apparance
of a naked blinde Boy in her naked seeing selfe? It were

Exe. Only he hath not subscribed this,

364 Where your maiestie demaunds,
That the king of *France* hauing any occasion
To write for matter of graunt,
Shall name your highnesse, in this forme:
And with this addition in French.

Nostre tresher filz, Henry Roy D'anglaterre,

E heare de France. And thus in Latin:

Precclarissimus filius noster Henricus Rex Anglie,

Et heres Francie.

Fran. Nor this haue we so nicely stood vpon,
But you faire brother may intreat the same.

Har. Why then let this among the rest,
Haue his full course: And withall,

375 Your daughter *Katherine* in mariage.

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

(my Lord) a hard Condition for a Maid to configne to.

King. Yet they doe winke and yeeld, as Loue is blind and enforces.

Burg. They are then excus'd, my Lord, when they see not what they doe.

330 *King.* Then good my Lord, teach your Cousin to consent winking.

Burg. I will winke on her to consent, my Lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for Maides well Summer'd, and warme kept, are like Flyes at Bartholomew-tyde, blinde, though they haue their eyes, and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

King. This Morall tyes me ouer to Time, and a hot Summer; and so I shall catch the Flye, your Cousin; in the latter end, and shee must be blinde to.

340 *Burg.* As Loue is my Lord, before it loues.

King. It is so: and you may, some of you, thanke Loue for my blindnesse, who cannot see many a faire French Citie for one faire French Maid that stands in my way.

French King. Yes my Lord, you see them perspectiuely: the Cities turn'd into a Maid: for they are all gyrdled with Maiden Walls, that Warre hath entred.

V. ii.

Exe. Onely he hath not subscribed this,

364 Where your Maiesty demands,
That the King of France hauing any occasion
To write for matter of grant,
Shall name your Highnesse in this forme:
And with this addition in French,
Nostre trescher filz, Henry Roy d'Angleterre,
E heare de France. And thus in Latine:
Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus Rex Anglia,
Et heres Franciæ.

Fran. Nor this haue we so nicely stood vpon,
But you faire brother may intreat the same.

Harry. Why then let this among the rest
Haue his full course: And withall,

[G₁*]

375 Your daughter *Katherine* in marriage.

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

350 *England.* Shall *Kate* be my Wife?

France. So please you.

England. I am content, so the Maiden Cities you
talke of, may wait on her: so the Maid that stood in
the way for my With, shall shew me the way to my
Will.

France. Wee haue consented to all tearmes of rea-
son.

England. Is't so, my Lords of England?

360 *West.* The King hath graunted euery Article:

His Daughter first; and in sequele, all,
According to their firme proposed natures.

Exet. Onely he hath not yet subscribed this:

[95^a]

Where your Maiestie demands, That the King of France
hauing any occasion to write for matter of Graunt, shall
name your Highnesse in this forme, and with this additi-
on, in French: *Nostre trescher filz Henry Roy d'Angleterre*
Heretere de Fraunce: and thus in Latine; *Præclarissimus*
370 *Filius noster Henricus Rex Angliæ & Heres Franciæ.*

France. Nor this I haue not Brother so deny'd,
But your request shall make me let it passe.

England. I pray you then, in loue and deare allyance,
Let that one Article ranke with the rest,
And thereupon giue me your Daughter.

X 416

The Life of Henry the Fift (F₁).

Enter Chorus.

Thus farre with rough, and all-vnable Pen,
Our bending Author hath purfu'd the Story,
In little roome confining mightie men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
Small time: but in that small, most greatly liued
This Starre of England. Fortune made his Sword;
By which, the Worlds best Garden he atchieued:
And of it left his Sonne Imperiall Lord.

Henry the Sixt, in Infant Bands crown'd King
10 Of France and England, did this King succeed:
Whose State so many had the managing,
That they lost France, and made his England bleed:
Which oft our Stage hath showne; and for their sake,
In your faire minds let this acceptance take.

FINIS.

